

CHRISTIAN HERALD



EMORY UNIVERSITY
THEOLOGY LIBRARY

FEBRUARY, 1944 ★ TWENTY-FIVE CENTS

LANCET OF THE LORD *A New Serial by Lady Wantless*

Embraces All Vacation Bible School Needs



★NOW is the time to plan for your 1944 Daily Vacation Bible School. Be ready for the opportunity to evangelize boys and girls during their idle months. Thousands of DVBS leaders have found great blessing through the completely-planned program which for five years has been offered in the

"SUPERIOR"

Summer School Series of Daily Vacation Bible School Lessons

Users of the SUPERIOR Series will be delighted with the 1944 units. Departmental subjects: Beginners (5 and under)—first week, "Visiting Homes Where Bible Children Lived," second week, "Listening to Stories That Bible Children Learned"; Primary (6-8)—"The Shepherd Psalm"; Junior (9-11)—"Paul's Missionary Journeys"; Intermediates (12 and up)—"Missionary Pioneers in Many Lands." Teacher's manual (25c each), and pupil's work book (12c each) for every department.

All Centered in the Bible

The SUPERIOR Summer School Series, designed by DVBS Experts under Editor-in-Chief Clarence H. Benson, is based solidly on the Bible. Every hour of every day is programmed in detail, yet the Series is flexible enough to permit changes to suit individual ideas.

This summer will produce another challenge to DVBS leaders and teachers to reach boys and girls with the Word of God. Since 25% to 50% of DVBS pupils frequently do not attend Sunday School regularly, these summer contacts can lead to increased Sunday School enrollment. Because it is timely, practical and appealing to youngsters, whole communities are cooperating in furthering DVBS.

Ask for FREE 1944 Prospectus of the SUPERIOR Summer School Series which includes sample lesson for each department.

Mail Coupon for FREE Prospectus

THE SCRIPTURE PRESS, Inc., Dept. CH-24
800 North Clark Street—Chicago 10, Illinois

Please send me FREE Prospectus of the SUPERIOR Summer School Series for DVBS which includes sample lesson for each department, plans and suggestions for organizing DVBS in my community.

Name

Address

City State

Church

Pastor's Name Address

Supt's Name Address

☐ Check here for sample lessons of All-Bible Graded Series of Sunday School Lessons. Enclose 10c towards mail cost.

ALL-BIBLE GRADED SERIES of Sunday School Lessons

This fastest growing series of Sunday School Lessons is so popular with thousands of Schools because of Departmental grading—the modern, practical way—and its All-Bible content. Specially designed visual aids for Beginner, Primary, and Junior groups. Enables you to gear the worship service to the lesson for each Department each Sunday. Fascinating manuals drive home the lesson. Teacher's manual a boon to the inexperienced. Practical; economical. Particulars on request. Check coupon.

THE SCRIPTURE PRESS, INC.

Dept. CH-24—800 N. Clark Street
 CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

Note: See page 47 for duplicate coupon if you wish to keep this cover intact.

EVERY 21.9 SECONDS a major crime is committed in the U.S.A.! Juvenile delinquency is on the increase . . .

J. Edgar Hoover, Head of the F.B.I.

No bombs are devastating our cities . . . but far greater damage is being done through the moral and spiritual breakdown of our youth!

Engineers can rebuild cities . . . but how are we going to rebuild character?

Keep America Singing!

"The nation that can sing and make a joyful noise before the Lord has the spirit of victory in its heart" . . .

"The songs of a nation are the voice of its destiny" . . .

Christian Service Songs

Many churches have found the answer to this problem by having enthusiastic hymn sings with their young people. CHRISTIAN SERVICE SONGS, with its choice selection of singable songs, has proved interesting and satisfactory to thousands of churches.

Sociability Songs

Another suggestion — why not fix up a recreation room in the neighborhood or church basement? Many churches are helping to cut down youth delinquency with games and group singing, using SOCIABILITY SONGS.

For the social hour where a different kind of book is needed, we have compiled SOCIABILITY SONGS, and more than a million copies are being used every day in schools, homes and for community gatherings.

The use of these books is a check against juvenile delinquency, and they are recommended for use in your community.

Song Leaders

Our Sacred Music Conference at Winona Lake, Indiana, in August offers a unique service in training young people to lead the singing in church and home and community. Two weeks of intensive training under competent teachers brings marvelous help toward leadership. You can take advantage of this special service by sending one or more of your outstanding young people to this conference.

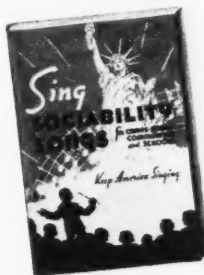
Write for information. A few free scholarships are available to churches.

Paper rationing and printing conditions may increase the difficulty of securing song books later. . . . NOW is the time to order fresh, new books and be ready for the return of those in service when peace comes.



CHRISTIAN SERVICE SONGS

An all purpose book for Church, Sunday School, Prayer Meetings, etc. 312 "tested" songs — beautiful brown covers, with "stay flat" features. Expensive looking, yet low in cost. Cloth bound, \$45 per 100, not postpaid. In heavy bristol paper, \$30 per 100, not postpaid. Ministers, Superintendents or Committee Members send coupon for free examination copy.



SOCIABILITY SONGS

Contains:

12 Patriotic Songs
24 Stunt and Pep Songs
21 Human Interest Songs
39 Folk Songs
45 Sacred Songs
17 Negro Spirituals
. . . and many others

20 cents a copy, \$2.15 per dozen, postpaid. \$16.00 per hundred, not prepaid.

THE RODEHEAVER HALL-MACK CO.

Sacred Music Publishers

105 Ninth St., Winona Lake, Ind.

Please send free examination copy of

☐ CHRISTIAN SERVICE SONGS

☐ SOCIABILITY SONGS

Name of song book used now: _____

We will be needing new books about: _____

Name: _____

☐ Pastor ☐ Superintendent ☐ Committee Member

Address: _____

City and State: _____



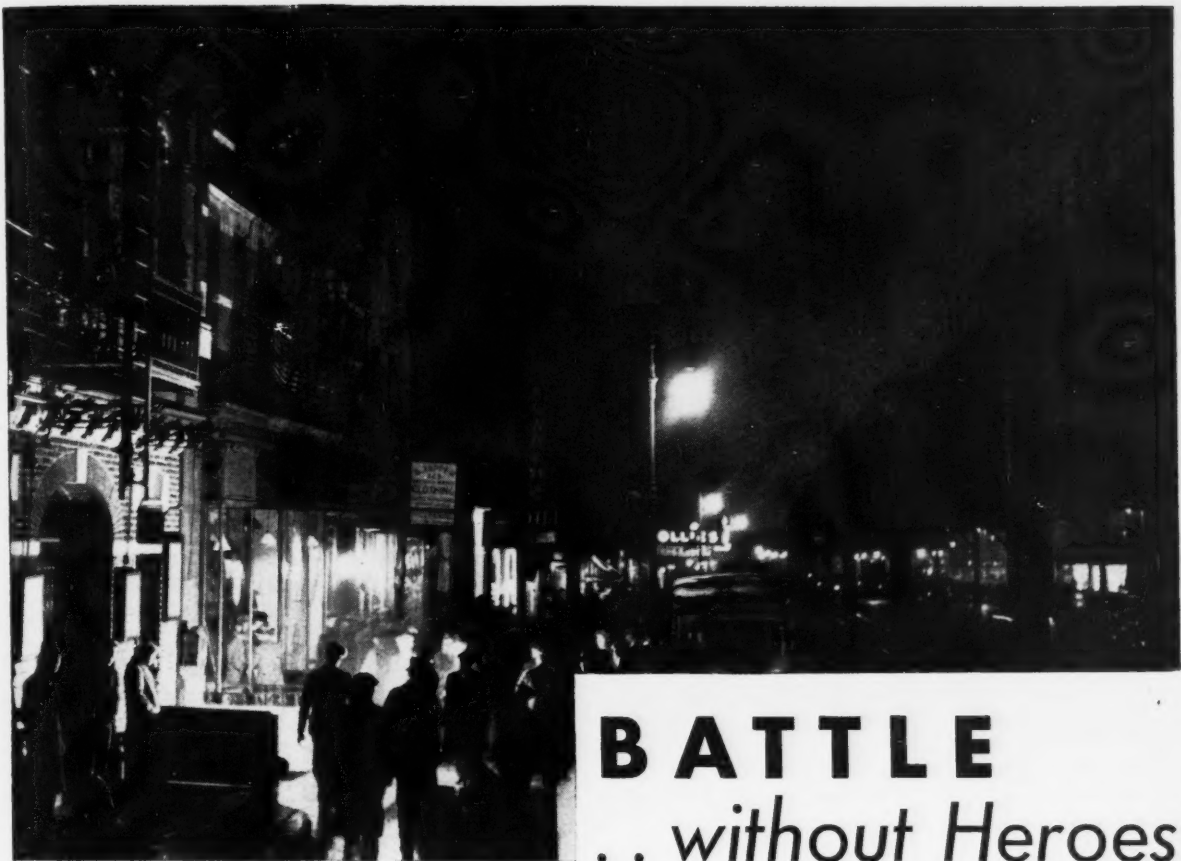
PHOTO BY JOHN KABEL

I Like a Little Road

I like a little road that runs
Sedately through a town,
Then kicks up high its heels and climbs
Up coaxing hills and down,
And goes a-vagabonding off
To woodlands, anywhere
A little road might care to go,
That's tasted winter air.

I like a little road that runs
To meet white sails at sea
Or just goes gypsying along
Contented as can be,
And tramps across the countryside
With not a thing to do
But take folks where they want to go
And peddle bits of view!

By Ida Tyson Wagner



BATTLE .. without Heroes!

THERE'S been a battle on the Bowery for fifty years—a battle between two ways of living. In one camp we find the servants of Christ, in the other the servants of the devil. The battle continues to rage on the Bowery while the world rocks with disaster and war takes its toll of life on every side.

The war on the Bowery creates no heroes. The servants of Christ carry on an eternal battle against the destruction of human beings; but the only record of their deeds will be found in the lives of those who are converted. There is no end to this war, it is as eternal as life. Each battle must be fought with the weapons peculiar to the fight at hand. One of the weapons of the enemy is drink. The victim is so lost in sin and its allure, that it is almost impossible to come within combat distance.

This is your fight—when a soul is saved, you have won a battle. The fight must go on—never for a moment must we relax our vigilance; not even world wars must halt this battle for the souls of men. Just so long as there is a Bowery there will be a battlefield and so long as there are Missions the enemy will have to fight to keep his subjects in his power.

The Bowery Mission is a citadel in the midst of the enemy's camp. You supply the ammunition that makes the fight possible. When you feed a hungry man, you take the first step in reaching him; when you clothe him against the winter's cold, when you help him get a job, you put in his hands some of the weapons he needs for winning the battle.

If we are to continue to carry on this great fight for the souls of men, we must have the support and encouragement of many people. The Bowery Mission depends entirely on Christian Herald readers for support. We make no appeal for funds except through these pages. We need new friends and know of no better place to find them than among Christian Herald readers. If you are not already one of our contributors, let us send you our booklet! Let us tell you more about our work for men who have come to New York from all parts of the country, and in their poverty and shame tried to hide their identity on the Bowery.

Send a card today asking for our booklet, or if this is your work, mail your contribution now to the Bowery Mission & Young Men's Home, 419 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Editor in Chief DANIEL A. POLING
Editor FRANK S. MEAD

CONTENTS

FRONTISPIECE—I Like a Little Road	By Ida Tyson Wagner	2
DOCTOR POLING ANSWERS		4
NEWS DIGEST	By Gabriel Courier	7
EDITORIAL	By Daniel A. Poling	12
CHINA'S DUNKIRK	By Daniel A. Poling	13
JOE DOAKES ASKS, "ARE THE DRYS ASLEEP?"	By Clarence W. Hall	16
A NEW DAY FOR THE RUSSIAN CHURCH	By Alexander Stacey	18
UNITED NATIONS MARCH ON LANCET OF THE LORD—Part One	By Lillian E. Wanless	22
DISCIPLE OF THE MONTH—Wallace I. Torbert		25
THERE IS BUT ONE PEACE PLAN	By Wallace C. Speers	26
CHRISTIAN HERALD'S PEACE POLL		27, 49
A COUNTRY GENTLEMAN RIDES TO OFFICE	By Donald Culross Peattie	28
YET, ONCE MORE, A Poem	By Elizabeth Beck Davidson	30
GREAT MUSIC STIRS THE SOUL	By Dorothy Canfield Fisher	31
"MADAME CURIE" Motion Picture Review		33
THIS NATION UNDER GOD, A Sermon	By Ralph W. Sackman	34
BIBLE QUIZ		35
DAILY MEDITATIONS	By Archer Wallace	36
SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSONS FOR FEBRUARY	By Amos John Traver	38
BRIGHTENING THESE GRAY DAYS	By Esther Foley	42
NEW BOOKS TO READ, Book Reviews	By Frank S. Mead	56
MAKE A DRESS, Dress Patterns		58
STRAIGHT TALK	Edited by Frank S. Mead	64

OUR PLATFORM Christian Herald, a family magazine for members of all denominations has this as its permanent platform: To conserve, interpret, and extend the vital elements of Evangelical Christian Faith. To support World Peace: that it may be world-wide and lasting; Church Unity: that it may be increasingly a reality; Temperance: that through education it may become universal and that the liquor problem may be solved. To carry forward a practical ministry to those in need. To champion those forces . . . wherever they appear . . . that bid fair to aid in the effort to make a Christ-like world.



DOCTOR POLING Answers

ORGANIZER AND LEADER OF THE NATIONAL YOUTH RADIO CONFERENCE

Question:

Just what nations do you think will be most powerful in Europe after the war?

Answer:

There will be only two major nations in Europe after the war—The United Kingdom and Russia. I agree with Gen. Jan Smuts of South Africa that Germany, Italy and France will disappear as major powers. Also this holds for Japan in the Far East. The responsibility resting upon the United States, The British Empire, Russia and China will be correspondingly great.

Question:

Is there a new "open door" for religion in Russia in Stalin's new tolerance toward the Church?

Answer:

Yes. This is the word brought out of Russia by the Archbishop of York with whom I conferred in Cairo and it is confirmed by my own correspondence and observation. Russia is still far from the freedom of worship known in the United States and in Britain, but she is moving in the right direction. With the Archbishop of York, I believe that Stalin has kept international agreements and that he will be faithful to his commitments in the field of religion.

Question:

Do you mean by giving the genealogical line of Jesus that you deny His virgin birth? Do not both Catholics and Protestants accept the miracle of the virgin birth?

Answer:

Almost universally, Protestants as well as Catholics accept the virgin birth. I believe in the virgin birth. My answer to the question referred to the genealogy found in the first chapter of St. Matthew's gospel.

Question:

Our son is a young man who has never found himself. He is timid and afraid. We thought the army would help, but evidently it has only increased the problem. What do you advise me to do to help him?

Answer:

Send me the name of the young man's chaplain. I believe that he can help without betraying your confidence. The army experience should be of real assistance here.

Question:

Can you give me the titles of two books? First, an illustrated Bible story book for children and second, something suitable for class study or for informative reading in a church group?

Answer:

Yes, and thank you for the opportunity. First, you will find in "Picture Story: Life of Christ" by Elsie E. Eggermeier, published by the Warner Press of Anderson, Indiana, exactly what you want. Second, "How To Make Friends for Your Church," Association Press, New York City, and "Land of Suspense" by Eivind Berggrav, published by Augsburg Publishing House, of Minneapolis, Minnesota, which is written by a Norwegian Bishop who has aroused bitter Nazi animosity, are suitable for class study or discussion.

Question:

Should you not speak a word concerning bitterness and partisan feeling not only between races and faiths but between members of the same church who are of different political parties?

Answer:

I hope that all my words are of a kind and quality to promote a right spirit between men and women of different races and of different political convictions.

CHRISTIAN HERALD • FEBRUARY, 1944 • VOLUME 67 • NUMBER 2

Copyright 1944 by Christian Herald Association, Inc. Republication of any part of Contents without permission is forbidden. Subscription Price \$2.00 a year in U. S. and Possessions. Canada and Newfoundland add 50¢ a year; elsewhere add \$1.00 a year. Notify us promptly of any change of address, allow one month for change . . . Entered as Second Class Matter January 25, 1909 at Post Office at New York, N. Y. under the act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in the Act of February 28, 1928, embodied in subparagraph 4, Section 412, Postal Laws and Regulations and authorized on September 13, 1928. Entered as Second Class Matter at the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Ont., Canada. Published monthly at 419 Fourth Avenue, New York 16, N. Y., by Christian Herald Association, Inc. President . . . Daniel A. Poling; Treasurer . . . Irene Wilcox; Ass't Publisher and Adv't. Mgr. FORD STEWART • Circulation Mgr. JOHN PRICE • Art Ed. JOHN KENNY

BUSINESS AND EDITORIAL OFFICES, 419 FOURTH AVE., NEW YORK, 16

tions. That does not mean that I do not have my own convictions and that I shall not vote for and earnestly support the candidate who represents my convictions. But when Christians fail to keep the heart right, then nothing is right. We should avoid partisan debate and controversy in churches. Though I shall find a forum from which to support my candidate, I shall not name him in my pulpit, for there are in my congregation men and women, equally sincere, equally honest, equally patriotic, equally Christian, supporting and voting for different candidates. Issues are another matter!

Question:

We have a brother in the home who is an alcoholic, who destroys our happiness, insisting upon his own way. He is an evil influence for the children. He is a threat to our safety. What should we do about it?

Answer:

The person with this problem cannot delay acting in this matter, even though it becomes necessary to bring the situation to the attention of the authorities. This man is a menace not only to the peace of the household but to its very safety. He should be faced with ejection and perhaps a prison sentence as an alternative to becoming a decent person. He should be prayed for, of course, but always it should be remembered that "faith without works is dead."

Question:

Why in your opinion are we hearing so little about Prohibition? Does not the legalized liquor traffic continue to be a major social problem?

Answer:

Perhaps CHRISTIAN HERALD is saying more rather than less about the liquor problem in current issues. Also, we are making an earnest search for a constructive and united program. For months we have carried statements from outstanding citizens on temperance. In this issue appears a summarizing article which you will find both provocative and constructive.

Question:

Do you believe that the profanity used at times in such publications as Reader's Digest is justified by the contention that language actually used by soldiers in a foxhole is required to present an authentic picture?

Answer:

I do not. No publication would use all the language coming out of foxholes. Then why print oaths that violate "the moral sense of some of the readers"? There are obscene phrases and vile expressions that even the most realistic publications censor.

The Chaplain DIDN'T Stay Home



"Sure, he jumped right ahead of me. He didn't have to go. Those were two plenty tough missions against a strongly-held island in the Pacific. But he said maybe he could help with the wounded . . . and the dying. 'His courage and heroic action were an inspiration to everyone,' was the way the CO put it afterwards. And I'll say he said a mouthful!"

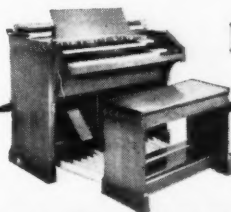
★ ★ ★

Jumping out of a low-flying plane, behind the Jap lines with a bunch of tough paratroopers, isn't exactly the way we usually picture our clergymen. These Chaplains are pastors, from behind the pulpits in our neighborhood churches. They are with our sons in the service to bring them the divine inspiration of their religion. That's their job—ministers of religion—and nothing more.

How well they do that job is shown by this true story . . . this one instance

of an army Chaplain who went with his men on two paratroop attacks that helped win an important island from the Japs. He didn't go along to fight, mind you . . . Chaplains don't carry weapons.

But his buddies will tell you how much he helped. To them he is a *right* guy. From the time they first met him in training camp they've known him as a friend they could always go to for help and encouragement . . . on the biggest job men ever faced.



HAMMOND ORGAN

More than one thousand Hammond Organs, the last we made before turning to war work, are seeing duty with our Chaplains, in chapels at training stations, camps and bases. There will be Hammond Organs again after victory—for churches, residences, schools, chapels and many other uses. You can start planning now for the future purchase of a Hammond Organ for your church, home or other purpose. Ask your dealer or write for information to: Hammond Instrument Company, 2927 N. Western Ave., Chicago 18.

Free—The Hammond Times, monthly magazine about organs and organists will be sent on request

The Answer

to Today's Sunday School Problems

- Meet new threats to the stability and growth of your Sunday School with NEW weapons—NEW plans and ideas. If YOU are dissatisfied with the size and growth of your Sunday School, "Successful Attendance Plans," just issued, SHOWS you how to INCREASE attendance.

Every Teacher, Superintendent, S. S. Worker and Pastor will find this HOW-TO-DO-IT MANUAL just the help long hoped for . . . and NOW here it is! Opens many new ways for winning souls to officers and teachers. Don't miss this opportunity. Read our special offer below and mail coupon today. A class, a Department, or the whole school can apply this book with equal effect.



Use These Valuable Ideas To Boost Your Sunday School

This great work which grows out of prayer, long experience, and the needs of the day is most timely and helpful. With child delinquency growing and families breaking down under the impact of war and greed, Sunday Schools certainly NEED it. The basic program and the many plans and ideas will bring new zest and zeal to your whole Sunday School organization.

See this big book of 140 pages filled with tested, tried and proven plans, devices and suggestions . . . all details worked out . . . ready to fit into your own Sunday School program to stimulate interest and build attendance. Truly a gold mine of inspiration, ideas and new approaches. These practical, proven ideas for building up Sunday School Attendance have actually worked for others—you can make them work for you too!

Check and Mail Coupon Today!

Please send me.....copy (ies) of "Successful Sunday School Attendance Plans" FREE with periodical order for \$1 or more as checked below.

☐ I enclose 50c each for above without periodical order.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <input type="checkbox"/> New Century Leader, Mthly. 20c | <input type="checkbox"/> Mother's Magazine, Qtrly. 5c |
| <input type="checkbox"/> For Superintendents and Teachers | <input type="checkbox"/> Beginners' Bible Stories, Wkly. 7c |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Little Learner's (story) Paper, Wkly. 4c | <input type="checkbox"/> Beginners' Teacher, Qtrly. 11c |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Dew Drops, Wkly. (Pri. story paper) 7c | <input type="checkbox"/> Primary Bible Stories, Wkly. 8c |
| <input type="checkbox"/> What To Do, Wkly. (Jr. story paper) 12c | <input type="checkbox"/> Lesson Stories, Qtrly. 4c |
| <input type="checkbox"/> The Boys' World, Wkly. 12c | <input type="checkbox"/> Lesson helps for Primary pupils |
| <input type="checkbox"/> The Girls' Companion, Wkly. 12c | <input type="checkbox"/> Primary Teacher, Qtrly. 16c |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Young People's Weekly, Wkly. 17c | <input type="checkbox"/> Junior Scholar, Qtrly. 5c |
| <input type="checkbox"/> The Adult Bible Class, Mthly. 14c | <input type="checkbox"/> Junior Teacher, Qtrly. 10c |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Comprehensive Scholar, Qtrly. 7c | <input type="checkbox"/> Problem Studies Teacher, Qtrly. 16c |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Lesson Helps for "Mixed-age" groups | <input type="checkbox"/> Lesson helps for Inter-Seniors |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Comprehensive Teacher, Qtrly. 8c | <input type="checkbox"/> Problem Studies Teacher, Qtrly. 10c |
| <input type="checkbox"/> The Christian Family, Qtrly. 8c | <input type="checkbox"/> Young People's Journal, Qtrly. 8c |
| <input type="checkbox"/> For Home Department members | <input type="checkbox"/> Young People's Teacher Qtrly. 10c |
| | <input type="checkbox"/> The Quiet Hour, Qtrly. 5c |
| | <input type="checkbox"/> Daily devotional reading |
- Club rates, each per quarter, five or more one address.

I am ☐ Pastor, ☐ Superintendent, ☐ Teacher in S. S. ofChurch
(Please give name and denomination)

My Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

Special Offer

(The supply is limited)

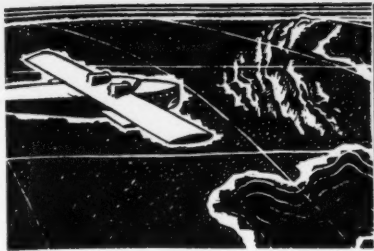
"Successful Sunday School Attendance Plans" is free with any order for \$1 or more of our Lesson Helps or Story Papers which your school is not now using.

Without periodical order regular price applies, namely, 50c each. Write today as offer is limited by available supply.

DAVID C. COOK Publishing Company

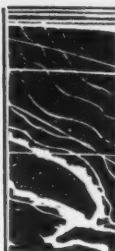
800-B North Grove Ave.

Elgin, Illinois



NEWS DIGEST *of the month*

EDITED BY GABRIEL COURIER



A DEPARTMENT OF INTERPRETATION AND COMMENT ON THE MONTH'S CHIEF EVENTS

AT HOME

PASSING: The New Deal is dead, and even its best friends are not shouting, "Long may it live."

The end came suddenly, after a long illness. The President himself administered the *coup de grâce*, and that is a bit startling when we consider that the President himself originated the slogan. Now he thinks it time we quit saying "New Deal," and use instead something like "Win The War!"

It is no secret that the President would like to get rid of those two words; where once they were a battle-shout for his wing of the Democratic party, now they have become an epithet on the lips of his enemies. But just how much of the New Deal philosophy passes with the slogan remains to be seen. Many—most—of the original New Dealers are out; Vice President Wallace was one of the last real leaders among them still in favor at the White House, and even he seems comfortably settled on the shelf today. In their places has come a young flood of businessmen.

The whole thing is indicative of a change of front among F.D.R.'s closest advisers. This leopard will, we think, change his spots. He'll have to. Election isn't far off, and the country at large is a little fed up with the idealism of the New Deal. It's time for something fresh—a New New Deal.

HARVESTS: Are you wondering how the country will be fixed for food next year? So are we all.

Authorities tell us that crops last year fell six percent below the crops of the record food year of 1942, but that still leaves them five percent better than any other previous season. Yields of fifty-three principal crops, including all fruits, were nine percent above average; it's a record yield in potatoes, beans, peas, soybeans, peanuts and rice.

Aside from foods, there is another harvest about ready for the reapers: the time has almost arrived when the lowly consumer will be getting more of the necessary goods of living. Definitely increased, says WPB, will be girdles, hairpins, safety pins and infants' clothes. There will be more dresses for the ladies

and more suits (suits with cuffs on the trousers!) for the men.

In household supplies, there will be more kitchen utensils, tableware, coat hangers and window-screens; more carpet-sweepers, baby carriages, tools, radio tubes, flatirons, draperies and soap.

And the farmer will get from seventy to eighty percent of the farm machinery that he got in 1940—not much of an "up," but still encouraging. He ought to have more. . . .

NEXT: Franklin D. Roosevelt will be elected President of the United States for the fourth consecutive time. That's our prophecy, and we'll stick to it.

Politicians of all colors are now taking Roosevelt's nomination for granted. They see nothing, no one able to stop that. The machinery to "draft" him for the job is already set up and oiled—under the direction of one Harry Hopkins. There are, say the drafters, a lot of reasons why Mr. Roosevelt *must* be drafted. To wit:

The war will not be over by election day. Even if it is, F.D.R. will be needed for the peace; he probably is better acquainted with the diplomats of Europe who will be the peacemakers, than any other living American; and F.D.R. wants a finger in that peace. It's impossible to imagine him staying home when the big moment comes!

There is no Democrat strong enough to stop him. Senator Byrd of Virginia, boosted for some time to lead an anti-Roosevelt Southern ticket, shys away from it now. John Nance Garner is too busy raising chickens to help the Southern Democrats rebel, and they are about the only Democratic rebels left! So—who else is there?

The Republicans are nursing along a Dewey-Willkie feud, which may break out into a respectable fight at the elephant's convention. But neither Willkie nor Dewey, we believe, can beat Roosevelt. Willkie has been slipping badly for weeks, and Dewey has promised not to run. (We hope he keeps that promise; he stands a much better chance for the Presidency four years from now.) So—who else is there?

If F.D.R. gets it, it will mean that

he has been in the White House for sixteen years! A generation of American youth will have grown from childhood to voting age, and they will have known but one President!

CASUALTIES: Washington is getting us ready for bad news in war casualties; we are warned to expect longer, longer lists.

We should expect this; we haven't seen anything yet. Just for the record, compared with the nations of Europe, we never did suffer staggering losses in personnel, even in the first World War. In that struggle, we lost 54,785 killed in battle. Only 3,044 of these were Navy losses. The loss among the Marines was a mere 2461 men. The Army killed amounted to 49,280 men.

In World War II, the U. S. has again escaped really heavy casualty lists. The killed in two years amount to 29,317, which is about half of the total toll of World War I. The Navy lost more in killed and missing at Pearl Harbor than it lost in all of World War I.

From now on, American soldiers and sailors will be in the thick of the fighting. We got into this war earlier than we got into the last one, which means more killed, wounded and missing. We are in for a large number of amphibious operations, involving landings in the face of enemy fire—and this is the most costly of all warfare. Yet, it is still possible that the Americans will lose fewer men than their European Allies.

Where we stand to lose most is against Japan. We dropped twenty pounds of explosives on Tarawa for every square yard of territory, and still more than 3500 Marines were killed or wounded in capturing the island. One Marine captain reported the loss of 105 men on 150 feet of beach! Aye—to the East, the sun is red!

COURIER'S CUES: Wise men say now that full-scale invasion of Europe from the West is unlikely before April or May . . . Land victory in the West *must* precede German surrender . . . If European war happens to extend into latter half of 1944, then 1,000,000 more fathers will surely be drafted . . . U. S. inflation pres-



AGAINST THIS LIGHT

An effective cartoon from the London Punch

asures will likely be kept under control for the duration . . . There is no plan to cut our gasoline rations further, for some time to come . . . More tires should be available by June . . . Black markets in meat are the worst in the U. S. Is this the housewives' fault?

ABROAD

BREAK: The Russian break-through, along a 180-mile front, constitutes one of the most appalling military disasters of all time. The long retreat to the Dnieper, which preceded it, was bad enough, but if the Russians can capitalize quickly on this most recent German blunder, then Germany is done as a military power.

This is as much German blundering as Russian brilliance. In fact, most of the major defeats of the Germans in Russia may be laid to Nazi strategical error. Hitler is directly responsible for it; he has overruled his generals time and again—before Moscow, when he hung on too long, at Stalingrad where he also tarried too long, and in the Kursk salient, where he attempted a counter-attack and failed badly. Exhausted from that counter-attack, the Germans were perfect prey for the onrushing Russians.

We may have overrated German generalship. It is a murderous, and in more ways than one, a stupid leadership. So long as things go the way the Germans have planned them, all is well; but when they run into such an upsetting quality as the Russian spirit, their plans go awry in a hurry and they are not clever enough and quick enough to create workable plans for the emergency they didn't expect.

More and more, we are coming to believe that the human spirit is more than a match for the professional-soldier spirit. Lest we forget it, a "nation of shopkeepers," untrained in war, stopped another amazingly "brilliant" German war machine in the first World War!

FLEETS: The loss of the *Scharnhorst* in one naval engagement and three destroyers in another is bad, bad news for Germany. It's a strange sort of loss.

These warships of the German navy were never valuable, in this war, as part of a fleet in action; they had tremendous value as a "fleet in being." That is, they had a value even in hiding, for they tied up three or four times their number in American and British warships, which were forced to watch them. With this German "fleet in being" being slowly whittled down, more and more American and British naval ships will be released for service in the Mediterranean, the

Indian Ocean and the Pacific Ocean.

But the worst angle, from the German side, is that the Nazis are now being forced to take impossible chances with this "fleet in being." That they are forced to abandon "a long-range policy for a short-range necessity," as one expert puts it. They are risking valuable warships in a frantic effort to delay the Allied invasion of Western Europe, and to stop the flow of supplies to Britain and Russia. And that means—the beginning of the end.

RIFT? Rumors of a rift between Tojo and Hirohito multiply. They can multiply and multiply, so far as we are concerned, for they are little more than a series of Japanese propaganda lies.

Let's go back. Way back when the Japanese first went into Manchuria, we heard these same idle tales of a "rift" between the liberals and the militarists in Japan. The militarists, we were told, were shortly to be replaced by the liberal "peacelovers." We smiled and said all was well—and the Japanese militarist went on and on, deeper and deeper into Manchuria. The same smoke-screen of "rift" was thrown up when Japan crossed Marco Polo bridge into North China. It's an old trick; we shouldn't be fooled by it now.

There will be no row between Tojo and Hirohito, for Tojo has already won. The Emperor is a puppet in the hands of Tojo's militarist clique, and no more. He has nothing to say for himself; he doesn't dare. And it is the Tojo crowd in Japan, just as it is the Hitler crowd in Germany, that must be annihilated if we want peace in our time.

Tojo has sent Japan back to the days of the Shoguns. "Sho" means army. "Gun" means general. The Shoguns were armed dictators who used the Mikado as a figurehead. The pattern is being repeated in 1944. Tojo is the Shogun of the hour, and his code is the code of the Samurai—a code calling for blind obedience to Japanese (Tojo's) law, even unto death. The Japanese soldier is dying, fanatically, in obedience to that old Shogun creed and code; he is *not* being taken prisoner. Their faith teaches them that their one hope of paradise lies in dying a Samurai death. They will not surrender. They prefer death.

That's why victory in the East will be costly.

CAIRO, TEHRAN: It's pretty late for us to be saying anything about the recent conferences at Cairo and Teheran, but there are some aspects of the agreements reached there that are timeless. They reach deep into our own future.

One resultant declaration of the Cairo Conference worries us: it is the plan to force Japan back into her 1890 status. All of us agree that Japan must be made completely unable to ravage the East again, must lose once and for all her

status as aggressor. But is this the way to do it? Or will it work in reverse? The loss of territory to Japan, as outlined in the Cairo communique, seems to us to deprive the whole nation of Japan of its means of livelihood. It is a crippling move; it will cripple not only the guilty but the innocent as well. And it seems to us to be more in a spirit of vengeance than in the spirit of the Atlantic Charter, which assures "victors as well as vanquished, of access, on equal terms, to the trade and raw materials of the world which are needed for their economic prosperity."

and quiet. Relax body, mind and spirit . . . 2. Talk to God simply and naturally, telling Him everything that is on your mind; you do not have to use formal words and phrases. Talk to Him in your own language; He understands it. 3. Practice talking to God as you go about the business of the day. On the subway or bus, or at your desk, close your eyes for just a moment . . . 4. Affirm the fact that God is with you and helping you. Do not always beseech God, asking him for a blessing, but affirm the fact that He is blessing you. 5. Pray with the thought that your prayers reach out instantly

at Clinton Prison in Dannemora, N. Y., by a group of convicts; also from the MGM lot will come "The Hoodlum Saint," based on the life of the late Dempster MacMurphy of Chicago, and "Quo Vadis," and Hall Caine's "The Christian."

Twentieth-Century Fox now has "The Song of Bernadette" on the country's screens; they will release "The Keys of the Kingdom" in the spring.

Paramount announces "Till We Meet Again," of which little is known now and "Dr. Wassell"; they are also considering reissuing de Mille's "Sign of the Cross." In another Paramount production, "Going My Way," Bing Crosby will play a priest. Still other Warner productions just ahead are "The Miracle," and "None Shall Escape," which deals with religious persecution in war-torn Poland.

It looks like a good year for the church-minded moviegoer.

GALLANTRY: Fifty-two Army chaplains have been decorated for gallantry in action and for distinguished service in this war. Three have the Distinguished Service Cross; twenty-one have the Silver Star; seventeen, the Purple Heart; seven, the Legion of Merit; three, the Croix de Guerre and one the Soldier's Medal. It is an impressive list.

Eighty-five Army chaplains have already been listed as casualties; sixteen were killed in action, thirty-three have been taken prisoner, nine have been wounded, one is listed as missing in action. Twenty-six chaplains have met death by accident.

This casualty list is impressive, too. It grows out of the fact that as in no other war we have ever fought, the chaplains are "right up there," in action, in this one. Only twenty-three Army chaplains were lost in the last war; they were not subjected then to the hazards they must face now.

PLANS: The Council of Bishops of the Methodist Church is busy planning a nationwide "Evangelism Crusade" for 1945. Their plans will be laid before the Church's General Conference in May. Generally, the program is expected to feature mass meetings in the cities, coupled with local home visitation campaigns.

And news comes in from Spain to the effect that the Roman Catholic Church is growing stronger by the hour in that country, and from Italy that the Pope is by all odds the most popular and influential man in that poor country. It may seem stretching things a bit to bring the Pope and the Methodist Council of Bishops so closely together—almost in the same paragraph—but what we're interested in is not so much Pope or Council as what is behind the actions of both. The Church—Roman Catholic, Protestant, Greek, Russian, et al—is moving fast against the day when the war will



At General Hospital 38, somewhere in Egypt, Chaplain Daniel A. Poling shakes hands with boys wounded on the Italian battlefields, after religious services which he conducted.

We might also do a little worrying over the prospect of the reaction of a vanquished people squeezed together on a space much too small for them, like so many human sardines. The more you confine dynamite, the greater the destruction when it finally explodes. We should have learned from Germany that the vanquished always want revenge, and that it only aggravates the desire to reap vengeance when you keep on reminding them that they are vanquished.

Certainly, those who sat down at Cairo know more about this situation than the news editor of CHRISTIAN HERALD. We are not criticizing them. We are discussing a principle.

over land and sea, and throw their protection around your loved ones, and also surround them with God's love.

6. Think positive, not negative, thoughts when you pray. 7. Always state in your prayer that you are willing to accept God's will, whatever it is. 8. In your prayer simply put everything in God's hands. Pray for strength to do your best, and with confidence leave the rest to God. 9. Say a word of prayer for people who do not like you or have treated you badly. This will help to release tremendous power in you. 10. At some time during the day say a prayer for our country, for the President, and for the armed forces, and ask for victory and a lasting peace.

PICTURES: We are evidently in for a deluge of religious motion pictures. That is to be expected; the movie producers are quite aware of the tremendous popularity of religious books, of the increase in religious interest due to the war, and of the popularity of "One Foot In Heaven." So—more pictures with a religious emphasis.

Lloyd C. Douglas (he of "The Robe") has done an original story called "The Rosary," for RKO; it pictures religion under fire in the war. MGM is soon to produce "The Church of the Good Thief," which deals with the chapel built

CHURCH NEWS

PRAYER: The New York press gave unusual space, last Monday morning, to a Metropolitan sermon which outlined "ten rules for effective prayer." The preacher was Dr. Norman Vincent Peale, whose work was described in an article entitled "Grassroots In Manhattan," in the November CHRISTIAN HERALD. Here are preacher Peale's ten rules:

1. Set aside a few minutes to be alone



Soldiers of the Allied Fifth Army in Italy, assigned to care for a military cemetery, attend Sunday services led by Chaplain-Captain Christ A. Lehne of Fredericksburg, Tex.

be over, and chaos will attempt to mount the throne. Europe is desperately frightened over that prospect—and the Roman Catholic Church in Europe, we are told, has already worked out and put into effect plans for a Catholic counter-revolution. The Methodists have the same urge to “do it now”; they are planning in advance with their program for national evangelism, and that is wise planning. Both moves are part of a pattern—a global pattern!

It's time the Church began to get there in time with enough. For once, the Church neither slumbereth nor sleepeth, but planneth!

COMICS: Off and on, we have had occasion to take almost violent exception to many of the so-called “comics” issued for American children. Sometimes, we may have given the impression that the whole comics business was bad. We'd like to correct that, this month.

Yesterday we accepted a luncheon invitation—and found ourselves, representing *CHRISTIAN HERALD*, the recipient of a handsome check, same being a donation from the publisher of “Picture Stories From The Bible,” which we have said before, in this column, is Grade A in the comic field, with us.

Every penny of profit made from these Bible Stories was divided among nine national religious organizations. The publisher did not make a cent, nor did he want to! It is good to know at least one man like this, when the whole dizzy world seems to be living by the old jungle law of “every man for himself.” Our thanks to Publisher M. C. Gaines for a splendid gesture.

HERE AND THERE: Christmas music was broadcast from Russia to Latvia, Estonia, etc. Now if the Soviets can put the Christmas spirit to work in its political relations with Latvia, Estonia, etc.! . . . Protestant church members contributed \$24,413,349 more for congregational expense and benevolences in 1943 than they gave in 1942 . . . American Bible Society distributed more than 8,200,000 Bibles, Testaments, and portions of scripture this year. In the U. S. alone 5,371,293 volumes of Scripture cir-

culated—a banner year for the Society . . . The Protestant Churches in America are waiting to pour at least \$300,000,000 into post-war building projects . . . Kagawa of Japan is reported now to be carrying on an extensive evangelistic campaign . . . Norwegian clergymen who insist upon being “obstinate” about the Nazis now stand to be denied all pension rights, food rations, etc. So what? They will be there when the Nazis are all dead . . . A Conference on Religious Research has been formed by eighteen Protestant interdenominational agencies; we need that; we've been too unscientific and plain careless, too long . . . and that's all for this month.

TEMPERANCE

LEAKY: The Congress of these United States passed a law last Winter which ruled that there was to be no tax levied on liquor lost by leakage en route from warehouses to distribution centers.

During the last year, says a liquor ad, *ninety-six million gallons of liquor has been lost due to leakage and evaporation*. So sorry, Uncle Sam: we just can't pay any tax on that.

Some leak!

TACTIC: During a recent local option campaign at Clovis, New Mexico, a wet advertisement, run to influence the election, quoted and referred to clergymen Harry Emerson Fosdick, John Haynes Holmes and Frederick K. Stamm, implying that they were opposed to local option and belittling the attempt to protect a town from the saloon.

All three preachers claimed misrepresentation, if not something worse, when they heard of it. Dr. Holmes called it, “One of the most dishonest and therefore indecent pieces of advertising I have ever seen in my life.” Said Dr. Fosdick: “. . . I had nothing whatever to do with the advertisement . . . I was never asked for the privilege of my name's use . . . I did not know then who had inserted it, nor what the local issue involved was . . . This is the kind of thing I suppose no man in public life can altogether pre-

vent.” And Dr. Stamm: “I do not know anything about the statement . . . I have never opposed local option, nor am I in any manner an advocate for the liquor interests . . .”

But perhaps we shouldn't be disturbed at a little personal slander. This is just an old liquor-traffic technique. We should be very well used to it, by this time.

PATRIOTIC: The liquor industry, if you believe their ads, is very, *very* patriotic. The liquor industry is, if you believe them, “one hundred percent for war production.” As a matter of fact, they are nothing of the kind. Liquor is *not* 100 percent all-out (or all-in) for war production.

It is quite true that no whiskey is being produced at the moment—no *new* whiskey. But it is also true that with a war on, nearly a million Americans are directly or indirectly engaged, at least on part-time, in warehousing, bottling, branding, blending, importing, transporting, shipping, selling and advertising whiskey. And however the whiskey men sob over “the whiskey shortage,” remember this: more than 400,000,000 gallons of whiskey are *still on hand*, and that is enough to last, at the present rate of consumption, for two and a half years.

It doesn't look much like patriotism to us to moan about a “shortage” with a 400,000,000 gallon surplus. Neither did it look like patriotism on the part of the boozemen when, last summer, they did their level best to get the Government to stop manufacturing alcohol for munitions purposes for two weeks, so that the liquor men could replenish their alcohol stocks. The Government refused. That's one the boozemen will never live down. The record stands: they thought more of alcohol and alcohol profits than they did of the blood of American boys at the front!

MORE PATRIOTISM: To the above item, add these items of liquor patriotism: 1. Crime, measured by arrests, has increased 164 percent since 1932, the last Prohibition year. That isn't very good citizenship—or patriotism—and we can thank Repeal for most of it. 2. Arrests of 'teen-age girls for drunkenness and sex offenses have increased 89.5 percent in the first six months of 1943 over the same period in 1942. 3. Over 4,000,000 tons of beer and liquor are shipped by freight each year, despite overloaded rail lines hard put to it to handle war materials. 4. Some 2,500,000 truckloads of beer alone are moved annually, despite gasoline, rubber and manpower shortages. 5. With canned fruits rationed, 2,000,000 pounds are being rationed for the production of wine. (These are liquor industry figures.)

Yes, you're quite a patriot, Mr. Barleycorn!



aims these guns

QUEER THINGS come out of an engineer's head!

And when they're things like the amplitudine, something exciting usually happens.

When Japanese dive bombers pounce on one of our big battleships, a wall of steel flies up to blast them. The ship's deck bristles with anti-aircraft guns . . . and many of these guns leap to instant aim because the amplitudine transforms the gunner's slightest hand pressures to precise, controlled surges of power.

When—somewhere over Europe—a turret gunner in one of our big planes sees a Messerschmitt diving out of the sun, he twists a "handlebar" and the amplitudine-driven motor whips his guns around smoothly, even against the push of a 300-mile-an-hour wind.

When—on the home front—the flying shear slices the metal strip speeding from a steel mill's rolls, it's the amplitudine that makes the shear cut swift and true.

And it's the amplitudine that saves precious seconds in bringing the log to meet the whirling sawmill saw.

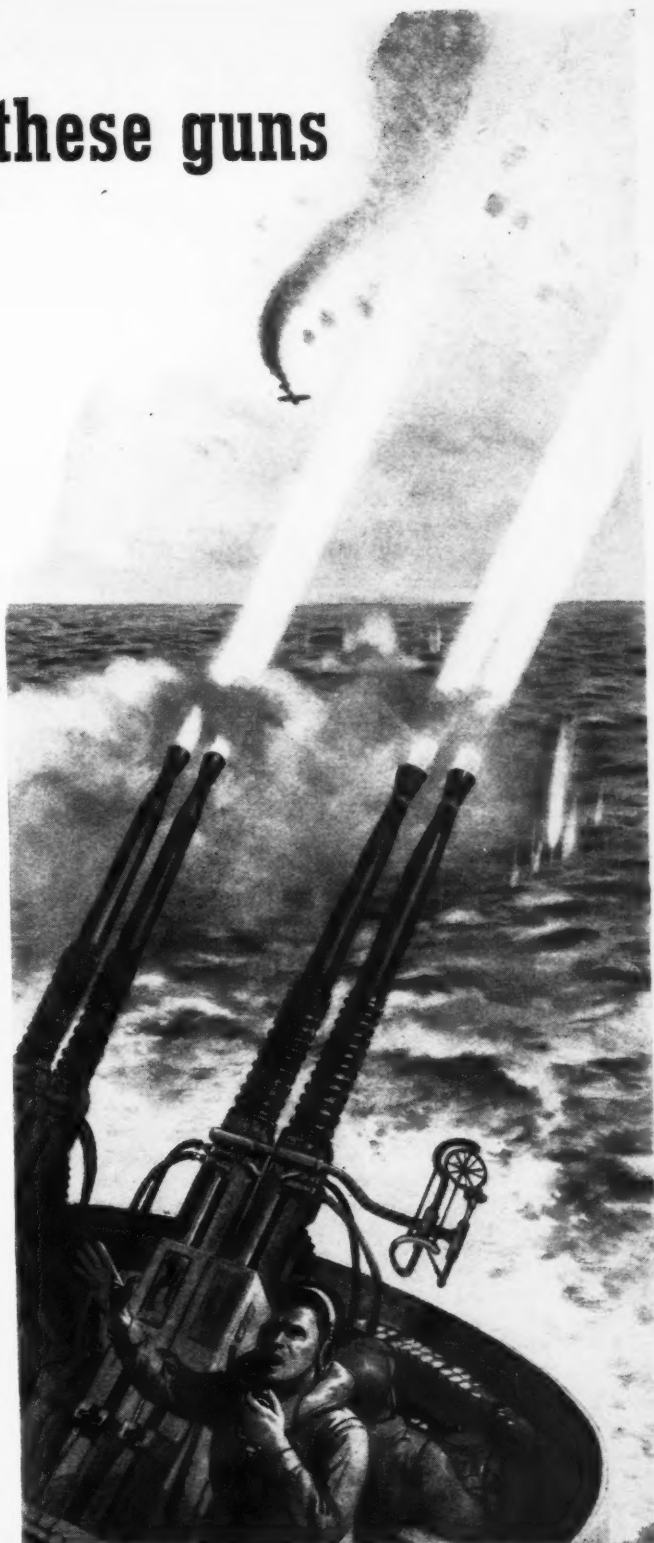
Already applied in hundreds of ways, tested and proved in battle and in industry, the amplitudine should have even greater accomplishments ahead of it. The amplitudine is another product of General Electric engineering and research—which today are devoted to the building of better war weapons, and which tomorrow will be devoted to better living in the peacetime world to follow.



The amplitudine, represented by this symbol, combines two electric generators in one device. By utilizing a short-circuit—the nuisance that blows fuses in your house—a small voltage is amplified so as to control precisely and almost instantaneously the speed and power output of electric motors. General Electric, Schenectady, N. Y.

192,000 employees of the General Electric Company are on their jobs producing war goods and buying over a million dollars of War Bonds every week to hasten victory.

952-496C



Hear the General Electric radio programs: "The G-E All-girl Orchestra" Sunday 10 p. m. EWT, NBC—"The World Today" news, every weekday at 6:45 p. m. EWT, CBS.

GENERAL  ELECTRIC

CHRISTIAN

Herald

~~~~~ FEBRUARY, 1944

## THE CHAPLAIN GETS A FALSE INTRODUCTION

**I**N A recent issue of a popular weekly news magazine, a chaplain, distinguished in overseas combat service, was quoted in such a way as to leave the impression that he particularly enjoyed his "cool beers" when, fresh from desert campaigning, he visited a famous Mediterranean resort city. Later there was a correction and an expression of regret from the writer. This particular chaplain is a non-drinker!

There has been a growing tendency among some secular journalists to make the chaplain a hail-fellow-well-met, by representing him as sitting in on poker games, using "heavy" language, telling risqué stories and taking liquor. The Chief of Chaplains, himself, has had occasion to protest against this tendency and to insist upon changes in several news and feature stories.

I know the chaplain in this war and I know that he is neither a drinker, a gambler, nor a lewd and profane fellow. I know, too, that the servicemen would not respect him if he were, and that in only a very few instances have chaplains shamed their high calling. In war as in peace, the Christian minister may be understandingly, sympathetically "in the world", in active fellowship with his men and ministering to their spiritual and human needs without being, as to his own life and practices, "of the world". In two wars, the greatest chaplains I have known, the most popular and the most effective, have been those men of whom it could be said: "He is as hard as nails and as clean as a hound's tooth."

In this war the chaplain is more efficient and has already won more distinctions of service and of sacrifice than ever before in America's armed history. And Mr. Journalist, it takes more than nicotine-stained fingers to give him his strong and friendly hand and more than a liquor breath to bear his healing message to a wounded body, a burdened mind or a broken spirit. What then is the secret of his popularity and power? As it was written of the One in whose Name the chaplain lives and ministers and sometimes dies, of him too it may be written—"It is his food and drink to do His Father's will."

### CUT IT OUT!

**I**LANDED in China's greatest American army base one day at noon, just before Joe E. Brown, the



most popular entertainer of World War II, came over "The Hump" (the mountains between Burma and China); and let it be written here that Joe E. Brown was the first of all entertainers to reach "farthest east." It was my good fortune to attend the show that evening and to see this "American Harry Lauder" in action just before I took off on my return to India, bound for home.

Joe was in fine fettle. He must have been tired, for he had an exacting schedule behind him and it was only an hour between his landing and first public appearance, but he gave everything that he had to that eager crowd of enlisted men and officers. This splendid American, who has visited all the war fronts and whose son was lost in action in the Pacific, clowning and grimacing, laughed and yarned. At last he led us in singing "God Bless America" saying that the idea wasn't his, but the suggestion of a Marine on Guadalcanal. The applause of his first "over-the-hump" appearance must have made Joe E. Brown tingle to his very fingertips. I know that it put a mist over his eyes and a break in his voice.

In the middle of his program, Joe stopped abruptly and gave a tribute to the American Army and a toast to decency. He said, "The man who has to tell a dirty story to get a laugh, isn't a humorist." If Joe E. Brown is right, (and I know he is) I am one witness to the fact that there are a lot of entertainers in World War II who are not "funny." They get laughs of course, but the suggestive, raucous kind which misrepresent the overwhelming majority of almost any Army crowd. There are too many indecencies, too many lewd or near-lewd stories in too many of these overseas shows. I have heard commanding officers, as well as chaplains, protest against them. A medical major at the head of malaria control in a great forward theatre, said after one Broadway star had "done his dirt"—"What does the U. S. O. think we are?" In Washington, after my return, I was assured that the U. S. O. is not responsible, that shows are decent when they leave home, but that "someone" wants them "livelier," or "tougher," and so they are "stepped up"—unless the star is of the calibre and character of Joe E. Brown. Well, let this be said to Mr. Someone—"Sir, you are mistaken. You insult the servicemen. Your stories that cheapen womanhood reflect upon the mothers, wives, sweethearts and sisters of servicemen and upon women in the service. The American soldier is not a fool and he is a cross-section of America."

Yes, Mr. Someone is very much mistaken and Joe E. Brown proves what you and I and most Americans believe: that the American enlisted man is neither soft nor angelic, but forthright and decent.



Daniel A. Poling

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF



# CHINA'S Dunkirk

*By Daniel A. Poling*

Written en route from Chungking to Miami, this article is an eye-witness account of the most amazing people and city in the modern world: a people and a city refusing to die

**C**HUNGKING is China's Dunkirk. Three times destroyed and three times rebuilt—each time larger and more firmly than before—is the record of this capital that refuses to die. Into the air and into the rock and beyond all ancient boundaries, the city has risen upon her hills, above the mighty rivers until she stands a veritable miracle of the engineer's genius and of the common people's

courage, faith and patient perseverance.

There are bomb shelters, huge chambers within her heart, adequate for the entire central population of more than half-a-million—and these shelters are now safe from even the heaviest blockbusters. Chungking suffered greatly when, practically without ground or aerial defenses, she was tortured by raiders that came and went with clock-like regularity. For Japan it was a Roman holiday; for



© ACME

Three times destroyed by Japanese fury and three times rebuilt, Chungking still stands defiant. Left: A wounded Chinese soldier receives first-aid on the city's streets. Right: Chungking homes and shops burn after an enemy bombing.



Chungking it was a blazing inferno. There are not and never will be complete records of the human and material losses, but it is definitely established that more than 20,000 died under the bombs or in the fires. In one shelter alone more than 2,000 were suffocated in the city's night of greatest horror, and in two days of indescribable terror there were more than 10,000 dead. Whenever before has a people whimpered so little and risen so quickly to rebuild its material structure and to take up again its march to freedom?



Even while the fires burned, surveyors ran their lines and engineers opened new streets, wide and straight where narrow lanes and alleys had wound before. Twelve years ago there was not one motor vehicle in Chungking, and before 1928 there was not even a wheeled cart or a wheelbarrow. Now there are—well, on rainy days when the mud flies, entirely too many automobiles. I have seen the man I shall assassinate in my next incarnation; he swung close to the curb and dashed half the gutter into my lap.

Jinrikishas and pony-drawn carts compete with heavy buses. Bus fare on the locals is eight dollars Chinese and fifteen dollars for standing room on the fast lines. The exchange, by the way, is baffling, the government rate being twenty to one, but in Kunming the black market goes to eighty, and at times even to one hundred, to one. The result to the average American is staggering. He pays one hundred and twenty Chinese dollars for his lunch, fifteen dollars for a haircut, one hundred dollars to have his shoes sewed and two hundred and fifty dollars for a pair of slippers. I invested \$1400 for a lovely bit of Chinese embroidery—that should give me a good reputation and character with Mrs. Poling!—and my board and lodging bill for ten days was \$6140. A speculator offered me \$10,000 Chinese for my fountain pen and automatic pencil and \$100 each for my aspirin tablets.

It is the white-collar fellow who really suffers—that anemic little chap whom the cartoonists at home delight to picture in his mortal agonies. The waiters in my Chungking quarters received the equivalent of \$100 gold per month, this being about the former yearly salary of a Chinese college professor. I heard of a Chungking banker who hired a rickshaw to take him into the country. When they reached a lonely spot the banker held up the coolie. But whatever the exchange rate, life and the war of liberation march on.

We Americans idealize China and all things Chinese these days; it may just be that we idealize too much and forget that China, with 450,000,000 human beings, is still possessed of all their human frailty and error, as well as their amazing courage and consecration. Take this matter of finances, for instance. Here it might be well to consider some of the sad experiences of our Army and other Government representatives who have dealt with the China that is not heroic nor even honest, and in considering the experiences, try to understand their significance. An airport, desperately needed, was contracted for by American representatives at a total cost of twenty million dollars—American dollars. The first contractor sublet to a second for seventeen million dollars, taking at once his "commission" and departure; the second sublet to a third, the third to a fourth and finally the eighth contractor went to work. But eight million dollars, his figure, was en-



Main gateway to Chungking showing the residents calmly going about their daily business amidst the rubble left by an enemy bombing.

© Wide World

tirely too low. He could not finish and he had scarcely begun the job when he instigated a strike among his workers, telling them that the intruding Americans were to blame for his failure to pay. Fortunately for the story and for Chinese-American relations in one province, the son of President Chiang Kai-shek is now the highly efficient and scrupulously honest representative of the Central Government in that most difficult city. His administrative record marks him a worthy son of his great father and in his own right a man destined to go far. He hailed the contractors into a military court, found them guilty and threw them into jail to serve long sentences. But unfortunately, that particular airport still remains little more than a blueprint.

Chinese bandits continue to be a troublesome factor in some provinces and in several instances have interfered with our American operations. I roomed with a colonel of field artillery who has just been discharged from the hospital after recovering from four wounds, any one of which might have been fatal, received when his convoy of three army trucks was attacked. He was en route to join Chinese combat troops. Four other American officers were also wounded in the same affair and at least three bandits were killed. The bandits were in such strength that the small American group retired to the village immediately at their rear. They have a strong suspicion that the mayor of that town knew more about those particular bandits than he is likely to tell. It is not a pleasant thought that some of our troops are in danger of meeting death at the hands of those whose cause they have come to help. But while there may be no extenuating circumstances for such an affair, there are facts that help us to understand China's internal problem and the Generalissimo's herculean task.

The truth is that China is now, in some of these interior provinces, in a stage of her modern development not unlike our American frontier days when stages were robbed, claims jumped, cattle rustled, towns terrorized and lawlessness ruled entire sections of the West. Vigilantes preceded fearless United States marshals who were the forerunners of established order. Let it be said in all fairness that many bandit bands are the creation of warlords who have impoverished their own conscript armies and left them either to starve or to survive by thievery. Defenseless as is their lawlessness, they are at least more to be pitied than the Western outlaws who robbed and murdered without the incentive of stark hunger and nakedness.

China has her grafters in high places, but we Americans are little more than a generation away from Teapot Dome, and after all the evil stories have been told, one fact remains beyond debate: for nearly seven years this China of the Generalissimo has declined the offers of the highest bidder and continues with ever rising strength and courage the battle against Japan. Between the extreme left and the extreme right, Chiang Kai-shek has stood the unfaltering captain of his country's freedom and the incorruptible champion of democracy in the Far East. Perhaps never in any previous period of history has one man accomplished so much against so many odds. In one particular at least, Washington and Chungking are alike—in small and sinister gossip and criticism of the President's family! But with the courage of his Christian faith, the Generalissimo continues to accept the challenge of the impossible.

There are still domestic problems unsolved; there yet remain some recalcitrant governors and many lesser leaders who sabotage the new order—they have their



little time while the great captain faces the foreign invader. They hinder us as they harry him, but the heart of China is true and her people from the humblest to the highest are worthy, altogether worthy of the faith and sacrifices of her allies. Nor should we lose sight of the fact that with all we give to China now, realistically we can never repay her for what her long struggle to survive has meant and still means to our own fight to preserve American liberties. As I walked the streets of Chungking, I met the smiles of men and women and the friendly shouts of little boys who felt themselves to be, and who by the test of sacrifice are, comrades with us in the battle of freedom.

And how different is Chungking from the cities of all other Eastern lands, in the attitude of her people, men and women, young and old, toward this war! Even the coolies and the children seem to know

(he had been at some inconvenience to find a mosquito net for my bed) saying, "Thank you, no. It is my work." How I wish that one might reasonably hope for this unusual situation to continue indefinitely!

Book stalls opening out on Chungking's new streets are crowded. Here one may purchase many popular titles and some of the classics in a bilingual series as well as the more numerous Chinese editions. I saw Mr. Willkie's face on a Chinese copy of his "One World." The government radio station that broadcasts by short wave to America every day has its studios located safely under the rock. I attended a broadcast of Chinese vocal and instrumental music that was a most creditable performance. En route to the soundproof rooms I walked through halls crowded with cots and sleepers; the housing problem in Chungking is all but insoluble. Our

than 45 degrees above in an unheated apartment above the Yangtze. The setting of the town is heroic; Chungking sits high above her rivers, framed in rugged hills, with buildings that cling and rise from ridge to ridge and level to level; even the fogs here are beautiful, especially when, flying in from any direction, you remember that Japanese air bases are considerably less than four hundred miles away.

Daily and with only one fatal landing accident to mar an otherwise perfect record, America's army pilots and the pilots of China's domestic service come down upon fields whose runways are definitely too short for safety. They fly on instruments over terrain more treacherous than the Wasatch mountains in Utah, and when I landed we had little more than minus visibility and a ceiling of one hundred feet. But in this theatre there is safety in risk and hope of survival in danger. Flying "The Hump" (the mountains between Burma and China) beneath a blazing sun and silhouetted against the clouds was, under war conditions, far more nerve-racking than flying blind into Chungking. In my quarters high above the Yangtze River I heard planes take off in mists so deep I could not see the hills which those doughty pilots must skim and miss. I prayed and waited until the engine drone was lost in the multiple cries of the street below and I said, "God is with the fliers!"

The industrial triumph of Chungking is very largely the story of one man, and that is the story of Lu Tso-Fu, who commanded China's industrial Dunkirk. When the Japanese occupied Hankow in 1938, China was faced with complete industrial ruin and the loss of her war for freedom through the capture or destruction of all her arsenals, shops and factories. Enter Mr. Lu! Drafted by Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek and named vice-minister of communications, he brought order out of chaos and before low water in the Yangtze forced the suspension of shipping activities, he had moved practically every machine through the gorges and beyond the reach of the oncoming Japanese. That achievement is a saga of man's conquest of the seemingly impossible. For five years now these transplanted factories have made munitions and equipment for China's heroic war effort. While the free world outside has planned and fought to open the Burma Road, Chungking has become the industrial metropolis of new China and has maintained that steady though inadequate flow of war supplies that has held the enemy at bay. In all of this, Mr. Lu has been China's man of the hour.

Born in a small village, struggling up from poverty, directing now the nation's greatest shipping enterprise, developer of coal mines, founder of a modern industrial city, Peipei, that has much to contribute to future city planning, builder of iron and steel works and of cotton mills

(Continued on page 62)



An air-raid alarm in China's "most bombed city" sends the citizens into a shelter cut into the rocky cliffs. They carry their most precious belongings with them, for when they leave the shelter on the all-clear signal, they may find their homes in ruins.

what it is about—they are alert, thrilled by each new arrival, studying maps and reading bulletins that the government places on walls and buildings. Their faces are different and their spirit is the spirit of victory. So often in other Eastern lands, I have been oppressed by the unmistakable depression of the masses, their indifference and hopelessness. Chungking is a city of hope.

En route to Chungking meant a transition from bearers who demanded exorbitant tips and mendicants who were forever crying "Baksheesh," to another city, Kunming, lying high and bright in the sun, where a Chinese boy in charge of an army hostel refused my gratuity

American Army headquarters in China's war capital is normally a small installation with not more than three hundred personnel, but General Stillwell ("Uncle Joe" to everyone who admires and trusts him and that includes *everyone*) has his office and staff in Chungking. The OWI and other departments are scattered about the city and Ambassador Gauss is America's particularly frank and effective diplomatic representative.

Chungking's winter weather leaves a good deal to be desired. The sun is conspicuous for its absence and a mist that acts like rain is the order of most days. The thermometer is belied by the chill that goes to your bones, and sub-zero weather in New England is less an ordeal

# Joe Doakes

## asks . . . . "Are the Drys asleep?"

There are three crying needs in our battle against liquor traffic: a new beginning, a revised strategy, and, greatest of all, a united front!

By CLARENCE W. HALL

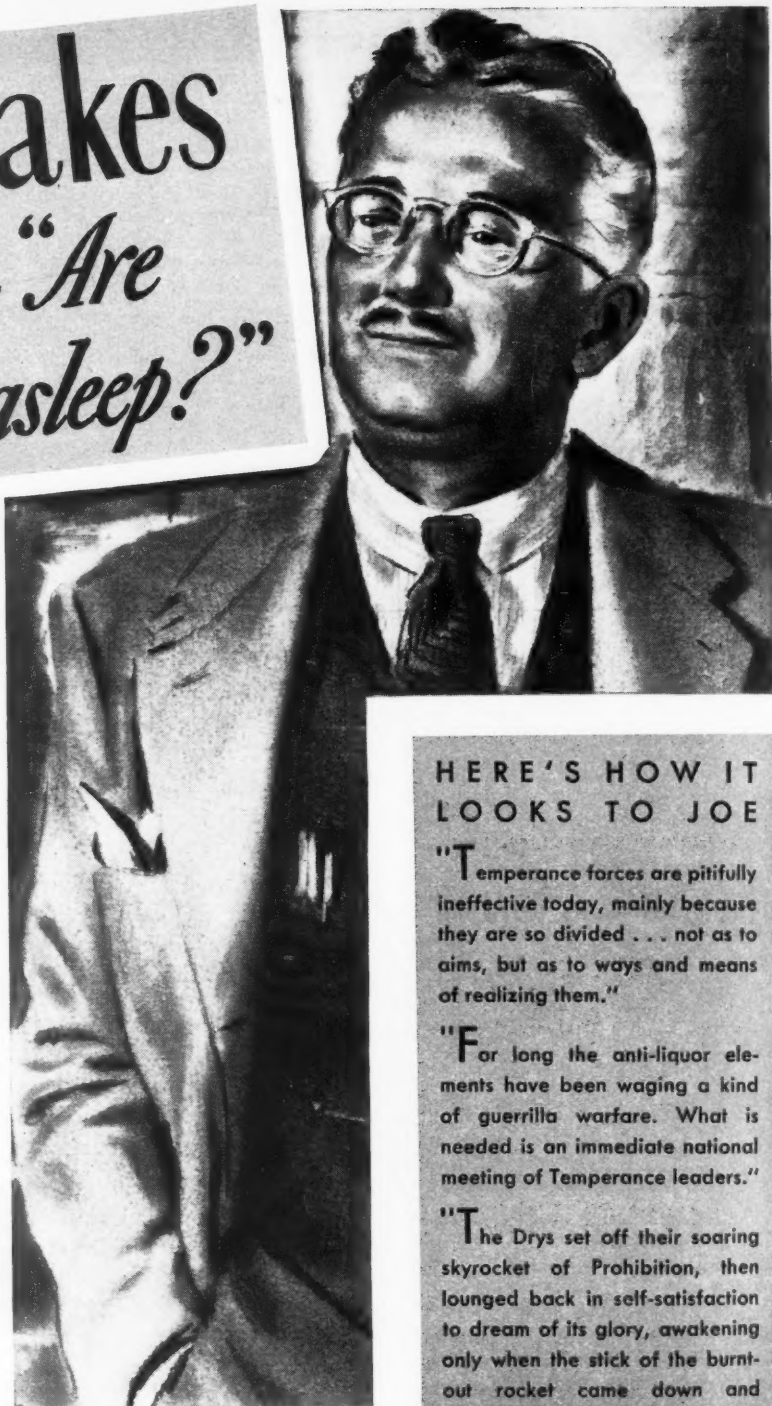
WE WERE talking just the other day with the executive head of one of America's largest firms of its kind, a firm now given over to the making of precision instruments for the Government. The talk drifted around to Temperance, a subject in which this man is vitally interested. He has contributed large sums to the Cause. His zeal as a Dry has always been great. He knows the fray, having long been a tough battler on the political front whenever the barons of booze have attempted to make inroads in his town.

We were attempting to evaluate the present strength of the Drys. He began ticking off on his fingers the sundry Temperance bodies in the United States. Naming them one by one, he soon ran out of fingers; I used mine, exhausted them, and he was beginning for the second time on his set of digits when abruptly he threw up his hands and blurted out: "For heaven's sake, why don't all these groups get together!" He meant it—for heaven's sake, why . . . ?

For many months now, CHRISTIAN HERALD has been taking the temperature of the Temperance cause. Believing that reform movements, no less than flesh-and-blood bodies, require an occasional check-up, this magazine has been consulting the charts of scores of Dry organizations, clocking Temperance's gains and losses in strength, and general-

ly feeling for the pulse of popular opinion on the liquor question.

Unless you are a newcomer to the fold, you doubtless followed the notable series recently presented in these pages under the title, "They Speak for Temperance." In this series ten great Americans—top-notchers in such varied fields as statecraft and sports, business and religion, education and journalism—spoke out in meeting concerning the status of Temperance as they see it from where they



### HERE'S HOW IT LOOKS TO JOE

"Temperance forces are pitifully ineffective today, mainly because they are so divided . . . not as to aims, but as to ways and means of realizing them."

"For long the anti-liquor elements have been waging a kind of guerrilla warfare. What is needed is an immediate national meeting of Temperance leaders."

"The Drys set off their soaring skyrocket of Prohibition, then lounged back in self-satisfaction to dream of its glory, awakening only when the stick of the burnt-out rocket came down and banged them on the head."

"Prohibition has been so kicked around by the Wets' high-powered press relations crew that even good people want no truck with the scraggly old gent with the stovepipe hat."



## A FRIENDLY CRITICISM OF THE POOR GENERALSHIP AND OUTDATED METHODS OF THE TEMPERANCE CRUSADE

sit. It was a revealing—and, to some readers, a disturbing—symposium.

But that series was just part of CHRISTIAN HERALD's endeavor to find out just what the average layman in the Temperance ranks is thinking. The magazine was not interested in the views of the professional Drys. These are well known. And besides, it is the rank and file, after all, that is going to determine the success or failure of this Cause.

Therefore, as a complement to the opinions of the authors of the "They Speak" series, we've been going up and down the land, beating the brush to find out what the large body of others—most of them the little people, the usually inarticulate—are thinking and saying.

Out of all these contacts perhaps we can create a composite character that will speak for such people. Let's call him Joe Doakes. He's important. For his is the vote and his the zeal and his the work that, in the last analysis, spells out the immediate future for Temperance.

Well, what has Joe to say on the present status of the Dry cause?

First off, we are struck by the fact that Joe joins with the executive mentioned before in his feeling that Temperance forces are pitifully ineffective today, mainly because they are so divided. Divided not as to aims, but as to ways and means of realizing them. Out of our whole diagnosis there arises that same challenge, a challenge that comes with the stridence of a bugle blast: *The Temperance forces must get together!*

For too long, says Joe—and through him speaks a multitude—the anti-liquor elements in this country have been waging a kind of guerrilla warfare. Though Repeal failed utterly to stamp out the Drys, as was so fondly hoped by the Wets, it did scatter them. And for that reason the whole cause has failed to pack the walloping punch that only a united front can give. *What is needed is an immediate national conference of Temperance leaders*, a council of war where the whole situation—as of NOW, not ten years ago—can be carefully weighed, where a grand strategy in keeping with the cause's importance can be mapped and the Dry forces deployed to the most effective use.

You don't have to go far into the grassroots section to uncover the fact that your average layman is more than a little disgusted with what seem to him to be the "puny, outdated and disunited" efforts being currently made to get Temperance started on the road back.

You find very quickly that Joe is unity-minded. The times have made him so. He looks about him and sees the tremendous striking power of the United Nations, growing more invincible every

day. He looks out toward Casablanca, Cairo and Moscow and is impressed by the sweeping strategy, the concerted strategy, of the Allies. He looks around at America's gigantic industrial might, throbbing away in harmonious tune with Freedom's cause. And he is impressed. He is thrilled. He knows what it is that is making victory loom ever closer.

If he is a churchman, he takes in the comprehensive and ever-growing unity of religion as it girds itself for the peace battle. He watches the progress of such union movements as the Christian Mission on World Order. He reads the recent Interfaith Declaration on World Peace, signed by all the top-shelf leaders of the Protestant, Catholic and Jewish faiths. He senses the mounting tendency everywhere for men of faith to fight their battles according to a united plan. And he rejoices.

Then Joe turns for a look at Temperance. And what does he see? Guerrilla warfare! True enough, all of it is being waged with commendable zeal, and some of it with encouraging success. But he knows, as we all know, that vastly more success and prestige would attend the cause if Temperance people would only go into a huddle, stay there long enough to face facts, assess the enemy's strength and weaknesses, frame some smart and concerted plays, and then come forth looking more like a team and less like a selection of individualists with eyes on the same goal but with feet itching to travel separate ways.

We like this fellow Joe. We like him, not because he is so brutally frank, but because he is also intensely realistic. He has some pretty definite ideas on why we are inept today, and what are the contributing factors that drained us.

For instance, Joe thinks that the Drys committed a huge sin of omission during Prohibition. As he puts it: "They set off their soaring skyrocket of Prohibition, then lounged back on a fleecy cloud of self-satisfaction and went to sleep to dream of its glory, awakening only when the stick of the extinguished rocket came down and banged them on the head."

Joe is openly ashamed that we "good people" allowed the Wets to jibe and jeer us into a national sheepishness when it came to taking sides against liquor's return. It is incomprehensible, says he, that the Drys, after marshalling strength and propaganda power sufficient to achieve so mighty a victory as the Eighteenth Amendment, were unable to prevent Prohibition from being made the scapegoat for everything sad and weary in life, thus nettling the public temper to the place where it was only too glad to rise up and shove the Amendment into limbo.

The loss was not only on the day Re-

peal came. It lingers yet. It lingers in the attitudes of millions of Americans who never have and never will take a drink, but who will repeat by rote the Wets' clichés about the "ignoble experiment" that deluged our land with such a welter of woes as bootlegging, gangsterism, racketeering, crime, public debt, and all the sins known to man.

The failure of the Drys to belligerently combat this false doctrine while it was being preached, says Joe, has placed a terrific handicap on the chances of Temperance's comeback. It is terrific because of the losses it has caused to the Drys' ranks. And don't think there haven't been losses! Try out the word Prohibition in any group. Don't go to the taverns for the test. You can go to any group of high-minded citizens, even those in the average church, and you'll quickly discover that for every man who will speak a kindly word for the Amendment, you'll find a hundred ready to carp at Prohibition. The word has been so kicked around by the Wets' high-powered press relations crew that even good people want no truck with the scraggly old gent with the stovepipe hat.

Before we can expect to get anywhere at all, says Joe, we must expose that nonsense for what it is. We must recreate, on a national scale, that body of conviction—once in our hand, but now sadly lost—that will make restrictive or prohibitive legislation possible.

Another obstacle in our way, states our average layman, is the woefully inept propaganda used by the Drys, who are "still living largely, too largely, in the days and ways of Carrie Nation and the Praying Ladies of 1873." While the Wets are banging away at public opinion with smooth, million-dollar publicity approaches, using every trick of the propaganda art to sell their case, the Drys are still emoting all over the place, growing red-faced with indignation, letting irresponsible and small-time zealots do most of the apoplectic viewing-with-alarm, and generally giving the public the impression of a well-meaning but somewhat fanatical minority.

Moreover, Joe charges, the churches and the church schools—once the citadels of the Temperance cause—have fallen prey to the spirit of discouragement the Wets have fostered. They have let their educative program slump badly. Temperance sermons are comparatively rare. And pledge-signing campaigns—once considered a potent technique for indoctrinating the young—have been relegated to the dear, dead days beyond recall. In public education too the emphasis on Temperance is virtually extinct; which means that we have a generation growing up now without settled convictions on the subject. (Continued on page 49)



By ALEXANDER STACEY

ONE gray day last September, something electric took possession of the air over Moscow. There was excitement, blazing light, pageantry and prayer all over the city—and there was wonder and talk about it far, far beyond the borders of Russia. For on this day, in one of the most magnificent rituals of the Orthodox Church, a Patriarch was being enthroned.

What gave zest to the occasion was the fact that only one other Patriarch had been elected since Peter the Great abolished the job, back in 1700. From 1700 to 1917, there were no Patriarchs. In November of 1917, under the Provisional Government, a local *Sobor* (Council) was called, and the Metropolitan of Moscow was elected Patriarch, but after he died in 1925, the throne remained vacant until this day of September 12, 1943, when the seventy-six-year-old Metropolitan Sergius was installed as Patriarch of Moscow and all Russia. And—which was so hard for the world to understand—Joseph Stalin himself had given his consent to this election and enthronement!

How on earth had *this* happened, after so many years of opposition from Lenin, Stalin and the Communists? The news came to us like a bolt out of the blue. Did this mean that the government was ending its opposition? And what would be the effect upon the Orthodox Church and upon religion in Russia?

For those who have followed the history of the Russian Church under the Soviet regime, Stalin's approval did not come as a bolt from the blue. It was not only expected; it was the logical step in Stalin's mobilizing for his all-out war. While this step might have been unthinkable a few years ago, we must remember that the Soviet attitude toward religion has been gradually changing for twenty-five years; it has been becoming less militant and more tolerant. But even changing in this wholly desirable direction, it cost the Church a great deal of suffering.

Orthodoxy under the tsars was a *state* religion, and it was always identified with the Tsarist regime. When this regime fell the Church could hardly expect justice from the victorious revolutionists, for the Church was regarded as an ally of the old enemy. Yet, whatever may be said to the contrary, the original hostile attitude of the government toward the Orthodox clergy was motivated by efforts to choke a spreading counter-revolution rather than by the atheistic ideology of the Communist leaders. Though Lenin early proclaimed, "We must struggle against religion," we can see even at that time a considerable tolerance toward the Evangelicals, as well as toward various Russian sects. Why? Because these Evangelicals had been persecuted by the Tsarist government, and therefore they could not be identified with the fallen regime.

The Soviet government, however, overlooking all the good that had been done by the Church in the past, greatly exaggerated the opposition of the clergy to the new regime. It goes without saying that in the early chaos of the Revolution many clergymen fell innocent victims to the vengeance of the over-suspicious government, as well as to the violence of disorganized mobs more often than not encouraged by the agitators of the "Militant Godless." Yet the early negative attitude of the Orthodox clergy toward the Soviets is undeniable, as it is undeniable even today, in occupied territories, among individual priests and even prelates—such as Policarp, the Bishop of Vladimir-Volynski—who have cooperated with the German invaders.

Like all other supporters of the Tsarist regime in the early days of the Revolution, the clergy did not believe that the Communists would stay in power very long, and they dreamed



## A NEW DAY for the Russian Church

of the restoration of the old order. The Orthodox bishops who had escaped abroad openly professed their hostility toward the Soviets and expressed their monarchist expectations not only individually, but also at official ecclesiastical gatherings. The Soviet government suspected the Russian clergy of being in league with their emigrant colleagues, and although as early as 1919 the Patriarch Tikhon had called those of the Orthodox faith to exclude all politics from the life of Church, he did not escape this suspicion and spent almost fourteen months in custody. It should also be noted that the Orthodox Church was not prepared to face the new conditions created by the Revolution. It lacked unity and cooperation among the clergy itself; in fact, it began to disintegrate when various ambitious clergymen deserted the Patriarchal Church and began organizing their own "Orthodox" churches, of which the so-called "Living Church," in the beginning, was the strongest.

Without discussing the ecclesiastical sedition existing at



that time, it is sufficient to say that the Russian Church was in a state of ecclesiastical civil war; and new self-appointed prelates contributed much to the general confusion misleading the Soviet government. It is interesting to note that the representatives of the Living Church, by openly accusing the Patriarch of counter-revolution, were in fact responsible for his arrest. All in all, the situation was such that any mutual understanding between the Orthodox Church and the government was out of the question, and the Militant Godless, a new organization headed by the fanatical Yaroslavsky, joyfully anticipated the complete disintegration of Orthodoxy, and with it the extermination of all religion in Russia.

Yet religion did not die; on the contrary, in defiance of gloomy predictions by Yaroslavsky, it was recuperating from the first blows and accumulating a new moral strength and growing support among the Russian people. Stalin, who had early proclaimed that the only efficient way of fighting religion was through the education of the masses, gradually discouraged all violence against those that were religious. He granted citizenship rights to the clergy, guaranteed freedom of worship to all in the Constitution of 1936, and less than two years ago suspended all anti-religious propaganda.

Meanwhile it became obvious to everyone that the Russian Church fully recognized the Soviet government, and even frequently demonstrated loyalty to it. Today the Church sends blessings to the government, as well as to the leaders and soldiers of the Red Army; prays for them, and renders substantial financial aid toward the winning of the war. On the other hand, the Soviet regime itself has undergone a considerable evolution, turning to practices that in the early days of the Revolution had been regarded as "bourgeois prejudices." Though the Marxist doctrine concerning religion has not officially been repudiated, yet the Soviet government began to realize that the Orthodox Church was not so bad and dangerous as it was supposed to be, a decade ago; moreover, as a unifying force, it might even be of help to the regime! If there were some doubts and hesitation on this account before the war, the invasion of Russia by the Germans has dispelled them. We are told that there were no atheists on Guadalcanal; the same is true to a great extent of the Russian front.

In the fall of 1941, on the basis of information received from Moscow headquarters, we were assured that a religious revival was sweeping Russia. In the course of changes since then in the attitude of the Soviet leaders toward religion, the government now is beginning to trust the Church; moreover, it seeks Church cooperation. The first official proof of this new attitude was the appointment of the Metropolitan of Kiev, Nicholas, as one of the ten members of a special commission to investigate Nazi atrocities, destruction of cultural monuments, churches and public property. The second proof came last September. Since the death of the Patriarch Tikhon in 1925, the representatives of the Russian Church more than once unsuccessfully attempted to obtain from the government permission to call a *Sobor* for the election of Tikhon's successor. Permission has now been granted by Stalin himself—a fact that was immediately publicized all over the world.

There are various speculations concerning Stalin's motives behind this new favor to the Church. He may think that the peace with the Orthodox Church will increase his popularity among the Russian peasant masses, who at the bottom of their hearts remain Christian; or that it will raise Soviet prestige among the peoples of the Balkan States, which are predominantly Greek-Orthodox. Or, as is most probable, in mobilizing all national forces for the victory over the invaders, he does not want to leave unused the vast influence of the Church, which since the early years of the Russian State has backed and blessed every patriotic effort in defense of Russian soil. Whatever it may be, the significant fact remains that the Church's growing influence upon and authority over the Russian masses can no longer be neglected even by an atheistic government; and the Russian premier once more justifies the opinion of all who know him as a realist who never ignores cold logic.

But how does the election of the Patriarch affect the status of the Russian Church and religion in the land of the Soviets?

For many reasons, the present Patriarchate cannot be compared with the original Patriarchate before Peter the Great. The administration of the Patriarch in the Seventh Century was parallel to that of the tsar. Both were centralized in Moscow, each with its own departments (*prikaz*); both had their own officials and courts and prisons; both collected taxes. If we take into consideration the fact that the Patriarchal See possessed large estates with peasants, and had its own goldsmiths, tailors, ironsmiths, builders, painters, carpenters and every kind of artisan, we may understand that it was really a state within the State.

The Patriarchal See, as well as the Sees of the Metropolitans subordinate to the Patriarch, possessed enormous wealth, while at present any accumulation of wealth by the Church is out of the question. The circumstances are quite different, and the idea of the Patriarch's power as being second only to that of the head of the State is now just so much ancient history. Nevertheless, the restoration of the Patriarchate in its present form begins a new era in the life of the Russian Church because, with the canonical head elected, the Russian Church has acquired an official recognition and authority it has not enjoyed since the Revolution.

The election of the twelfth Patriarch undoubtedly will aid the reunion of the Patriarchal Church with the dissenters. These dissenters, even since the arrest of the Patriarch Tikhon in 1922, were constantly forced into the membership of the newly organized churches, such as the Living Church, later the Renovated Church, the Churchly Regeneration, and the Ancient Apostolic Church. When the Orthodox understand that the Patriarchal Church is the only canonical Church in Russia, the majority of them will return to it. With decreasing congregations the New "Orthodox" Churches will find themselves in a critical position, and their bishops will repent and reunite with the Patriarch. Of course, some of them, such as the famous (or infamous) Metropolitan Alexander Vvedensky (who had married), cannot return to the Mother Church; the marriage of bishops is forbidden by the true Orthodox Church. But there is no doubt they will be welcomed as priests.

The main thing, however, is that the Patriarchal Church now will find circumstances favorable to an increase in the number of its members. Perhaps, in anticipation of this growth of membership, the Synod of the Church plans the re-establishment of a large number of churches which have fallen into disuse as places of worship. The recent dispatches from Moscow indicate that these plans meet no objection from the government.

We may hope that the Patriarch, officially recognized by the Soviets, will be instrumental in bringing about further rights and privileges for the Church. The Constitution provides for freedom of worship, and its existence in Russia today is undeniable, but according to Article 124 of the Constitution, only "freedom of anti-religious propaganda is acknowledged for all citizens." Religious propaganda is not mentioned in the Constitution, and the most liberal interpre- (Continued on page 52)





Madame Chiang Kai-shek, China's First Lady.



Madame Eduard Benes, wife of the Czechoslovak President, visits a new Czechoslovak school in England.



Prime Minister Field Marshal Jan Christiaan Smuts of South Africa.

# UNITED NATIONS

JUST two years ago this month, in Washington, the representatives of thirty-two countries put their names to what may be the twentieth century's Magna Carta. The President of China has called this document "The Beginning of Universal Brotherhood." Most of us call it The United Nations Pact.

This Pact bound the thirty-two nations to the principles and the four freedoms of the Atlantic Charter; each nation vowed that there should be no separate peace until the Axis had been destroyed—and almost immediately the tide of war turned. Against this unity the Axis retreats from Bologna to Bougainville.

But . . . what is this Unity for? Why do we fight? What do we want? *Here speak the leaders of the United Nations:*

The present struggle is one between freedom and slavery, between light and darkness, between good and evil, between civilized existence and aggression. Should the anti-aggression front lose the war, the civilization of the world would suffer a set-back for at least one hundred years, and there will be no end to human suffering.—**Chiang Kai-shek of China.**

We believe that everything which free men value and cherish, on this side of the grave, is in peril in this war. This includes the right of men, rich and poor, to be treated as men; the right of men to make the laws by which they shall be governed; the right of men to work where they will at what they will; the right of womankind to the serenity and sanctity of the home; the right of old men and women to the tranquillity of their sunset; the right to speak the truth in our hearts; the right to worship in our own way, the God in whom we believe.—**Prime Minister Mackenzie King of Canada.**





Premier Joseph Stalin of the U.S.S.R.



Queen Wilhelmina of the Netherlands.

## March On

The New Order will not arise under the swastika, which is the symbol of past tyrannies and the moral enslavement of the human spirit of service and self-sacrifice, which has carried man from his brutal, bestial past to the height of his spiritual vision. Not in mastery, but in service, not in dictatorship, but in Freedom lies the secret of man's destiny. This is what South Africa stands for, and what I trust South Africa will stand for until the very end.—**Jan Smuts of South Africa.**

We do not attempt to look a thousand years ahead. We do not seek to stifle development, but merely to guide it. The world's destiny is inscrutable; we cannot determine it, but we can help to direct it in vigilance and with humility. We are not fighting to preserve the status quo. We are fighting to preserve the possibility of progress. Our refusal to predict the details of the future arises from soberness of judgment, not from barrenness of ideas.—**Anthony Eden of England.**

What is at stake in this war is the liberty of those the world over who wish for the good of mankind, and to do so without being frustrated by the evil-doers. Those who think that the spiritual value acquired through the ages can be destroyed with the sword must learn to realize the idleness of such beliefs.—**Queen Wilhelmina of the Netherlands.**

We are fighting today for security and progress and for peace, not only for ourselves but for all men, not only for one generation but all generations. We are fighting, as our fathers have fought, to uphold the doctrine that all men are equal in the sight of God.—**Franklin D. Roosevelt, U. S. A.**

Russia's first aim is to free her own territory, and the second aim is to free the enslaved peoples of Europe, and then allow them to decide their own fate without any outside interference in their internal affairs.—**Joseph Stalin of Soviet Russia.**



Small nations suffer most from the war.

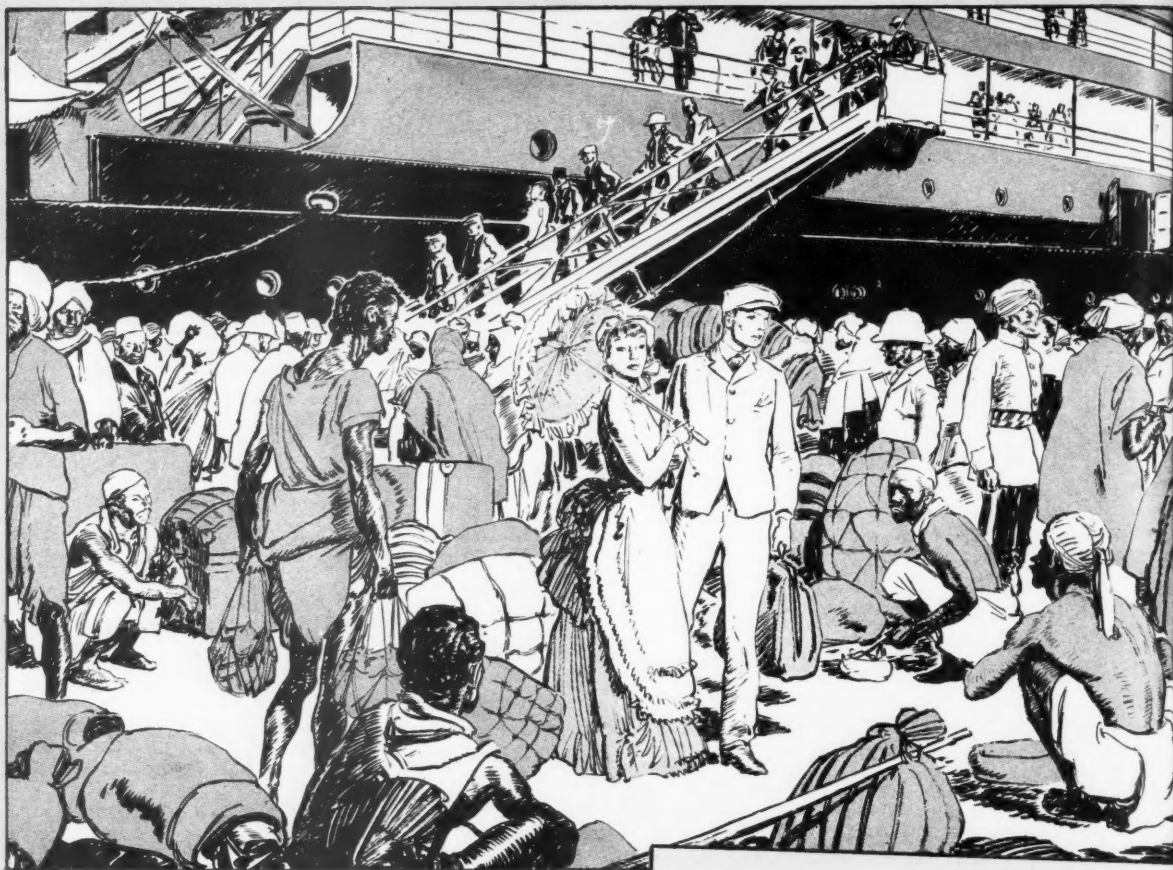


President Manuel Luis Quezon of the Philippines.

PHOTOS FROM UNITED NATIONS INFORMATION OFFICE







Stepping off the gangplank of the S. S. *Mirsapore*, William Wanless and his bride, Mary, found themselves part of the exotic city of Bombay in 1889.

*By Lillian E. Whistler*

This story is fiction built on fact; its hero: Sir William Wanless, K. B. E., K. I. H., M. D., F. A. C. S., renown surgeon, Christian benefactor, and one of the medical "greats" of India. Its author is the one person in the world who knew him best, and who writes with a strangely beautiful touch: she is Lady Wanless, his missionary companion.

**T** WAS in November of the year 1889 that the S. S. *Mirsapore* chugged into the harbor of Bombay carrying twenty-four-year-old William Wanless and his bride, Mary. Canadian-born William Wanless was approaching the land of his calling.

Mary reached in her bag for the letter from Victoria May Hastings. Quickly unfolding it, she read in an excited voice:

"Cora Stiger will meet you at the boat. You can't fail to identify her. She is tall, thin, angular and possessed of a most apparent melancholy."

Bombay pleased William very much. It was substantial. The foundation looked solid. Starting from the water's

edge the city grew up and back, the sturdy government buildings, the large homes and prosperous stores forming a rising mass which swept up into a firm nest of green hills.

But he knew that this was only the gateway to India. This was just the front door. Behind Bombay lay the native India—a mysterious land ridden by famine, disease, superstition and ignorance. Those people needed him; three hundred million pairs of arms seemed to stretch out imploringly, voices seemed to swell: "Heal us! . . . Heal us!"

The ship was coming to anchor now. They were not far from shore.

Beneath her pink, veil-secured bonnet,

# LANCET of the Lord

[PART ONE]

Mary's grey eyes darted eagerly about the scene before them. Quaint native craft bobbed at the quay; an emerald harbor teemed with sailing vessels and merchant ships; movement of the people on shore formed an ever-changing pattern of color.

Tiny native boats had hurried from shore and now dozens of boatmen screamed their fares, impatient to start back, their bobbing crafts filled with passengers. As if by magic, merchants swarmed the decks, opened bundles containing curios, beads, and brassware, and in shrill voices pressed their merchandise upon the visitors.

CHRISTIAN HERALD FEB. 1944 • PAGE 22

A quick fear stabbed at Mary's heart. Where was Cora Stiger? Why hadn't she come out on one of these small boats to meet them? Was she on shore? Mary strained her eyes in vain for an angular, melancholy figure in the colorful distance, but all looked alike from the boat.

When it looked as if they would be the last to leave the boat, William made a suggestion. "Well, since Cora Stiger hasn't come to meet us, suppose we go on shore. She may be waiting there."

"Do you think she's forgotten about us?" Mary pulled this fearful thought from the depths of her worry chambers.

"Of course not," soothed William. "She's probably busy." And grasping his medical bag and umbrella tightly, he looked about for a vehicle to hail. A camel rolled by with leisurely gait; a crude buffalo-drawn wagon labored past. William paused, uneasy about this problem of transportation. A two-seated conveyance pulled by an ancient horse came down the street. To William's relief the high-perched driver stopped. "*Ghari*, sahib?" He indicated that the conveyance was for hire. Nodding a quick yes, William helped Mary into the slender carriage. "Apollo Hotel," he directed and settled back in the *ghari*. As they lurched out over the cobblestoned streets, the two youthful Canadians suddenly found themselves part of the exotic, unbelievable city of Bombay.

The Apollo Hotel helped restore their equilibrium. "This is something like home," remarked Mary heartened by white faces, conventional clothing and the English tongue. "Now if I only knew where this Cora Stiger was, I'd be happy."

"Well," a spirit of adventure fixed itself upon William, "let's go look for her."

"You mean—without a guide?"

He laughed. "Mary, India is our home from now on. We'll have to get acquainted with it. Come on. It's a good day for a drive."

Mary winced at the thought of the afternoon heat, but if William wanted to go, she'd go with him. She rolled her eyes in despair at the thought of language difficulties they might encounter but she was married to a man who always found a solution to every problem, so tucking her arm through his she went gaily, if a bit tremulously, down to the street.

This time William did not pause when confronted with the transportation problem. As a *ghari* lurched down the street he held up his hand, hailed the driver,

and climbed in as if he had lived in India for years. "Miss Stiger's dispensary," he ordered in his most distinct Canadian-English.

The *ghari-walla's* dark forehead turned into a series of perplexed ridges.

"Medicine place . . . lady medicine place," ventured Mary, speaking loudly in a futile attempt to penetrate with volume the uncomprehending ears.

"Bazaar, sahib?" Eager brown eyes longed for an affirmative nod.

"No," said William firmly and gave silent thanks that they were to be given a year in which to learn a most strange-sounding language.

A slight figure in black broadcloth approached, salaamed gracefully and spoke in flawless English.

"May I be of assistance?" he asked.

William beamed. "Thank you very

much, friend. Would you kindly ask this driver to take us to Cora Stiger's dispensary?"

There was a moment's hesitation. Their new friend lowered his dark eyes tactfully. His stiff, shiny black hat sparkled in the sun. "Perhaps it would be best if you did not go there."

"But we must. You see, Miss Stiger's expecting us."

The shoulders shrugged in a fatalistic Indian gesture. "Perhaps it is best this way." And turning to the furrow-browed driver he gave curt directions.

"I appreciate your help," said William.

THE GHARI had gone through the European section and now turned into a street which was breathtaking. They had left one world, the world of white men and their influence, and had come



The courtyard of the temple teemed with worshippers milling about the center of the open space and forming an unending procession back and forth from the holy of holies, where the goddess Kali was enthroned.

Illustrator HERBERT STOOPS

into another. No longer were the shops well-kept, glass-paned and neat. These were open stalls, facing on the dusty street. Their *ghari-walla* was screaming at the crowds in the street to "make way for the sahib and mem-sahib!" Mary clutched at William's sleeve and plunged her nose into a handkerchief as they passed a meat market. Great, red chunks of meat lay about on pieces of wood. Entrails, heads and leavings were scattered on the earthen floor while the squatting shopkeeper, his visiting friends, and his implements and merchandise bristled with huge, black, hungry flies.

The crowds were dense. Dirty men with white or red streaks on their foreheads, dusky women, only a few without the red forehead dot marking them as wives, illy-kept children and cattle roamed at will. Tiny shops gaped with purple grapes and bright oranges, exquisitely handwoven cloth and shining hammered brass. But over everything and everyone swarmed the persistent flies. William marveled that any of the population were free from disease.

He also marveled at the thought of a woman, alone, ministering help in the midst of this squalor and filth.

**O**PINIONS about Cora Stiger varied. William could still hear the frog-like voice of old Doctor Thomas as he pronounced a most unfavorable judgment upon her. As a group of students disbanded after a delicate eye operation at the University of New York's medical department, Cora's name had come up. William recalled how Doctor Thomas had methodically pulled off his rubber gloves while saying, "She's a misfit. A woman who has so many conflicts in her own mind that she has to go out and settle the disputes of the world."

Their carriage came to a halt. William thought there must be a mistake. There was no dispensary here, just open stalls along the pavement. The obliging driver turned around. "Dispensary," he said with no little difficulty and William followed his pointing finger and found himself looking into the stall of a native Hindu medicine man.

"We'll soon settle this," William assured his wife, and jumping down, approached the medicine man.

"I'm looking for Miss Stiger—Cora Stiger," began William, hoping this strange, wild-eyed man might understand English.

The medicine man broke into a mercenary grin. "Sahib sick?" he queried. "Medicine?" His gesture included what passed for medicines laid out on a filthy square of dirty-white cotton on the ground. As William gazed upon the revolting display of dried snakes, powders, strange-colored pills and slips of papers, he thought of the spotless, scientific hospitals of his training and it was with difficulty that he controlled a desire to snatch up the soiled cloth and scatter these ridiculous remedies to the winds.

But he had come to India not to tear down the old, but to build up the new.

"I'm looking for Cora Stiger," William repeated.

The grin again. Then the medicine man spoke. "Not here," he said with evident delight.

"Can you tell me where she is?" William disliked the man's obvious insolence.

Again came the fateful shrug of the shoulders. "No, sahib. Gone." And he turned away.

"But, I say," insisted William, "you must know where!"

"Gone, sahib," came the irritating answer.

"How long has she been gone?" After all, the woman couldn't have disappeared off the face of Bombay.

"Not know, sahib," shrugged the Hindu. "Not know."

It was obvious the man did know but was just being exasperating. William drew some money from his pocket. The medicine man's eyes became as sharp as the eyes of a trained falcon. "How long has she been gone?" William asked again as the brown hand closed over the money.

"One week, sahib," nodded the man.

"Good. Now, where did she go?"

The eyes were sharper still. "Don't know, sahib," but the tone was plainly asking for more money.

William's temper flared with a sudden thought. "He's taking advantage of me because I look so infernally young!" He drew himself up straight and strode back to the *ghari* as beggars and little boys swarmed about him with outstretched palms.

"Baksheesh! . . . Baksheesh!" they cried in the perpetual wail of India.

"Apollo Hotel," William shouted to the driver, and the swaybacked horse worked its way through crowds in the native bazaar toward the European settlement.

"Did you ever see such filth and dirt and stupidity in your life? No wonder the death rate is unbelievably high. I'm amazed that any of them are alive," said William. "But it isn't the people. It's their ideas. Show them a better way, Mary, and they'll take it. That's why we're here. To show them a better way."

**W**ILLIAM made no mention of Cora Stiger until later in the evening, at dinner. "We must find Cora Stiger the first thing in the morning," he crisply informed Mary.

It was late that evening when the knock came at their door. William opened it and standing in the hallway was a woman. She stood in the doorway, a tall, thin, angular figure—and when she spoke there was melancholy.

"I'm looking for Doctor Wanless." Her voice penetrated the room, and William knew at once that this was Cora Stiger.

He made his welcome hearty and sincere. "Come in, Miss Stiger! Mary, see who's here. By George, we've been looking for you!"

Mary dropped her sewing and turned with joyous welcome to the newcomer. How she had wanted to meet Cora Stiger, to come face to face with a truly selfless being. But as she approached, Mary faltered. She felt no response. She tried to smile up into the eyes of this tall woman, but the eyes that looked down were strangely cold. The long, thin hand that lay in hers was like ice.

"Won't you sit down?" Mary heard herself saying, and the thin figure seemed to fold up like a deck-chair and came to rest on the grass matting.

**C**ORA lifted her eyes, looked at William, then at Mary who hoped her heart didn't sound as if it were thumping out loud. When the pale, blue eyes were turned back on William, Cora spoke . . . and her tones were like those of a prophet. "Go home." That was all. Go home. The thin, purple-veined lids covered pale blue eyes and the red shawl slipped from her hair.

"Well," replied William, "that's not exactly encouraging advice to give a young medical missionary."

The pale eyes stared into his. "Go home," Cora repeated, but this time her voice was not the same. Broken threads of hysteria raveled its edges.

"Now, see here, Miss Stiger," William could be helpfully matter-of-fact. "I don't understand your giving us such advice."

The slender woman seemed to observe him for the first time. "Why, you're just a boy," she exclaimed in shocked tones. "I didn't dream you'd be so young. These people have no respect for youth. You're wasting your time here. Please go home."

She had hit William's touchiest point. He thrust out his jaw stubbornly.

"I intend to do nothing of the kind. I was called to India. I shall remain in India."

Cora Stiger was fast losing her calm and composure. The long, icy fingers nervously twisted the red scarf and her thin lips quivered.

"Miss Stiger," William spoke abruptly. "what's the matter with you?"

The thin lips quivered again, tears formed in the weak, blue eyes. "I'm warning you. Go home! Go home!" And she broke into quick, harsh sobs.

Cora Stiger was fighting to control her tears. "India doesn't want you. You don't belong here. They're a different kind of people." Her eyes narrowed. "They're not human," she breathed.

"Come, come," William's voice was as refreshing as a salt breeze, "don't worry about us. We're hardy, Mary and I. Now, let me get you a cup of tea."

But Cora Stiger didn't hear. Her eyes were glazed and she stared at the grass rug hypnotically. "I was going to help these people, too. I was going to do great things in India. I wanted to be one of the people." Her voice trembled. "I



thought I was dealing with human beings, but they aren't human. These people worship lust. They worship filth, immorality, foulness!" Her agitated voice rose harshly. "And they're so repulsive!"

"Miss Stiger," William said kindly, "you need to go back home—to New York—for awhile."

She straightened up as if lashed. "What, and acknowledge my failure?" There was a pause. "I thought I was a fine social worker. I came here filled with ideas. I've talked and I've worked, I've done everything the books tell you to do—and I'm a failure. They don't want what we white people have to give. It's too good for them!" Her unhappy fingers clawed a hole in the red scarf, but she was not aware of it.

"Mary," William directed, "get a cup of tea."

Mary started toward the door, but the figure on the floor stopped her. "No," she said, and her voice was resigned and sad like the wind sighing through an ancient mogul's tomb. "Tea won't help." She uncoiled herself from the rug and stood upright, taller by a head than even William.

"I only wanted to save you what I've gone through," she whispered. "Of course, you have your surgery, your medicine. The only medicine I had was the common type—pills and powders. They did some good." Her eyes glazed over slightly. "And—you have your religion."

"Miss Stiger, do you believe in God?" asked William.

The abruptness of the question startled her. She eyed William defensively. "Of course I do!"

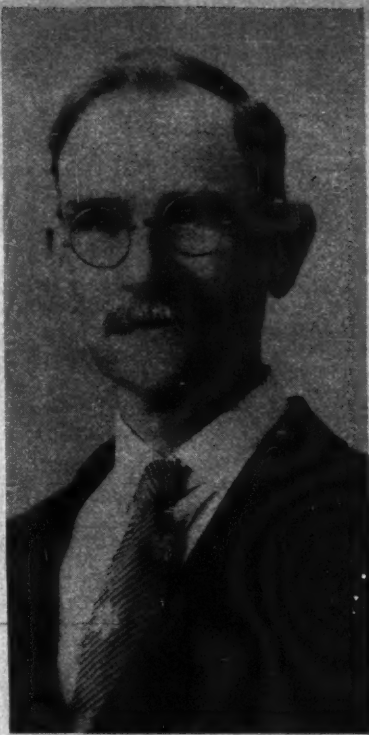
"Doesn't He clearly tell us in His Word that His good will overcome evil?"

"I've read the Bible on and off for ten years, my friend," she said grimly. "But ..." here she sighed, and William experienced a shock as she lifted her shoulders in the expressive, defeated gesture he had seen on the streets of Bombay. She drew her scarf tightly about her shoulders. "Before you decide to stay, I advise you to look at one of India's goddesses. Around the corner from my—my old dispensary," her voice nearly broke, "you'll find her temple. Go inside, see her image and remember—that's one of their deities. Her name is ... Kali."

LATER, as the quiet, fresh air stirred in the room and humming mosquitoes tried in vain to penetrate the netting, Mary wondered if she and William should heed Cora's warning. She wondered intermittently all night long, for the sound of barking dogs, chattering natives, a weird singer and incessantly throbbing temple drums kept her awake. As the quick Indian dawn broke, she decided against it. There was nothing to be afraid of.

That afternoon they decided to visit Cora Stiger. Ancient, once-white houses

(Continued on page 60)



WALLACE I. TORBERT



## Circuit Rider

YES, there are still men who loathe gold and love God. There is a circuit rider down in Arkansas ... the Reverend Wallace I. Torbert who came to Washington County, Arkansas, two years ago to take it easy and raise a few chickens. There was a preacher shortage in those parts, thanks to the war—and Torbert found himself drafted to serve the churches of a five-point circuit. He has served them faithfully on the munificent salary of \$400 a year (plus \$100 for expenses, which doesn't cover them) and he likes it.

Headquarters for the circuit is Viney Grove, which, says Parson Torbert, has neither vine nor grove. It doesn't even have a post office; it is R. F. D., a settlement with a schoolhouse, a country store and a parsonage. The parsonage was built before the Civil War and it is reported in the Conference Minutes of the Methodist Church as having a value of \$200. There isn't a door that fits, a window that doesn't rattle, a floor that doesn't sag. Water for the household is drawn from a well, a hundred feet away, in a moss-covered bucket. There is "preaching service" once a month for the Viney Grove folks; they pay their preacher thirteen dollars, thirty-three and one-third cents per month, rain or shine, come flood, drought, war, high cost of living or depression.

There is also preaching on the first Sunday of the month in Rhea, another circuit point boasting a post office, a store, a church and a blacksmith shop. The congregation in Rhea is small but very, very independent; they have refused to set ahead their clocks and worship on "this new-fangled war time," on the ground that "Even President Roosevelt doesn't have influence enough with the Lord to make Him dry up the dew so we can get to work an hour early!" Rhea pays Preacher Torbert ten dollars a month—"And I always know I will get it."

It is ten miles, as the Ford runs, from Rhea to the church at Sardis. This is a dilapidated, unpainted old building with a leaky roof and broken windows, and Torbert claims that the churchyard "looks as though the Lord didn't have a friend in the neighborhood." Last Sunday, he preached in Sardis to a congregation of twelve. Collection for the day, \$2.35. That isn't much of a congregation, or much of a collection, but the preacher feels about them just as Paul felt about some of his tiny congregation in that first-century Sardis: "... they shall walk with me in white, for they are worthy."

The church at Morrow has a congregation that is "small, but attentive and helpful," and they pay the preacher six dollars a month. Sixteen miles from Morrow is the New Sulphur schoolhouse, where there is preaching one night a month. The preacher likes New Sulphur because its congregation is well stocked with children—from babies to the late 'teens.

Now city folks who know not the good life of the country and the country preacher might call this a "hardscrabble circuit," in their ignorance. What city folk fail to understand is that out of such areas as this have come, still come, the real leaders of American life. Most of our leaders are rural or small-town bred. Most of them know men like Preacher Torbert, whose influence among his people is like "the shadow of a rock in a weary land ..." If such men were to pass from the American scene, then God help America!



# There is but One PEACE PLAN

By WALLACE  
C. SPEERS

**As** vice-president of one of America's great department stores, the author is keenly aware of the economic problems of the war and the peace. As Director of The Laymen's Movement for a Christian World, he pleads for a Christian approach to *all* our problems

**T**HERE is but one post-war plan that will guarantee a better world for the future. It is a very simple one, and is not new at all. It is summed up in one phrase, *Thy will be done on earth as it is in Heaven*. I do not say that in an attempt to be dramatic, or to create an effect, but rather as a matter of pure conviction and of reasoned logic.

It has been my good fortune within the past few months to be allowed to discuss the possibilities of the future with several people of note, who have spent a great deal of time, energy and research on this matter. They all agree that it is simple enough for anyone with experience and ability to draw up blueprints for a better world of tomorrow.

But they all agree, also, that such plans are nearly useless unless the people responsible for carrying them out use that sense of duty, human understanding and justice—which in reality lies at the heart of Christ's teachings—as the basis for the necessary adjustment and cooperation—personally, nationally and internationally.

We Christian people are the possessors and stewards of an overwhelming, magnificent power, capable of revolutionizing this old world of ours, and turning it into a thing of peace, opportunity, justice and hope for all—the very kingdom of heaven on earth—if we use it. That is a big "IF." What are we doing with it? Or rather, what can we do with it, for there is no profit in mourning the

past or using it for anything save a steppingstone of experience to the future.

"Thy will be done on earth, as it is in Heaven," is a prayer, and we have no right to ask it unless we are willing to do something about it. One of my father's favorite stories was about a man who went fishing, hiring a man to row the boat for him. A great storm came up and there seemed no possibility that they would ever reach shore again. The man turned to the oarsman and said, "Sam, shall we pray, or shall we row?" And Sam replied, "If it's all right with you, Boss, let's mix 'em!"

Like Sam, then, let us not only pray, "Thy will be done on earth," but let us make a dynamic search of Christianity's practical possibilities for tomorrow. It is not easy. First, what is Christianity?

Within the last year or two a group of eight or ten men met together to try to discover what chance our children had of living in a decent world as they grew up. We decided that there was very little hope for this unless practical Christianity was applied to the solution of the world's problems. The feeling was, however, that we were too small a group, and that we should attempt to get a larger cross-section opinion. We, therefore, each of us, wrote letters to as many friends as possible, in as widely separated parts of the country as possible. We told them of our conclusion and asked them if they agreed. If they did agree, we asked their opinion of what Christianity can do, and how it could be applied. There were some one hundred fifty replies, which were so various that they might appear ridiculous if they were not so important.

These men felt that Christianity was everything from a health movement to a social reform project—from education to economic stabilization—from child care to a method for the solution of in-

ternational problems. In their very variety, I believe, lies the key for which we are searching—namely, that Christianity is a way of life and, as such, covers every thought and action in life. This same feeling of uncertainty as to the definition and application of Christianity was evident in many of the replies. There is a real need for a greater clarification of what Christianity is, and what it can do.

It would be presumption of the highest order for a layman to attempt to make a definition of so momentous a subject. Nevertheless, perhaps he may put forth, as a stimulus for thought, a tentative description which can by no means be considered authoritative, but rather represents the point to which his thinking has progressed.

Christianity is a free way of life, whose success is measured by our ability to discover, understand and implement the truths contained in the teachings and example of Christ. Its operating basis is explained in the two commands—"Love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, with all thy mind and with all thy strength"—and, "Love thy neighbor as thyself." The former acts as a conditioning process and by means of contact with God, inculcates into our being the principles of love, mercy and unselfishness in matters of the heart—justice, truth and understanding in those things pertaining to the mind—faith, helpfulness and loyalty with reference to strength—thus refining our intelligence so that we become more adequate in the dynamic project of the service of all God's people—the second command, "Love thy neighbor as thyself." This is, of course, a very amateurish attempt, but let us examine it for a moment.

First, how do we go about attaining this conditioning power? The method is very simple and clearly stated in God's first command, but perhaps it would be well to try to be a little more explicit.

In the very beginning, of course, we must have faith. We must say, "I believe." That is the first step and the most important and crucial one. However, it is only a single step on a journey that must be truly lifelong. You will remember that the man with the epileptic son, when he said to Christ, "I believe," did not stop there but followed it in the same sentence with, "Help Thou mine unbelief."

Christian faith is an educational process in which power develops with study and practice.

It has been my privilege recently to visit several of our great shipyards on the Pacific Coast, where tasks of superhuman, miraculous accomplishment are taking place. That is the result of faith—faith that you can build a ship, or many ships. The man who is in charge of building these ships did not say to himself, "I believe I can build all the ships that are needed," and then sit back

and wait for ships to be built. Instead, he started to use what knowledge he already had, and added to it further knowledge of engineering principles; knowledge of where to get raw materials, power and skilled labor; the possibilities of transportation; the limitations of cost accounting—and an enormous volume of other things. Only after he had collected all this information, and really put it into correlated action, did he begin actually to build ships. Then he found that it had not been done through his own faith alone, but through the combined faith of a number of people who had brought their individual faiths up to the point of accomplishment in their own field.

The next thing we must do is a perfectly natural one in any human undertaking. We must keep in constant touch with our Leader.

A firm which is planning to apply electricity to the solution of some major problem would not think of doing so without consulting the leading expert in the electrical field to gain the benefit of his knowledge and ability and to make use of his experience. We who are going to apply practical Christianity to the problems of everyday life in order to build a beautiful, Christlike world of tomorrow, simply must consult our Superior every moment of the day. We must pray unceasingly—not only about our own problems, but also about the

## ARE YOU A QUISLING?

**T**HERE were good men in France, Holland, Norway who should have spoken. But they waited until it was too late. *And then the Quislings spoke!* How about you, Protestant Christian Americans? Will you speak now . . . or are you a Quisling?

Oh yes, we know: you wish for a brotherly, a Christlike world, a world in which your children will have a decent chance at life. But just how do you expect to get it . . . By wishing? By waiting until the delegates sit down around the peace table?

Do you remember Patrick Henry? He spoke in time . . . and he made history and left a legacy of liberty. Either we who are Christians do as he did, speak as he spoke, or we give our children a heritage of death and World War III.

The trouble is, the common man, the good, Christian man, doesn't make himself heard in time, as Patrick Henry made himself heard.

Are you interested in influencing the peace? . . . Then we give you your chance to speak through CHRISTIAN HERALD in our poll of Protestant America. Your voice will be heard when CHRISTIAN HERALD sends this poll to every U. S. Senator and Congressman.

*Interested? Then we challenge you to*

**TURN TO PAGE 49**

That discovery is one of great importance in the field of Christian progress—the ability of two or more individuals to increase and enhance their own faith is vastly improved when they are working together. It makes us think of Christ's statement, *For where two or three are gathered together in My name, there am I in the midst of them.*

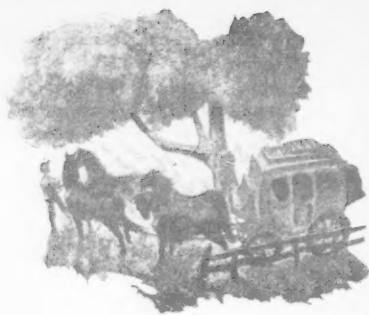
It is enormously important that we Christian folk who are trying to grow in the adequacy of our service to God and man, should study and work and experiment together to learn those things which will make faith perfect.

progress of all human affairs.

You will meet people, of course, who tell you that they never feel the need of prayer. They are sufficiently self-assured and confident to handle any situation they have to meet. It is a matter of history, however, that there is a direct relation between the consciousness of the need for spiritual guidance, and the amount of trouble or difficulty present at any given time. Tremendous catastrophes, insoluble problems, superbly unselfish projects for human betterment, always force mankind to their knees in

*(Continued on page 53)*





By DONALD  
CULROSS  
PEATTIE

A stirring account of a little known incident in the life of our first President, whose birthday we celebrate this month. It is a chapter from Donald Culross Peattie's rousing book, "Journey into America," reproduced by permission of the publishers, Houghton Mifflin Co., through whose courtesy we also reproduce the book's end-paper painting by Lynd Ward.

ONE thing," his wife said, biting off an embroidery thread, "I want you to promise me. And that is that you won't take Billy to New York with us."

The country gentleman laid down his agricultural journal and took off his spectacles, foreseeing trouble. He looked tired, she saw. Probably his teeth were hurting him. Perhaps he was worried about short crops. And over the money



## A COUNTRY GENTLEMAN *Rides to Office*

he'd just had to borrow. She suspected as well that he had been grieving for little Patsy's death again. He firmed his mouth now, till he looked like the most famous of his portraits.

"I have no desire to take Billy," he assured his spouse, "and no intention of doing so."

"No, but he'll use his wiles on you. I pray you to be firm with him. He's so old now he requires others to wait on him. He has a genius, too, for announcing visitors by the wrong name; I think he does it to humble them. We can't

have Billy Lee limping about the Federal Mansion!"

"My dear," the General observed with level justice, "he got his limp in my service."

"Yes, while surveying. But not in the war, as he claims. He told even the Count de Rochambeau that absurd story of saving your life at the Battle of Monmouth. But, there we'll forget it!"

For Martha did not want her husband to remember the war, especially not at night. He tried always to pass the evenings tranquilly, by the fire in his book-

lined study that was his favorite retreat. A little tea, a little reading, a little thought, and he was ready to begin his wary stalking of the bird of sleep. So she rose now, with a rustle of silk, and came to stand behind his chair and bend her high-coiffed white head down beside his. "You will make up your own mind, I know," she told him, after a manner of wives that is as old as Eve. And she kissed him good-night.

George rose ceremoniously, oak-tall in his fifty-sixth year, and, holding the door open for her, he bowed her out with courtly respect. Then he closed the door, looking troubled. She is fearful, he thought, at facing the fierce light of publicity that will beat on us at the head of the nation. She cannot see how she can

CHRISTIAN HERALD FEB. 1944 • PAGE 28



afford to dress the part she must play. So she puts all her fret on Billy, as just one cross too many.

Billy Lee at that moment was regaling again an audience of fellow slaves with the story of how he got his game leg at Monmouth. How, when General Washington's white gift horse was shot from under him, he, Billy, had dashed through a hail of British lead, galloping on faithful old Blewskin in the nick of time. So he had saved the general who saved the battle that saved the war that saved the United States of America. *Yassuh!*

His listeners knew the story; they had heard it grow, through the years; they were skillful at leading Billy into further embellishments. They knew, too, that whatever Billy's heroics, real or imaginary, on that day he had furnished the American officers with a roar of laughter.

On horseback on a knoll under an oak, he was giving the grooms a lordly imitation of his master, surveying the battle through a telescope. The British, mistaking the group under the trees—thus superbly commanded—for the American staff, sent a round shot crashing through the branches. Billy decamped quickly.

"I hear," gibed black Christopher, "as how General Lee wuz so scared that day he run off, lak you did. Is that General Lee any kin of yourn, Billy?"

A snicker ran around the lamplit Mount Vernon kitchen.

William Lee puffed like an adder, with indignation.

"Charles Lee ain't no kin at all to the Lees of Virginia. We don't even speak to him. Him retreatin' counterary to all orders! Gen'l Washington cotch him!"

"And swore hisself blue," added Christopher.

This legend of Washington's profanity always enraged Billy.

"Twas me cussed," he cried, on a sudden improvisation. "I cussed fo' His Excellency, cause he cain't rightly do it. I cussed twell the leaves blush red like Octobah and fall off the trees. I cussed twell the hawses done faint. I cussed twell Gen'l Lee turn round and face the Briddish, to get away from my powahful cussin'!"

A high African cackle of glee, mingling derision and delight, rose to the beams. Then a bell sounded sharply, rung in the master's study.

"No, Billy," the General was telling him a few minutes later, "I can't take you to New York. That's final." He put his palm down so sharply on the little table that the lamp, Billy had just lighted, trembled on the shining board.

"Yassuh, co'se it's final," Bill agreed cheerfully. "Cain't be no othah way, when a body ain't made up they min' yit."

"You see, Billy," Washington began, "New York's a mighty fashionable place. Now that it's to be the temporary capital of our country, it will be twice as strict in its social observances. And the Federal Mansion will be the place on which all eyes will be fixed. Here in the country we live simply. Up with the birds to go fox-hunting or ride over the farms. And early to bed, no matter who the guests are."

"Yassuh," Billy nodded. "Mighty peaceful and sleepy. Don't no-ways use our talents."

Washington suppressed a smile. "In New York we'll be like soldiers in dress-parade uniform all the time, standing at attention, before all those ambassadors and statesmen and great ladies." He closed his eyes in weariness at the thought, and so missed the expression of charmed anticipation that broke over Billy's old face. "I don't know," the General murmured, "how at my age I am going to stand it." Or afford it, he added in thought.

"I reckon I see now," Billy singsonged with dark racial melancholy. "Ain't no place for pore ol' Billy now we's President. Him and Blewskin gotta turn out to grass till they bones falls apaht. Time was when the sight of 'em were mighty good!"

But Billy, the General decided, couldn't trade on Monmouth again.

"Laws amassy, it were hot at Monmuff! Whee-yew!" Billy mopped his brow, and experimentally slipped the chisel in elsewhere. "Hot at Monmuff as it were col' at Valley Fawge!"

The two words rang through the room like bells of ice. The carpet became a drift of dirty snow, with blood on it from soldiers' feet. The log on the hearth fell; in the tense quiet Billy observed his master silent in reminiscence, and stood breathing carefully, to efface himself. To Washington, the log had become the butt of a musket burning to warm frozen

hands back to pain. Unconsciously the General pushed the Madeira aside, like a comfort out of place. The book-lined walls of the room were logs of his cabin; the wind and snow sailed through the cracks. The agricultural journal on his knee was that insulting, whining, obstructive note from Congress, telling why it could not send money to pay the men—though Congress drew its own pay. And why those well-shod, well-fed, and soundly sleeping gentlemen could not provide shoes nor blankets, nor food nor ammunition. Washington closed his eyes. One morning, the coldest of all, when he had opened them, it had been to see Billy's coat laid over his sleeping body, with the blown snow caught in the threadbare folds. Those eyes opened now, looking from far away, at the bent old slave.

"So you're determined to come, Billy? Well, I can't deny you. I shall be glad, indeed," he made himself kindly say, "if you keep sober and show proper respect to your mistress, to keep you beside me."

Some days ahead of his master—by Washington's own old account book—Billy left, in company with Colonel Tobias Lear, factotum of the estate of Mount Vernon. Billy was in his glory, clad in the newly ordered livery of the estate—blue broadcloth trimmed with silver lace. He was perhaps high with joy as well as pride as he limped across to Chinkling whom he had ridden so long, as master of hounds, the silver horn at his shoulder. But his attempts to get into the saddle only showed how far gone he was in age. Two sniggering stable boys had to boost him to the back of the reproachful Chinkling, who looked around in disgust. Once in the saddle Billy doffed his cap magnificently, showing his kinky white curls.

"You needn't to worry 'bout a thing," he told his master grandly. "Billy goin' on ahead to Noo Yawk to open up the Federal Mansion! Depen' on him. He'll always be right on han'!"

And right under foot, thought Washington dubiously, as he waved his hand in farewell.

In the crowded days that followed, Billy was forgotten except for ominous references to his decline in Lear's letters. His master had heavier cares. Not the least of his regrets was at missing the spring that never stole up the land more sweetly than in the year that the master of Mount Vernon left it. Spring took the world with plum-blow at the Dogue Run Farm, with redbud in the "Wilderness" behind the "home house," as Washington called Mount Vernon mansion. She was piped in, at Union Farm, by the peepers. The redwings welcomed her, over at the River Farm, with jingling cries. At Muddy Hole Farm she was greeted with bleats; these were the finest lambings the master had ever seen.

As he rode his lands each day, he knew he had never loved them more. He loved the Dogue Run Farm for its thundering grist mill, with its mossy overshot wheel

and the sixteen-sided barns and the creaking ferry, the old ferryman and the fine fishing. Muddy Hole ran at a loss, in itself, but, rudest of them all, it paid its way in the black muck and the sheep dung that it yielded to the other fields. Washington had a modern farmer's understanding of good fertilizer, and a respect for it.

The Mansion Farm he loved for its box hedges and the lawns where the children rolled, and above all for the trees that he had planted. There were lindens sent by Governor Clinton of New York, and hemlocks brought from the Blue Ridge. Twelve horse chestnuts given by "Lighthouse Harry" Lee grew there, and a row of cypresses presented by the King of France; live-oaks had years ago been brought from the Tidewater down Norfolk way and, from the savage Ohio frontier, buckeyes and Kentucky coffee-trees. He loved the English mulberries he had grafted on the wild ones, and the



## Yet, Once More

But yet once more

The cry rings out anew,

Across a war-torn

Weeping world, where few

There be who pause

To hear or heed the word—

"Father, forgive;

They know not what they do."

—Elizabeth Beck Davidson



grafts he'd made of apple and pear on quince. And the bullock-heart and coronation cherries just now budding out on the smooth red wood. He loved the home house because it was the core of all his being. Here six babies had been born. Here six men and women were buried, last of them his beloved Patsy, his stepdaughter-sweetheart, Miss Martha Parke Custis, dead in her seventeenth year and mourned by him every day of his life.

He loved the River Farm because it grew the finest wheat. True, it did not really pay. But when did farming ever pay? One year it was drought—like 1785—when the wheat fired in the ear, and chinch bugs were a plague. Next, as in 1786, the disaster was flood, and they read the prayer *For Fair Weather* every Sunday in Pohick Church. When the wheat crop was good, the price fell; when the price rose, that was because of short crops. And because of short crops he had had to go with his hat in his hand and borrow money at interest, in order to shoulder the expenses of the Presidency.

But a farmer is paid in his way of life. G. Washington, Esquire, was born to that way, born to be a wheat farmer. So

he had chosen to add heads of wheat to the stars and bars of the Washington coat-of-arms, when he designed his book-plate. He grew wheat when everyone told him that a Virginia farmer could only make money by sticking to the one-crop system—tobacco, the state's only export. What if it did exhaust the soil? Abandon the farm, cut down new woods, use up the thin humus, and move on again, they said with a shrug. This was a mighty big new country.

But George Washington was a faithful husbandman to his acres. He built them up, with careful study in his books, and wrote to Arthur Young in England about fertilizers. Farming by correspondence! his neighbors chuckled. They laughed at his drill plow that he invented and was always improving. They laughed at the roller he used to press the seeds down in the furrow. They laughed because he sowed earlier than they, and cut when the crop was green. Not tobacco but wheat—green in the leaf, gold in the ear, white in the loaf. Good wheat, sown from the best seed. "The best comes from the best," said G. Washington, Esquire.

Yet even those wheatfields had tares. "When the blade was sprung up and brought forth fruit, then appeared the tares also." The minister at Pohick read out the text from Matthew. In his pew George Washington bowed his head. Tares in the field, in every man's soul, and in every nation.

The day of departure came in one stride. His wife and the grandchildren were to follow. Now in the "white chariot," the big coach with cream-colored body and wheels and the Washington arms on the door, the country gentleman drew on his lemon-colored gloves, as he seated himself beside his secretary, Colonel Humphrey, and old Thompson, the Secretary of Congress. Washington signed to the driver to roll on. In a moment the home house had vanished.

"These are the things, which once possess'd"—he quoted with silent, moving lips, from a poem he had got by heart in boyhood—"will make a life that's truly bless'd. A good estate, a healthy soul"—

"I beg your pardon, Sir?" said Colonel Humphrey politely.

Washington smiled. "Nothing, Colonel," he said, "a bit of doggerel, that's all."

But the lines ran after him wistfully:

"Round a warm fire, a pleasant joke;  
A chimney ever free from smoke!"

The "Wilderness" was flashing by. Little crimson keys were on the maples. How beautiful they looked, contrasted with the pale honey-colored flowers of sassafras! All the freshness of the April day assailed him and his five senses, like beguiling children, reproached him for leaving. Carolina wrens whistled after the bowling coach, inviting him, if he must go somewhere, to ride these woods

(Continued on page 58)



LITHOGRAPH BY KEITH SHAW WILLIAMS, A. N. A.

# GREAT MUSIC *Stirs the Soul*



MOODS OF NATURE AND THE ECSTASY OF HUMAN EMOTIONS ARE REFLECTED IN GREAT MUSIC AS BEAUTIFUL PICTURES OF THE MIND TO INSPIRE DEEP SPIRITUAL THOUGHTS

**YAWN** is catching, as we all know. Let a person in the circle of talk begin to yawn widely and dullness settles down contagiously. But other things are contagious too. One of the best of them is largeness of outlook. Smallness of outlook is all too easy to catch from someone who thinks only of himself, or at best of himself and his own few intimates. But luckily for us, the opposite is true too. Just to know about somebody whose mind and spirit are open to great needs and great creative possibilities, helps set us free from littleness, opens the door to let us see that greatness of spirit is possible.

Such a door of the spirit has been flung open for our country by a man with a name picturesquely different from Perkins or Brown. The name is Koussevitzky. He is a Russian by birth and training, who in the many years of his residence here has come to feel an ardent wish to serve the best interests of our country, now his. Because he is a musi-

cian to the last corpuscle of his warm blood, it is in the field of music that he conceives of service. Jane Addams, the philanthropist, threw herself and all her own resources of vitality and money, into helping the ignored and neglected city poor, taking with her a band of hardworking volunteers, their enthusiasm for helpfulness kindling at her flame. Koussevitzky has, as eagerly, thrown himself, all his resources and a growing group of devoted followers into helping enrich with music the lives of those Americans capable of enjoying it. By his definition that means just about every one of us, whether we know it or not. If we do not know it, he sees us

as Sleepers. And he is a Waker-upper, one of those rare, generous human beings whose instinct it is to share with others the rewards he finds in life.

This instinct is by no means universal with musicians. Their especial joys and rewards come, in the only way joy in great art can ever come, through years of growing and learning and effort and study. They know from experience that the delight in music which is the breath of life to them, cannot be had for nothing; that ignorance of an art is a locked door which must be opened by individual effort, or the palace cannot be entered. Human nature being what it is, most musicians quite naturally feel little responsibility for getting that door unlocked and opened to the throngs who stand outside in silent dumbness. They themselves are inside! What concern of theirs is it to attack the innumerable barriers, material and psychological, which keep people from joining them there, in glory. Most musicians are, like most of the rest of us, chiefly interested

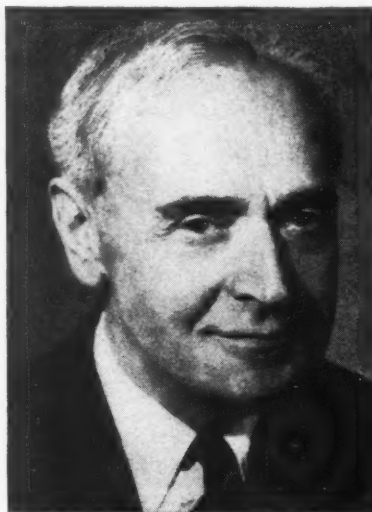
in their profession and in their own relation to it, not so very much in humanity as a whole and its relation to what they enjoy. It takes a big heart, a capacious brain and a large amount of vitality to be interested in both.

Serge Koussevitzky has a big heart, a big brain and a large amount of vitality, even now when he is nearing seventy. It was a great day for our nation when he landed here, years ago, after the first World War. What did he bring, that handsome, distinguished, accomplished man already at the top of his great powers? He brought what many other European artists of first rank bring—a wonderfully fine, rigorously thorough professional training in his art and wide experience in the public practise of that art before audiences. Those years of success had given him a seasoned, expert, assured command of his skill. He had been a widely acclaimed orchestra conductor. Sounds like many a European star performer we have seen land on our shore, doesn't he? The tacit bargain between them and the U. S. A. is this: we enjoy the fine results of their skill, they profit by what we pay for those results. It is a fair bargain benefiting, as all fair bargains should, both parties.

But this Russian musician wanted something far more than a fair bargain; he saw life in nobler terms. From his youth on, in his attitude towards music there has been a moral quality of character which can be called nothing less than "greatness." Human greatness. A surgeon who is professionally great, is one who has enormous skill in handling the sharp tools of his profession. A surgeon who is also humanly great is one who does not use that skill solely for his own enrichment and to effect one individual cure and then another and another; but joyfully shares it with his professional comrades, so that they too may use it for the good of all and so that the practice of medicine may be, for all time, finer. He arranges to have as many medical students as possible go out to their life-work fortified by everything he can teach them in word and example. He helps in the tiresome administrative details of organizing medical training so that it will be financially more accessible to those who might be useful in the profession. We admire a skillful surgeon. We love and venerate one who is also a great man, a servant of humanity.

Dr. Koussevitzky has transposed this scale of moral values into the realm of music. His post as conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra is, in music, the equivalent of the highest rank in medicine. Many a conductor would consider that enough. The personal acclaim which he receives at each of his concerts would fill to overflowing a lesser man's cup. Visitors to Boston, who have always heard New Englanders called reserved, undemonstrative, self-controlled

to the point of coldness, look around them in wild-eyed astonishment at the demonstrations when Koussevitzky leads the Boston Symphony. Those Boston audiences do not just clap their hands to indicate approval. They also shout and cheer and wave their hats and arms in the air, and climb upon the seats to send their clamor over the heads of the shouting audience, straight up to the compact, firmly held, dignified figure on the platform. He looks pleased, he bows courteously to acknowledge the wild and noisy thanks he is being given; he always indicates by a gesture that the men of the orchestra have as much right to thanks as he.



**SERGE KOUSSEVITZKY**

Conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra

"Why!" visitors, who see for the first time these great outpourings of communal enthusiasm, often say wonderingly, "Why, they get as excited as people at a baseball game!"

Nothing could more please the Russian-born musician who knows the United States so well, and puts his faith so firmly in the quality of its people. To have Americans as wildly carried out of themselves by music as by baseball games—yes, you could not better describe the goal of Koussevitzky's life.

This extraordinary personal success, lasting so many years, won so purely by great musical gifts, with none of the theatrical devices of the showman with its chance to spend his days wholly concentrated on giving concerts, would seem to many a fine musician the realization of the ideal. Koussevitzky has another ideal. Judging from the evidence of his life, one may guess that as he looks out over six thousand people all shouting their thanks to him for the revelation of greatness and beauty he has given them, those steady, penetrating eyes of his are seeing far beyond them—to the hundreds of thousands, the millions of men and women who never have

that enriching revelation, but who might have it as well as these grateful enthusiasts, if music could reach them. "It shall reach them!" We can divine his inwardly repeating the vow that is the meaning of his life.

Yet, because he is a musician to the last disciplined skilled fibre, he knows the almost impossible difficulties to which such a vow commits him. Because he is a brother to all those millions, he does not shrink from the struggle.

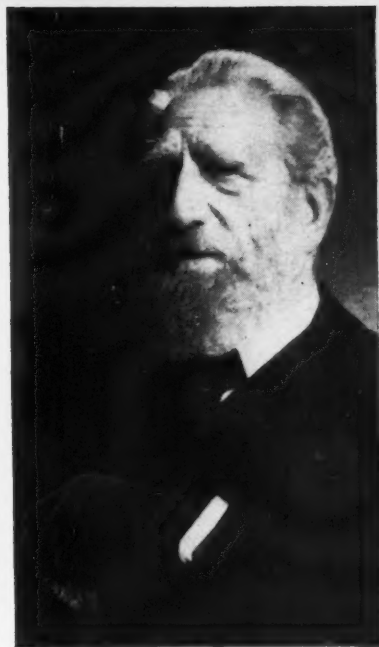
For the administrative details of organizing better medical training, complicated, vexatious, financially burdensome as they are, are small beside the undertaking of wisely serving the great cause of music in modern life. The details of that undertaking cannot be taken up one after another. One depends upon another too closely. Somehow they must all move forward together—composers must be enabled to write new music, all the time, to keep in touch with human life which moves forward to new phases all the time. And listeners must be enabled to be musically proficient enough not only to enjoy great music rather than trivial, but to enjoy new music as well as to love the old, or dust will gather on the great art, as humanity moves forward to new destinies. And to enable listeners in the enormous numbers which correspond to the enormous numbers in great modern countries, to be musically proficient enough to appreciate and enjoy the magnificent fine points of music as they appreciate and enjoy the lesser fine points of baseball, requires an army of devoted, highly trained, ardent and vital professional musicians as teachers, leaders, performers, according to their temperaments and gifts. To train them, to support them, to inspire them is an essential part of the program. One of these steps cannot be taken singly. Somehow the effort must move forward as a whole. You can see why many successful conductors of orchestras in our country bury themselves in their own personal relations to the music they themselves perform, and look the other way from the musical needs of the vast nation; like greatly skilled surgeons who perform operations with magical success, but see no reason why they should toil at inventing ways to make it financially possible for students from poorer families to go through medical colleges.

Dr. Koussevitzky feels with passion the moral responsibility for all the aspects of the problem. Before ever he left Russia, he was putting a large amount of his own money into the support of a music publishing house which printed the new works of modern composers—at what financial cost you can imagine. Through this medium, some of the best and now most famous modern Russian composers had their first chance to be known. Of all the links in the chain which provides music for our

(Continued on page 46)



Pitchblende in the hand of Madame Curie holds the secret to which she and husband Pierre devote their lives, Greer Garson and Walter Pidgeon play the leads.



C. Aubrey Smith, as Lord Kelvin the scientist, was born for the part. He is one of a perfect cast.

## "Madame Curie"

A GREAT THEME—THE LIVES, LOVES AND STRUGGLES OF TWO OF HUMANITY'S NOBLEST BENEFACTORS—COMBINED WITH GREAT ACTING AND PRODUCTION, GIVES US A PICTURE CALLED BY THE CRITICS, "MAGNIFICENT!"

*By Norman Vincent Peale*

SIX THOUSAND people sat spellbound while the most poignant picture of a decade, "Madame Curie," scored its triumph at Radio City Music Hall, in New York. This movie audience is perhaps the most sophisticated in America, but "Madame Curie," human, forthright, perfectly cast and brilliantly directed "got them." Again it was demonstrated that a great, "clean" picture can both capture the crowd and also take its place in that small room reserved for the screen's immortal few. "Madame Curie" will find its way to the top shelf in the small room.

Greer Garson and Walter Pidgeon, with their consummate art, become Madame and Pierre Curie. They live, they love, they suffer and achieve; and out of their perfect partnership comes radium, one of the great scientific achievements of all time. Their tortured pursuit of this then unknown element is invested with all the romance of high adventure and the interplay between home and laboratory becomes an exquisitely beautiful story of married love.

The picture is authentic. Two young scientists become convinced that pitchblende is alive at its core, for having extracted every known element, something yet remains, something heretofore unknown to science, something that seems alive and seems to possess a new, mysterious power. Now comes their great awakening. It dawns upon them that what they seek may change man's basic concept of matter. Madame Curie

has noticed strange burns upon her hand and her physician, who has never seen burns of this character, warns her to discontinue the experiments, that cancer may be the result. Then it is that the conviction is born within this remarkable woman that if her unknown element could destroy healthy tissue, perhaps it could heal unhealthy tissue.

Side by side, year after year, and with the most meager equipment, wife and husband labor. They have melted down tons of pitchblende before the day comes when they may expect to have their element finally free. Then tragic disillusionment—there are no crystals, only a stain remains in the test tube. Broken, but not beaten, they return to their home. But indomitable will still drives them on and in the dead of night they return to



Dame May Whitty, naturally, is excellent. She plays mother-in-law to the hilt.

the darkened laboratory to find it aglow with radiant light rising from that stain. It is *radium*! A new element has been discovered. A new radiant energy has been released and there dawns a new day of hope for suffering human kind.

Here is a success story of the highest order. The persistence and courage of the scientists, their love and faith, and their ultimate glorious achievements will send you away from the screen with misty eyes and with a purpose to make your own life a finer, braver thing. Greer Garson, in "Madame Curie's" closing scene, reaches in character the guarded heights of artistic achievement. With this picture M.G.M. sets a new high standard.





## THIS NATION UNDER GOD

IN THIS month of February which commemorates two of America's greatest names, let us ponder the words of the Psalmist: "Blessed is the nation whose God is the Lord." When he said that, the great Hebrew singer was thinking of his own people. But we are the heirs of Israel's God. It is the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob as well as the God of Jesus whom we have in mind when we sing "Our Father's God to Thee, author of liberty." Hence we are justified in taking the Psalmist's words to our own hearts and in saying as Americans, "Blessed is the nation whose God is the Lord."

But, now, what are the blessings which a nation derives from her belief in God—the God who is the Lord as portrayed in our Bible?

First of all, such a belief in God gives the blessing of a solid foundation on which to build. A nation, like an individual, if it is to be strong, must settle the seat of sovereignty. There must be some voice which has the last word. And what is the sovereign authority in our nation? It is not our President. It is not our Congress. It is not our Supreme Court. Our President is the Commander-in-Chief of our armed forces and in time of war is granted almost dictatorial powers. He salutes no uniformed officer, no foreign ruler. But there is one thing which the President of the United States does salute. And that is the American flag, because the flag stands as the symbol of the sovereign will of the people. When the citizens of our nation express their will through a majority vote, such vote is called the sovereign voice of the people.

Yet this so-called sovereign people when it inaugurates a new president requires him to take an oath or affirmation, symbolizing that he holds his powers under the dominion of a Divine Authority. And when our Congress convenes to represent our people in the making of laws, its sessions are opened with



## SERMON

*By Ralph W. Sockman*

prayer invoking the wisdom and counsel of a Divine Lawmaker. Moreover our Constitution explicitly sets aside certain areas of freedom, such as that of conscience, in which the citizen is responsible directly to God alone. Thus implicitly and explicitly our so-called sovereign people recognize the supreme sovereignty of God. This is a "government of the people, for the people, by the people," and as that same Gettysburg Address puts it, this is a "nation under God."

And now I maintain that this belief in God gives the blessings of a solid foundation on which to build. Consider the Pilgrim Fathers. When the little *Mayflower* lay off Plymouth Rock after its hazardous voyage, the Pilgrims went into the

cabin and drew up the Mayflower Compact declaring that the trip had been undertaken "for the glory of God, the advancement of the Christian faith and the honor of King and country." Suppose that instead of such a fundamental religious faith, the Pilgrims had merely held the Nazi belief in a superior race destined to rule by force. With such a creed they might have driven out the Indians but they could not have created the Commonwealth of Massachusetts. With a philosophy of racial superiority and ruthless force, men can destroy existing cultures, but they cannot build and perpetuate lasting societies. No, judging from recent events in Russia I am not

CHRISTIAN HERALD FEB. 1944 • PAGE 34

sure  
at P  
the f  
Or  
two  
last  
very  
in hi  
strug  
he m  
sary  
his  
pray  
pres  
Thy  
how  
that  
Decl  
Con  
God  
O  
call  
tutic  
man  
mes  
thro  
Chr  
Sun  
ing  
serv  
bod  
is a  
of i  
did  
terp  
O  
day  
the  
wer  
sou  
Lin  
tem  
unc  
gre  
in a  
ma  
ma  
sun  
Ra  
pat  
he  
An  
tes  
has  
on  
S  
Go  
giv  
wh  
by  
Go  
Ch  
inc  
Go  
eq  
Go  
fee  
ha  
fo  
ph  
Bu  
PA

sure that the Nazis if they had landed at Plymouth Rock could have endured the first New England winter.

Or consider Thomas Jefferson, whose two hundredth birthday was celebrated last year. Jefferson may not have been very orthodox, but he was very sincere in his religious beliefs; and when he had struggled to keep his breath going that he might live to see the fiftieth anniversary of the Declaration of Independence, his daughter heard him murmur the prayer of Simeon in the temple at the presentation of Jesus, "Lord, now lettest Thy servant depart in peace." Think how much it has meant to our nation that our formative state papers, like the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution were written by men whose God was the Lord.

Or consider John Marshall, whom we call the father of our American Constitutional law. His simple faith and human tenderness were manifest in his domestic life. He nursed his invalid wife through long years, and after she died on Christmas Day 1831, Marshall spent Sunday afternoons in his old chair reading aloud parts of the Sunday church service to his beloved Mary, absent in body but present to him in spirit. There is a spirit of the law as well as the letter of it, and John Marshall, the man who did so much to set the tone of legal interpretation, was a man of God.

Or think what it meant in those dark days of the war between the states that the leaders of both North and South were in the main men who humbly sought God's will. Recall the words which Lincoln wrote amid the shadows of September 1862 when the outcome was so uncertain: "The will of God prevails. In great contests each party claims to act in accordance with the will of God. Both may be, and one must be, wrong." The man who wrote thus was no bigot assuming blindly that God was on his side. Rather, he was one who humbly and patiently sought to learn God's will that he might be on God's side.

Yes, when I think of the times wherein America's institutions were cradled and tested, I maintain that the belief in God has given our nation a solid foundation on which to build.

Secondly, "blessed is the nation whose God is the Lord," because this belief gives not only a solid foundation on which to build but also high standards by which to build. The belief in the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ begets dignity and value in the individual. Every man is a child of God for whom Christ died. However unequal in ability, all men are equal before God and the government. When a person feels this intrinsic spiritual worth, he has a basic self-respect and that makes for a refined and healthy social life.

In our early American colonies, the physical conditions of living were crude. But, nevertheless, human life took on a

dignity. Look at the simple pure lines of the old New England meeting houses. In Boston and at Purdue University I have had occasion to study some of the early Americans, and I have been impressed again with the noble culture wrought by those who first settled the American wilderness. Moreover life has had more value along the Hudson and the Mississippi than along the Ganges. That is a difference which perhaps we do not sufficiently recognize in appraising the political problems of India. Whatever may be our opinions regarding the British occupancy of India, we should realize that the development of self-government is a most difficult task in a land like India whose prevailing religious philosophy has minimized the worth of the

Boston, did not mistreat those families. And again when the British evacuated Boston and the Colonial troops returned, they did not take revenge on the Tory sympathizers who remained under their regime. Why this humaneness of treatment on both sides? A friend of mine explained it to me recently by saying that both the British and American leaders were mainly members of the Masonic Order. I have not had occasion to verify that statement, but if it be true, it only bears out our contention that the basic Christian beliefs tend to refine and humanize life, for the Order of Free Masons, like most of our other great fraternal orders, is based on Biblical precepts.

And now it behooves us to see that these high standards by which our nation was built shall be maintained during the present war period. To see every man as a child of God, however misguided he may be; to keep the refinements of personal decency, however disordered may become our conditions of living through restrictions and regimentation; to judge the worth of a man not by his rank and authority but by his character and motives, whether he be a general or a private; to preserve a humaneness of spirit amid the inevitable cruelties of war; to prosecute this war not in the spirit of hate but as a grim bit of police work to curb criminals and create a better world—such are some of the standards by which a nation should be guided whose God is the Lord.

Thirdly, "blessed is the nation whose God is the Lord," because that belief begets a brotherly spirit in which to build. Some may feel inclined to challenge this assertion by saying that religion has often divided men. Yes, history records its wars of religious persecution. And America has seen the dark dealings of Salem witchcraft days and the bigotry which drove Roger Williams from Massachusetts. And our so-called Christian nation should repent of its ungodly treatment of the Indians and the injustice still suffered by the Negro in the North as well as in the South.

Yet confessing all these sins of the past, I maintain that America's brand of religion has by and large achieved a pretty good record of brotherhood. And I venture to assert that religion now offers the brightest hope of fellowship both within and beyond our national borders. When Jesus was asked what is the great commandment in the law he answered, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart and with all thy soul and with all thy mind." And then Jesus added, "The second is like unto it, 'Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.'" It is no accident that they stand together. We cannot sincerely say we love God unless we love our brother, and we cannot keep loving our brother without the aid of our Heavenly Father.

Fellowship with our Heavenly Father  
(Continued on page 51)

### What Do You Know About YOUR BIBLE?

1. What does Ecclesiastes say is "better than weapons of war"?
2. How did James, the brother of John, die?
3. Who said, "Rise, Peter, kill and eat"?
4. Who was the most famous lawyer in the New Testament, so recognized by the Jewish Church?
5. What Biblical husband and wife had no parents?
6. How many ears of grain did Jesus pick on the Sabbath?
7. Who was Belshazzar?
8. How many of the ten lepers, healed by Jesus, returned to thank Him?
9. Were Tabitha and Dorcas sisters, or cousins?
10. What city was the capital of the Assyrian Empire?

(Answers on Page 52)

individual's earthly existence. Democracy can only be grounded on a faith in the individual worth, and that faith was given to us by the religion of our founding fathers.

Esther Forbes in her recent biography of Paul Revere ("Paul Revere and His Times") points out that the "Sons of Liberty" whom Sam Adams organized prior to the American Revolution and who made Boston a pretty turbulent place with their Tea Party and other rather rough tactics, were in type of organization not too different from the Storm Troopers of the Nazi regime in pre-war Germany. But while similar in organization, they were utterly dissimilar in spirit. The Sons of Liberty in Boston were never brutal. They tarred and feathered three or four persons but they never wantonly took life. Miss Forbes also reminds us that when the American patriots were out at Bunker Hill fighting the British, many of them had left their wives and families in Boston. Yet General Gage, whose British troops occupied



# DAILY MEDITATIONS

## For the Quiet Hour

BY DR. ARCHER WALLACE

FEBRUARY, 1944

A PRAYER AND MEDITATION FOR SPIRITUAL PROGRESS EACH DAY OF THE YEAR

### TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 1

BEFORE THE DAWN  
"A CERTAIN MAN WAS THERE"  
READ JOHN 5:1-9

A LAME MAN sat near the pool of Bethesda, where he had sat every day for many years. Days had lengthened into months and months into years until no one any longer noticed him. He thought God had forgotten to be gracious and he had become a silent man of despair. But it was the hour before a glorious dawn; for Jesus passed that way and everything was changed for that weary sufferer. We are warranted in saying that for every believing heart there is a blessed tomorrow. *The best is yet to be.*

*Lord, we pray for all who are handicapped in life; who find each day hard and difficult. In Thy mercy remember them. Amen.*

### WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 2

SCARECROWS  
"THERE WE SAW GIANTS"  
READ NUMBERS 13:17-33

THE first spies sent out by the Israelites to look over the land of Canaan saw it through the eyes of fear and got a distorted view. Remember it was a good land—a land of hills and valleys, of fertile soil, or springing fountains, and flowing with milk and honey, where there was no scarceness and none need want. The spies admitted all this but they said that they had seen giants. "And we were in our own sight as grasshoppers." The Israelites entered the land but no one saw any giants. They were scarecrows of the imagination.

*Lord, we confess to Thee our fears, our compromises and our weakness; strengthen us that by Thy grace we may be confident. Amen.*

### THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 3

LIFE'S ACCUMULATIONS  
"TREASURES IN HEAVEN"  
READ MATTHEW 6:14-21

READERS of "Robinson Crusoe" will recall that when the exile was first cast upon the lonely island he swam several times to the wrecked ship to see if there was anything he could salvage. On one of these excursions he found thirty-six

golden sovereigns. He looked at them and said scornfully: "Thou art not worth taking off the ground . . . I have no manner of use for thee." Is it not true that five minutes after death we shall find ourselves in a world where earthly possessions have no value? What Jesus called "treasure in heaven" is not material.

*Lord, help us to distinguish between that which is trivial and that which abideth forevermore. Amen.*

### FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 4

COURAGE FOR THE FEARFUL  
"PERFECT LOVE CASTETH OUT FEAR"  
READ I JOHN 4:16-21

IT IS a strange thing that deep piety is often accompanied by a timid nervous disposition. A close student of religious life in the Middle Ages tells of devout people who would go to confession seven or eight times in one day and still not find peace. We cannot think that this is a healthy condition either of body or of soul. Religious faith ought to do something infinitely more for those who possess it. Let us have that reverence and deep humility which brings peace but not craven fear.

*We believe it is Thy will, O God, that we should find satisfaction for all our needs in Thy gracious bounty. Amen.*

### SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 5

GROPING AFTER GOD  
"THAT THEY SHOULD SEEK THE LORD"  
READ ACTS 17:15-34

WHEN Paul stood on Mar's Hill in Athens he spoke of the credulity and superstition of men, but he did so, not with scorn, but with understanding. He referred to those who "Seek the Lord, if haply they might feel after Him, and find Him." The original word which tells of men "feeling after God," is the same word which, in another connection, tells of men groping among the strings of a musical instrument until the right note is found. Every heathen altar is a witness to the deep-seated need for God. And God, who created that heart-hunger, is eager to satisfy it.

*Lord, all things speak to us of Thee; forgive us that we are so blind and deaf and perverse. Amen.*

### SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 6

THE LARGER FELLOWSHIP  
"HE THAT IS NOT AGAINST US IS FOR US"  
READ LUKE 9:46-49

WE ONCE heard Canon Shatford, a distinguished clergyman of the Episcopal Church, say: "I wouldn't go from one side of the street to the other to persuade a man to change from his church to mine." No; in these days we have something vastly more important to do than to stress our denominational differences. We have neither time nor disposition to argue over matters which are not nearly as important as they seem. "Is thine heart right?" is the Biblical test. It is a good one; beside it no other test matters.

*Give unto us such largeness of heart, O God, that we shall seek nothing else but the glory of Thy name and the advancement of Thy Kingdom. Amen.*

### MONDAY, FEBRUARY 7

HIS INFINITE KNOWLEDGE  
"HE CALLETH THEM BY THEIR NAMES"  
READ PSALM 147

JULIA WARD HOWE once invited Charles Sumner to meet a distinguished guest at her home but he said, loftily, "I do not know that I wish to meet your friend. I have outlived my interest in individuals." In contrast to that surly and ungracious attitude, Paul stresses the truth that God is tremendously interested in individuals. Previous to the coming of Jesus the Jews believed that God was Father of the nation. Jesus revealed that God is father of every living soul and mightily concerned in everyone.

*Lord, we know nothing of tomorrow but we would rejoice and be glad today; we would face the future without fear and apprehension. Amen.*

### TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 8

THE LIFE THAT KNOWS NO ENDING  
"THEY SEEK A COUNTRY"  
READ HEBREWS 11:1-14

LAST summer we watched a man, well on in his eighties, planting fruit trees; trees which are not likely to bear while he lives but there is a deep spiritual lesson underlying such activities. Somehow we all understand that we are pilgrims on



# DAILY MEDITATIONS FOR THE QUIET HOUR



a journey; there will be turnings and unexpected happenings but the journey will continue. We run and are not weary; we walk and do not faint. As John Wesley said in the closing moments of a long life: "The best of all is—God is with us."

*Lord, we would dread nothing but the loss of Thee; deliver us from faithless fears and worldly anxieties. Amen.*

## WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 9

### THE SOCIETY OF ENCOURAGERS

"THE CARPENTER ENCOURAGED THE GOLDSMITH"

READ ISAIAH 41:1-7

A NATURALIST says that the chief characteristic of monkeys is their mania for picking things to pieces. No matter what it is, they want to tear everything to pieces that they can lay hold on. No doubt there is room in this world for critically minded people but, frankly, we are not keen about them. It is so much easier to find fault than to be constructive and suggest a remedy. Fault-finding may become a vicious habit. We know that when we are overcritical, the fault is often in ourselves.

*Lord, we humbly ask Thy forgiveness for every unkind word that we have spoken and for every unworthy judgment we have passed upon others. Amen.*

## THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 10

### THE CAUSE OF GOD

"THAT JESUS MAY BE GLORIFIED"

READ THESSALONIANS 1

A NATIONAL magazine had an article recently about the forgotten men of the Revolution; men who were daring and energetic but whom fame has passed by. No doubt it is true but what does it matter so long as a good cause is advanced? We must forget self.

*Others shall sing the song,  
Others right the wrong,  
Finish what I begin,  
And all I fail to win.*

*What matter I, or they,  
Mine, or another's day,  
So the right word be said,  
And life the sweeter made.*

*Lord, may we never forget the sacrifices which others have made on our behalf; may those sacrifices not have been made in vain. Amen.*

## FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 11

### THE FIRST SUNDAY FROM HOME

"GOOD MASTER, WHAT SHALL I DO?"

READ MARK 10:17-22

A CHRISTIAN layman was speaking at a missionary gathering lately and told this experience: "I was only eighteen when I left the farm and came to the city. I had been brought up by devout parents and I loved the things of God, but the first Sunday away from home

brought me face to face with an important decision. Some new friends planned a picnic and invited me. When I spoke of Sunday school they laughed but God gave me grace to decline the invitation and I joined a Bible class of which I later became leader. I know now that I never have made a more important decision."

*Lord, we pray for all who find themselves in strange and unfamiliar surroundings that always they may be aware of Thy presence. Amen.*

## SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 12

### LINCOLN AND THE BEATITUDES

"THEY THAT HUNGER"

READ MATTHEW 5:1-12

LINCOLN once wrote to a friend: "I have been reading the Beatitudes, and can at least claim one of the blessings therein unfolded. It is the blessing pronounced upon those who hunger and thirst after righteousness." In these words there is much self-revelation. They are the words of a man who was frank, honest, humble and always on the trail that led to a fuller and more satisfying faith. With deep humility and reverence he kept his heart open to the higher spiritual blessings which come to all who truly seek.

*Lord, we lift up our hearts to Thee and we know that Thou wilt not disappoint us. Amen.*

## SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 13

### LIFE'S DECISIONS

"ASK WHAT I SHALL GIVE THEE"

READ I KINGS 3:5-15

OVER forty years ago, a young man who was the junior partner in a firm of brewers made an important decision. He became a Christian and knew he could not continue in the liquor business. Fred Charrington deliberately turned aside from what would probably have been great riches. His father was indignant and for many years there was estrangement between father and son. When the father lay dying he sent for his son. "Fred," he said, "you were right, you chose the better part which shall never be taken away from you."

*Lord, grant unto us such wisdom that we shall discern between the true and the false, between the good and the unworthy. Amen.*

## MONDAY, FEBRUARY 14

### WHAT REALLY MATTERS

"WE SHALL REAP . . . IF WE FAINT NOT"

READ GALATIANS 6:1-7

ONE of the greatest literary figures of the day says that no man was ever prevented from reading a book that he really wanted to read; every excuse just revealed how many other things he wanted to do first. No doubt he is right. We do not, as a rule, quote men who are critical of others but we do have some sympathy for the minister who complained about professing Christians who were too busy

to teach a class in Sunday school but who found time to have their nails manicured or some other diversion attended to.

*Lord, may we regard our gifts and possessions as a trust to be used for the furtherance of Thy Kingdom. Amen.*

## TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 15

### WE NEED EACH OTHER

"THEY SPAKE OFTEN ONE TO ANOTHER"

READ MALACHI 3:16-18

YEARS ago, when an ocean voyage seemed to be much more of an adventure than it does now, a man crossed the Atlantic alone in an open boat, sixteen feet long. It was considered to be one of the astonishing feats of modern times. Answering inquiries as to whether he was afraid, the adventurer replied that fear for his safety did not trouble him but that as the journey continued he was afraid that he would lose his reason. He felt unutterably lonely. There may be people who will get to heaven in their own little boat but surely it was never intended they should live without fellowship.

*We pray, O Lord, that Thou wouldst increase in the hearts of all men a sense of brotherhood and a deeper love for each other. Amen.*

## WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 16

### NO SECRETS

"LET NO MAN DESPISE THEE"

READ TITUS 2

WE KNOW of a youth in the armed forces who was leaving for overseas. The day he left he had a frank talk with his parents; to them he said: "I have never had any secrets from you. You know where I have been at nights, who are my companions and what time I came home. I thank God for you both and when I am gone you will never find out anything about me that will cause you pain."

*Lord, we bless Thee for Thy mercies; for every silver lining in the cloud, for every rainbow after storm, for every light in the valley. Amen.*

## THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 17

### NO MORAL NEUTRALITY

"YE CANNOT SERVE GOD AND MAMMON"

READ MATTHEW 6:19-24

THE essayist, Samuel Johnson, once complained about his contemporary, Addison in these words: "Addison thinks clearly but always he thinks very lightly." Johnson was vigorous, robust, and decidedly emphatic in his opinions. He had strong convictions and he stood by them. He had little patience with men who refused to commit themselves to any position. There is such a thing as tact but overanxiety to please, may lead us to a position where we count for nothing.

*Lord, give us wisdom to know Thy will and courage to follow Thy leading. Amen.  
(Continued on page 41)*

# DON'T MISS THIS "EXTRA-QUALITY" HYMNBOOK



THE  
SERVICE  
HYMNAL

FREE  
SAMPLE  
COPY

● Mail coupon today and see how QUALITY rings and echoes from every page, every feature.

True to its name, "The SERVICE Hymnal" meets the demands of the hour with new, inspiring material for every use in all denominations. With this complete service book you need no other—3 books in one.

## More For Your Money

Has that EXTRA value which distinguishes a superior product—extra songs, extra indexes, extra responsiveness, extra care and quality in workmanship and materials. And extra service in Gift or Memorial book plates, free "Finance Plans" and extra colored binding for "Home" copies at quantity rate.

Here is a hymnal your Church will be proud to use. And priced so you SAVE! Still has the unique advantages of tarnish-proof gold stamped binding, lacquered for long wear. 510 musical numbers, 67 Scripture Readings. Price per 100 only \$67.50 not prepaid.

Mail Coupon for FREE Sample Copy

**HOPE PUBLISHING**  
ESTABLISHED 1892  
*only the best in song books*

5705-B4 West Lake Street Chicago 44, Illinois

We need new song books in our Church. Please send free sample of "The Service Hymnal."

Name \_\_\_\_\_ Official Title \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

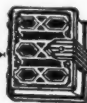
Church and Denom. \_\_\_\_\_ Member ship \_\_\_\_\_

Postor \_\_\_\_\_ Address \_\_\_\_\_

# SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSONS

BASED ON THE INTERNATIONAL UNIFORM LESSONS

By Amos John Traver



FEB.  
6th

## JESUS FEEDS THE MULTITUDES

READ—MARK 6:35-44; 8:1-9

THOUSANDS WERE fed one day with bread and fish that seemed just enough for one boy's lunch. Who wonders that they wanted to make Jesus their king! As I write, the representatives of our allied nations are meeting at Atlantic City to try to solve the problem of hunger in the post-war world. We would still en-throne the statesman in all our hearts who could assure food enough for every child that is born. We did not listen in those pre-war days when students of world affairs warned us that there were uncounted millions living in more or less constant hunger, and that their hunger was breeding another world war.

Hungry folks are never normal, never happy. When they look over the fence into the homes of more prosperous neighbors, feasting on the good things of life, they become dangerous in their envy. Neighbor nations living well are as truly the foment for jealous hate. No plans for a just and durable peace can succeed unless somehow economic justice is more nearly assured.

Christianity is interested in economic justice, but economic grace lies in its very heart. These crowds had followed Jesus without invitation into this uninhabited waste. Jesus had come there specifically to escape the crowds and to have time for prayer and for intensive training of His disciples. The multitudes were hungry because they deserved to be hungry. Justice would say, "They made their beds, let them sleep in them." But Jesus was not like that. He had compassion, which means, that He shared the feelings of the hungry multitude. He knew hunger. Because He knew it, His great heart demanded that He feed them. If we do not do what we can to share the good things we enjoy with our needy neighbors there is something lacking in our hearts. We do not know compassion. Our very abundance tempts us to become hardhearted and unfeeling. We count the cost, like Philip, and find it too high.

THE PROCESS OF FEEDING the multitude was a divine partnership. The lad with the bread and fishes and the apostles shared the business of distribution with Jesus. This partnership applies both to the bread and fishes and to the Bread of Life. Jesus might have fed the multitudes without the aid of anyone. He might have planned to evangelize the world by miracle alone. Instead He dignified human hands by sharing with them the business of feeding the world. Dwight L. Moody held his basket before the Lord and found it full; in turn a young medical student

named Grenfell wandered into the hall in London where Moody was preaching and, eating of this bread, found new purpose in life. He too filled his basket at the hands of Christ and carried it full, time and time again, to the hungry people of Labrador. So in unending line are the gifts of God's grace passed out to meet human need.

On the seal of Wittenberg College where I am teaching is the picture of a hand holding a lighted torch. Around it in Greek is the college motto, "Having the light, give it to others." Shall we enlist in the sharing business? We will not only feed our hungry neighbors, body and soul, but we will learn a deeper lesson. Sharing is a part of enjoying. Real personal happiness comes in no other way.

### Questions:

Compare the other gospels with the Mark account of our lesson. Read Matthew 14:13-23; Luke 9:10-17; John 6:1-15. What light do they add?

Was it wrong for Philip to be so businesslike, so practical in his estimate of the cost of feeding the crowd? See John 6:5-7. Where did he fail in his budgeting?

Suppose that boy had refused to give up his lunch to Jesus? What lessons of consecration may we learn from this nameless lad?

FEB.  
13th

## JESUS ON THE MOUNTAIN AND IN THE VALLEY

READ—MARK 9:2-8, 17-27

GOOD IDEA, Peter's! It was good to be on a mountain with Jesus. It was good to see His face shining with light from the open door of heaven. It was good to hear the Voice witness to His deity. It was good to overhear the conversation of Moses and Elijah. True, there was much mystery in their talk, something about death for their Master, but nothing like that could happen to Him if they remained on the mountain. It was good to be one of the chosen three to share this wonderful experience. "Lord, it is good for us to be here: if Thou wilt I will make here three tents. . ." Yes, that would have been good for Peter.

How easily great religious experiences turn inward and fester! Years ago I read this motto on a schoolroom wall: "Impression without expression is pure waste." The meaning of that mountain miracle would have been lost without a descent. The Transfiguration was a great emotional experience, one to live in memory; and Peter remembered it (2 Peter 1:17, 18). The faith of these three apostles was to be terribly tested by

CHRISTIAN HERALD, FEB. 1944 • PAGE 38

Calvary, but the memory of this mount would help. When they saw the face of Jesus drawn in the agony of Good Friday they would also see the light of heaven upon it and hear again the Voice saying, "This is my beloved Son." Peter thought it would be good to stay with the great emotion, but a distressed father with his afflicted son awaited help that only Jesus could bring. The hour of worship when the divine Presence seems so real is preparation for service in the valley.

Before they left the mount the glory light had faded. "They saw Jesus only." The spectacular was gone, but Jesus remained. So long as we can hold fast to Him as friend and comrade for the day's work, no valley of service is too deep or dark to enter. Worship should deepen our sense of His presence. Jesus went with the trio into the valley straight from the fellowship of worship into the comradeship of service. If our hours of worship do not do this for us, they have failed.

LONGFELLOW RETOLD an old monk's story in "Tales of a Wayside Inn." In those days the highest possible religious experience was to catch a vision of the crucified Christ—"The Blessed Vision." Our monk spared no self-denial, no self-punishment in his struggle to attain the vision. Days and nights he spent in fasting and prayer until he was a veritable "bundle of bones in a bag of skin." Some times he seemed so near success that lights seemed to glimmer on his cell wall and the faint suggestion of the face of his Lord would come and go. But he could never hold the vision, until one day as he prayed he seemed about to realize his life's ambition, when breaking in upon his prayers, clanged, clanged, clanged the monastery bell. Every day at this hour the monks, in turn, shouldered a bag of bread and went through the city streets feeding the beggars. And it was his turn this very day. Sadly he left his cell and made his rounds. When he was through he manufactured little tasks to keep him from his cell of disappointment. Finally he went slowly down the corridor and, lo, an unearthly light shone from his open door. Hurrying forward he fell upon his knees on the threshold before the vision of his dreams.

*"Then the Blessed Vision said,  
'Hadst thou staid, I must have fled'."*

We need the mountain experience, the glory light and the heavenly voices. But to make it ours we need also to shoulder our bag of bread in humble service.

#### Questions:

Read the accounts of the Transfiguration in Matthew 17:1-13 and Luke 9:28-36. Compare with the Mark account.

Why did the apostles fail to heal the boy in the valley? How did Jesus meet the father's faltering faith? How should we meet religious doubts?

Why did Jesus take only three with Him on the mount? Was this favoritism? Is there a divine economy in intensive training for Christian workers?

(Continued on page 40)



## "We Cry Unto Thee For Help"

Seventeen sick and wounded, and a crew of six, in an army transport plane crash-landed on a coral reef, the water waist-high in the shattered cabin. For four days, in thirst, hunger and pain, they waited for a rescue that might never come. On the fifth long day of waiting, a nineteen-year-old boy, sick with malaria and with wounds in his side and back, remembered it was Sunday. Church services were being held back home. There in the lone Pacific, they too held service. "Oh most powerful and glorious Lord God," they prayed, "we cry unto Thee for help." Before another Sunday, help did come.

You may not be able to shoulder a gun. You may not have to share with our boys the terrible hardships of bat-

tle. But there is one thing you *can* do.

You can see to it that, through the American Bible Society, the Word of God is made available to our Armed Forces wherever they are, so that sometime, somewhere in the jungle or desert, those boys of ours—facing the supreme test of their courage—may find comfort, strength, and perhaps deliverance.

And for the future—remember, when you buy an American Bible Society Annuity Agreement, your money will not only help further the work of distributing the Bible and New Testaments to the young men of all races and of all lands in years to come, at the same time you receive as high as 7% returns. Do not fail! Investigate this Plan at once! Send for the booklet "A Gift That Lives!"

URGENT! MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY!

AN  
INCOME  
ASSURED

American Bible Society,  
Bible House, New York, N. Y.

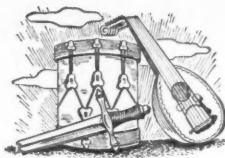
- ☐ Please send me, without obligation, your booklet CH-86 entitled "A Gift That Lives!"
- ☐ I enclose \$..... to provide Testaments for our boys.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_ Denomination \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_





When the strident  
chords of War  
Fade before the concord  
that is Peace

— ANON.

Yes, out of the frenzy that is war, will come the quiet, even tempo that is peace. On ground where now lie only the rubble and debris of destruction, we'll raise the domes and spires of a new and tranquil world. This is our creed... Believing this, we're devoting all our skill and effort to Production for Victory—production of vital war matériel... For as short a time as we can make it, we've discontinued our building of Möller organs. But in our laboratories, Möller's sixty-seven years of tonal research is still being carried on by Möller craftsmen.

While today we can promise only that our effort for peace will be untiring—ceaseless... for tomorrow we can promise even finer Möller instruments.

**M.P. MÖLLER**

THE ARTIST OF ORGANS • THE ORGAN OF ARTISTS  
HAGERSTOWN, MARYLAND

BUY WAR BONDS

## JESUS TEACHES TRUE GREATNESS

FEB.  
20th

READ—MARK 9:33-39;  
10:13-16, 42-45

A MOTHER'S AMBITIONS for her children—who can measure them? And who will blame the mother of James and John for wanting a chief place in the new kingdom Jesus was founding? The rest of the apostles did not like it when she ventured her request for preferment to Jesus. But their anger was not at the ambition, but that *their* standing in the kingdom might be affected. Soon there was a heated discussion on the elevating topic, "Which of us will be prime minister?" No wonder Jesus read them a lesson on childishness. They were like children struggling for possession of a toy.

Jesus wanted them to be childlike, *not childish*. The desire to be first is selfish. It has no sympathy for those who will therefore have to be second or third or maybe last. It insists on choosing the game, on being the leader or captain of the team, on playing the hero's part, on eating the largest piece of cake, on having the best of everything. The national ambitions of the aggressor nations are childish in the extreme. Pretensions of racial superiority, claims of living space, alibis for overrunning smaller nations, goose-stepping and "heil Hitlers"—what childish business! Only when children begin to think of the rights and the happiness of others can we say they are beginning to mature.

John was childish about those who performed miracles of healing without being members of the little group of Jesus' disciples. He did not stop to think about the poor victims of demon possession who had been made normal and healthy again. He was only thinking of the special privileges in this field that, he supposed, belonged to his group. Childishness is always unfeeling, hard-hearted. The child of God will be touched by human suffering and will not care too much how it is done if sorrow is changed into wholesome joy.

AMBITIONS TO BE served are childish. Yet how much of the world's blood and tears have been spent for this ambition? Will we ever learn the lesson Jesus tried to teach us that it is truest greatness to *serve*? Jesus never taught a lesson that He did not also demonstrate. Go to the upper room where the Passover was to become the first Communion. The disciples enter with dusty feet and there is no slave in this modest home to remove the sandals and wash their feet. Can you see them standing about making conversation as each waited for the other to volunteer for this menial service?

I think Jesus had an understanding twinkle in His eye as He looked at them with their childish pride. Then He girded Himself with a towel, took a basin of water and kneeling before each of them, even Judas, played the slave. When we Christians catch His spirit of unselfish service the world will listen to our creeds. Dr. Grenfell told of an associate, a physician, who gave up a large city practice with an income running into five figures in order to serve the poor people of Labrador. Said Grenfell, "No man de-

spises the faith that makes a man willing to give all." We are saved to serve. If there is no spirit of service in us, the world may well question the worth of our salvation. The highest position in the kingdom is the lowest, the last shall be first. Is this your ambition, not to be served, but to serve? It was Christ's.

Questions:

*Is it wrong to desire recognition for services rendered? Should we insist on being thanked? What is the danger?*

*What relation has salvation to service? Can any service be Christian that is not motivated by love for Christ?*

*List some of the common faults that might be classified as childish. For instance musical temperament in the choir or failure of appointment or election in a church organization. Apply the "even as" test; what would Jesus do?*

## JESUS PRESENTS HIMSELF AS THE MESSIAH

FEB.  
27th

READ—MARK 11:1-10, 15-18

JESUS COULD HAVE discovered no more strikingly dramatic method for interpreting His Messiahship than the triumphal entry. Kings rode into their capital cities when they returned from successful campaigns against the enemy. No one would doubt His claim to kingship though the difference in its meaning from the triumph of earthly kings would also be clear. He rode upon an ass, the symbol of peace, not on a warlike charger, or in a chariot. His retinue was mainly composed of simple peasants from Galilee with a few Judeans, none of them with much standing in Jerusalem. The crowds were the common people who were more concerned with the excitement of the parade than with any deeper meanings. Yet the prophet Zachariah sang of this day, "Behold thy King cometh unto thee, meek, and riding upon an ass, and upon a colt, the foal of an ass." The public acclaim given Jesus compelled Israel to choose. Would they recognize the kingship of true meekness, or would they continue to insist on a Messiah to lead armies against Rome?

Jesus incarnated royalty of a new type. As He taught in our last week's lesson, greatness is measured in His kingdom by the spirit of service. Meekness is not weakness, but the highest valor. He would depend on no men-at-arms to establish His rule. Men must choose to serve Him because they love Him. "Open in the name of the law" accompanies the knock of the enforcement officer upon our doors. "Behold I stand at the door and knock" is the gentle appeal of this King. The responsibility was upon Israel that Palm Sunday. He rode meekly toward their city gates. Would they really let Him in and enthrone Him and accept His way of life? To those who did not see beneath the surface it seemed as though they would.

THE SIFTING PROCESS continued rapidly. There were the faithful few who already had given Him their allegiance. There were the Jewish leaders who felt Him a dangerous rival. There was the crowd, carried away by the excitement of the

occasion, expecting some miracle, hailing Him as a representative of the common people. Today they were for Him. But they were unstable and easily subject to the plots of Jesus' enemies. Today He was their King. Come Friday and they would be loudly crying, "Crucify Him."

Even though He did not ride in on a charger, He did not hesitate in His war upon corruption and irreverence in the temple. Out went the moneychangers, the sellers of animals for sacrifice and all the marks of their trade. *It was His Father's House.* Not for earthly relationship to David but by relationship to the God of the temple did He claim the throne of men's hearts. We must be for Him or against Him. If we are for Him we will be with Him in His war upon evil everywhere. If He is our king we will make the temple of our hearts ready for His permanent enthronement.

The Huguenots besieged by the Spaniards at St. Quentin were called upon to surrender in the name of the Spanish King. They refused, shouting over the walls, "We too have a King!" Safety in the citadel of our souls is only possible when Christ is there, absolute ruler of our lives. He rides meekly to the gate of our hearts. Will we receive Him, enthrone Him, and stand by Him even in the shadow of a cross? If we will, He will stand by us.

#### Questions:

*What were the dangers in the high emotionalism of the crowds that welcomed Jesus into Jerusalem?*

*Why did Jesus enter Jerusalem so openly when He knew the rising tide of opposition against Him?*

*What was the character of the business that had entered into the courts of the temple? Why was it perilous to the spirit of worship? Why was it dangerous for Jesus to attack it? How does the spirit of commercialism appear in the modern church?*

#### DAILY MEDITATIONS

(Continued from page 37)

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 18

#### TAKING GOD AT HIS WORD

"I AM WITH YOU ALWAYS"

READ MATTHEW 28:18-20

WHEN John G. Patton went as a missionary to the South Seas, he repeatedly visited cannibal tribes who had threatened death to any who visited their villages. Quite unarmed and without sign of fear, he and his companions walked into the haunts of ferocious tribes. Here are his own words: "The cannibals were overawed. They looked on us as being protected by some Invisible One. Often we lived to see these very men humbly sitting in the school of Christ." History is made, not so much by written treaties, as by deep spiritual impulses in the souls of men.

*Lord, when Thou saidst, Seek ye My face, my heart said unto Thee, Thy face, Lord, will I seek. For Thy Name's sake. Amen.*

(Continued on page 44)

"Dreamings in stone of a dream that was real,  
Gleamings in marble that live and heal."

Beautiful memorials alleviate grief and help to perpetuate a cherished memory. Particularly so when carved in Georgia Marble—a bright, living stone composed of tiny interlocking crystals that catch and diffuse the light—that enhances the beauty of any design you may select. \* Write for a free copy of our 48-page book, "Personality In Memorials." Address Department R, The Georgia Marble Company, Tate, Georgia.

LANCASTER

Georgia MARBLE

## "Design for Living..."

Today's design forms the pattern of tomorrow's living. Forethought and intelligent planning now will help to assure you freedom from financial worry in declining years.

Moody Annuities offer the answer for tomorrow's security. . . . Through them your funds can do double duty . . . bringing you a generous, regular return, while contributing to the training of young people for Christian service.

Send for DOUBLE DIVIDENDS, the booklet that explains this practical "design for living."

SEND COUPON  
TODAY

Dept. H-738

153 Institute Place, Chicago 10, Illinois

Gentlemen: Please send me your interesting booklet, DOUBLE DIVIDENDS, without obligation on my part.

☐ Also Booklet A. I am under 20.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

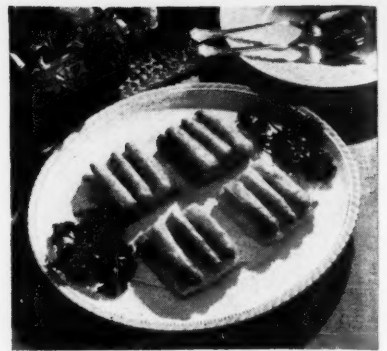
Street \_\_\_\_\_

City and State \_\_\_\_\_

MOODY BIBLE INSTITUTE • CHICAGO



Roll peach halves in crushed cornflakes, add a bit of juice and butter and bake. Serve with cream or milk. Recipe and photo courtesy American Can Co.



Asparagus Cheese Dreams stretch both cheese and vegetable . . . and please the palate. Recipe and photo courtesy American Can Co.



For a quick thirst-quencher . . . save the syrup from a can of peaches. Recipe and photo courtesy American Can Co.

## Brightening these Gray Days

BY ESTHER FOLEY

**T**HIS is the month when canned fruits and vegetables become worth the work and time spent in putting them up, or in totting them from the store. Markets have lost their green look. String beans are there, maybe, and some hothouse peas, but these are expensive. Root vegetables—turnips, rutabagas, topped carrots—are there, winter cabbage and cauliflower sit solidly on the slanting shelf, but the color of the place is dim. The color is all in the canned foods on our cellar shelves—both fruits and vegetables.

Whether your store of food has been home- or commercially-canned, look the cans and jars over to see that nothing spoils. The American Can Company of New York has just published a booklet, "Wartime Recipes from Canned Foods," giving a sensible bit of advice on wartime cans.

"Canned foods packed in the wartime can will be just as nutritious and enjoyable as the foods formerly packed in the regular peacetime can—if they are given reasonable care. Caution must be used in handling and storing of wartime cans.

"Protect these cans from contact with water, dampness, or other corrosive elements. Don't store them near steam or

hot water pipes or damp walls or floors. If you do, rust deposits will appear on the outside of the can which detracts from the appearance of the can. Rust on the outside has no effect whatever on the inside of the can or the contents. However, if this rust is permitted to progress there is danger in time of its eating through the metal and thereby destroying the contents.

"If you live near salt water and expect to store canned foods for an extended period, they should be packed in tight cartons or wrapped in paper and kept in the driest place possible.

"You are very careful not to drop a glass jar of food; be just as careful in handling the wartime food cans. A badly dented can will rust more quickly than the can which is not dented."

This year there will be about three-fourths as much commercially canned fruits and vegetables for our use as we had last year. The scant harvest kept our home-canned fruit below normal. So this month canned foods should be combined with the fresh, if less attractive, ones offered in the market to stretch nutrition and color. By using the proper recipes, a No. 2 or No. 2½ can can be made to serve four people twice. For

instance, a half a can of peas will be used for two different meals—once in a vegetable salad and once in a vegetable casserole, and the juice in a vegetable appetizer.

### CREOLE VEGETABLE

|                         |                         |
|-------------------------|-------------------------|
| 1 tablespoon shortening | ¼ teaspoon salt         |
| or one slice bacon,     | 1¼ cups tomato juice    |
| cut in quarters         | ½ No. 2 can drained     |
| ¼ cup sliced onion      | peas, corn, lima beans, |
| ½ green pepper, diced   | soy beans, cut wax      |
| 1 tablespoon flour      | or green beans          |
| ¼ teaspoon curry        |                         |
| powder                  |                         |

Melt shortening or fry bacon in saucepan. Add onion and pepper, cook 5 to 7 minutes over low heat, stirring occasionally. Stir in flour; add curry powder and salt; add tomato juice slowly and cook, stirring constantly, until mixture thickens slightly. Add vegetable; heat thoroughly. Approximate yield: 4-5 portions.

Now, stretch a can of cream-style corn and make bisque for four persons:

### CORN BISQUE

|                       |                        |
|-----------------------|------------------------|
| ½ No. 2 can cream-    | 1 tablespoon butter or |
| style corn            | margarine              |
| 3 cups milk           | 1 tablespoon flour     |
| 1 small onion, sliced | ¼ teaspoon salt        |
|                       | Dash of pepper         |

CHRISTIAN HERALD FEB. 1944 • PAGE 42



Cook corn and 2 cups of the milk in top of double-boiler for 20 minutes. Add onion; continue cooking 10 minutes longer. Mash through coarse sieve if desired. Melt butter in saucepan; add flour and seasoning; blend. Add remaining 2 cups of milk; cook until mixture thickens; stirring constantly. Add milk-corn mixture; return to double-boiler; heat thoroughly. Garnish each serving with sprig of parsley and a sprinkle of paprika. Approximate yield: 4 servings.

#### CORN SOUFFLE

|                                  |                                |
|----------------------------------|--------------------------------|
| 1 tablespoon butter or margarine | Dash of pepper                 |
| 1 tablespoon flour               | 1/2 No. 2 can cream-style corn |
| 1/4 cup milk                     | 1/4 pimiento, finely chopped   |
| 1/4 teaspoon salt                | 2 eggs                         |
| 1/4 teaspoon paprika             |                                |

Melt butter in saucepan; add flour; blend well. Add milk; cook until very thick, stirring constantly. Add season-



One-half can of cream-style corn will make Bisque for four persons. Recipe and photo courtesy American Can Co.

ings, corn, pimiento and beaten egg yolks. Beat egg whites until stiff; fold into corn mixture. Pour into buttered casserole; set in pan filled one inch with boiling water. Bake until firm in moderate oven (375 degrees F.) about 45 minutes. Approximate yield: 4 servings.

Asparagus might be an extravagance, from the point cost—but stretch a can this way:

#### PERFECTION SALAD

|                                              |                               |
|----------------------------------------------|-------------------------------|
| 1 package lemon-flavored gelatin dessert     | 2 tablespoons vinegar         |
| 1 cup hot or boiling water                   | 1/2 teaspoon salt             |
| 3/4 cup juice, drained from canned asparagus | 1 cup shredded cabbage        |
|                                              | 1/4 cup chopped celery        |
|                                              | 1 tablespoon chopped pimiento |

Dissolve gelatin in hot or boiling water according to directions on the package. Add asparagus juice, vinegar and salt. Chill until mixture begins to thicken. Fold in remaining ingredients. Pour into (Continued on page 48)



The Standard to which we must report



ONLY CHRISTIAN TEACHING CAN WIN THE PEACE!

## Do you like this picture?

It's a pleasing picture because it shows a group of people close-knit by the bonds of mutual love and faith—faith in God, faith in one another—singing as with one voice. You like it, you say, because it's the way it should be! People of similar interests and aims should do things together for profit and enjoyment.

Similarly, you belong to one of the great church "families" of this country. The picture of you and your official church publishing house cooperating is just as pleasing, just as productive of results. Like any successful family, each church unit can accomplish the greatest good when undergirded with the full strength of its own group emphases and beliefs.

Successful, unified families help to make a successful country, in war or in peace. Successful, unified church "families" are the surest way to wage a successful campaign to win the peace. Their resurging strength shows the growing force of the church of Christ in reshaping the world.



This is a cooperative message from  
THIRTY OFFICIAL CHURCH PUBLISHING HOUSES  
in the interest of all-out Christian teaching

Write to Official Protestant Publishers Group, P.O. Box 67, Chicago 90, Illinois, for a copy of the free booklet, "Progress through Cooperation."

### New 3 in 1 Policy

**Only \$1 A MONTH**

**REAL PROTECTION**

**ACCIDENT Benefits**

**LOSS of TIME Benefits**

**SICKNESS Benefits**

**Benefits while in HOSPITAL**

**SICKNESS ACCIDENT HOSPITALIZATION**  
*All three in one*

**Policy Pays Benefits Up To:**

**\$5,000.00**  
Accumulated Cash for Accidental Loss of Life, Limbs or Sight

**\$150.00**  
A month for Accident Disability

**\$100.00**  
A month for Loss of Time

**\$7.50 EACH DAY**

Don't take dangerous chances! Why risk your savings, perhaps your future, when just a few pennies a day pays for real protection? 3-in-1 policy pays liberal benefits from FIRST DAY! Even covers common sicknesses and ordinary accidents. No agents, no red tape, no medical examination. Mail-plan cuts expenses, gives you greater insurance value. Investigate at once. No obligation. Write for FREE details today.

**GEORGE ROGERS CLARK CASUALTY CO.**  
Dept. 23-B • Rockford, Ill.

### Exotic—Glowing Orchids and Gardenias




**only \$1 each**

## GLOWS in the DARK!

Fill up your heart's desire without paying fabulous prices! Know the thrill of wearing glamorous Orchids or gorgeous Gardenias whenever you wish! Life-like full size costume accessories by day, these amazing creations GLOW IN THE DARKNESS at night! Positively enchanting with any costume—breath-taking ornaments for the hair! Perfectly adorable for any occasion. Not metal, but soft, leafy colorful floral reproductions of lasting beauty! Will not wilt or die. Order several Glowing Flowers—the cost is low!

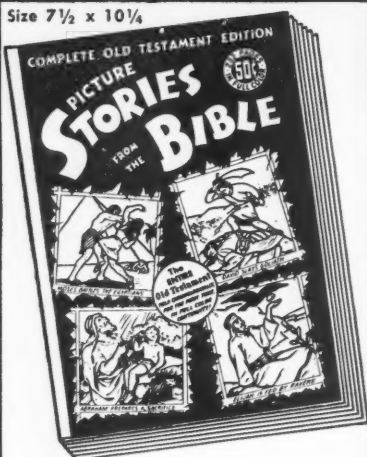
**For GIFTS... Perfectly exquisite—ultra-smart!**

|                            |                            |
|----------------------------|----------------------------|
| 1 Glowing Flower Only \$1  | 3 at one time . . . \$2.50 |
| 2 at one time . . . \$1.70 | 7 at one time . . . \$5.00 |

You may select either Flower or any assortment. State quantity desired and enclose cash or money order. We prepay postage. Glowing Flowers sold on a MONEY BACK GUARANTEE!

**CHARMS & CAIN • 407 So. Dearborn St.**  
Dept. 320 Chicago, 5, Illinois

Size 7 1/2 x 10 1/4



**Now!**

## THE COMPLETE OLD TESTAMENT EDITION

## Picture Stories From The Bible

Here under one cover, in full color continuity, re-edited and arranged in chronological order, are all the stories of the Old Testament heroes from the four issues of the magazine, **PICTURE STORIES FROM THE BIBLE**, of which over one million copies have already been sold.

**WORTH \$1.00  
INTRODUCTORY  
PRICE ONLY**

**50¢**

232 pages printed in four colors throughout and bound with Brightly Varnished Heavy Board Covers. Long lasting Linen Back.

Enthusiastically endorsed by prominent religious leaders everywhere.

### YOU'LL WANT THIS COMPLETE VOLUME FOR YOUR HOME

For supplementary Bible Teaching, Bible School and Church Libraries. *Ideal for Awards and Personal Gifts.*

For Sale at Book Stores, Chain and Department Stores, or Order direct from the Publishers. Act today. **Supply limited because of paper shortage.**

**M. C. GAINES, PUBLISHER**

**PICTURE STORIES FROM THE BIBLE**

225 Lafayette Street, New York 12, N. Y.

I enclose 50¢ for a sample copy of the complete OLD TESTAMENT EDITION.

☐ Check if you wish complete details about quantity prices for Sunday School and Church use.]

Name .....

Address .....

City..... Postal  
Zone..... State.....

Church Affiliation .....

Please print plainly—Do not send postage

## SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 19

### LOVE DISARMS

"WHEN HE WAS REVILED, REVILED NOT AGAIN"

READ I PETER 2:21-25

**AN ANGRY** citizen once threw water over Archelaus Macedon and the philosopher calmly said: "He threw the water not on me but on the man he thought I was." That was a fine exhibition of tolerance and also of self-control. Abuse, if it is undeserved, need not do us any harm. Archelaus was a much happier man by refusing to retaliate in the same spirit. Probably he won the esteem of that ill-tempered citizen. In our treatment of those who appear to be enemies, Christ has revealed to us the finest law of human being.

*Lord, may we show forth Thy glory by the charity of our thoughts. Amen.*

## SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 20

### THE BEATITUDE OF REST

"COME YE YOURSELVES APART"

READ MARK 6:31

**FROM** a great Scottish preacher comes this sentence: "It is easier to hustle than to brood; easier to strive than to be still; easier to take the outward road of restless activity than the inward road of quiet and patient faith." Most of us are busy, or think we are, so busy that the higher things are crowded out of our lives. A man who visited a great city for the first time said that most people seemed angry if, before entering, they missed one turn of a revolving door. We need to seek the beatitude of rest.

*Lord, may we remember that Thou dost bear in Thy bosom all our burdens and sorrows. Amen.*

## MONDAY, FEBRUARY 21

### GOD THE SEEKER

"UNTIL HE FIND IT"

READ LUKE 15:1-10

**THE** chief difference between Christianity and other religions is that those other faiths tell the story of man's search for God; a search which in many cases led to self-inflicted punishment, even to the sacrifice of a parent's own children. On the other hand, the Gospel tells the story of God's search for man. The life and teaching and atonement of Jesus is God's answer to all who seek. The deepest cry of all humanity is answered in the message of the Cross. We are never to think of God with craven fear. He loves the last, the least and the lost.

*We wonder, Lord, what there is about us that Thou shouldst love, but Thou seest us not only as we are but what we may become. Amen.*

## TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 22

### THE NATION'S INDISPENSABLE SUPPORTS

"THE LORD IS WITH YOU"

READ II CHRONICLES 15:1-7

**ON** SEPTEMBER 17, 1796, George Washington delivered his Farewell Ad-

dress. These words indicate the spirit of it: "Let us with caution indulge the supposition that morality can be maintained without religion. Whatever may be conceded to the influence of refined education on minds of peculiar structure, reason and experience both forced us to expect that national morality can prevail in exclusion of religious principle." Previously, after the most crucial battle of his career, he said: "I have been protected beyond all probability or expectation by the all powerful dispensations of Providence."

*Lord, we bless Thee for the memory of all noble and courageous men and women; may we be worthy to be counted in their trail. Amen.*

## WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 23

### THE WEAK PLACES OF THE STRONG

"CONFESS YOUR FAULTS ONE TO ANOTHER"

READ JAMES 5:13-20

**IT** IS a strange thing that many Biblical characters failed just where we would least expect it. Moses the meek, sinned by arrogance. Abraham descended to mean trickery. David, the man after God's heart, fell to the very depths and Peter, warmhearted and loyal, was guilty of cowardice. We may be sure that if Holy Scripture had come by the will of man we should never have heard about these things. The Jews—like all other people—liked to have their heroes glorified. But the word of God portrays these men as they were.

*Lord, we can do all things only when Thou dost strengthen us. Amen.*

## THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 24

### "THEY SHALL RENEW THEIR STRENGTH"

READ ISAIAH 41:27-31

**A** WOMAN sat knitting in the gathering twilight with her little girl beside her. The child noticed that her mother repeatedly looked away to where the distant stars were appearing. She said: "Mother, why do you look at the stars?" The mother replied, "To rest my eyes, dear." It is true that too close application to something near at hand may impair the eyesight and injure vision. In another sense, too, we find rest when we get a larger vision. One of the blessings of the sanctuary is that we catch a glimpse of that which is eternal; trivial, worldly things drop out of sight.

*Lord, may we seek our rest, not in outward ease but in inward devotion to Thee. Amen.*

## FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 25

### LIVING LETTERS OF CHRIST

"YE ARE AN EPISTLE OF CHRIST"

READ II CORINTHIANS 3:1-5

**T**HERE is a real sense in which every Christian is a letter of Christ, a divine recommendation, known and read by all men. The most convincing argument for Christianity is a Christian. More than two centuries ago, a devout woman, Saint

Teresa wrote: "Christ has no body now on earth but yours, no hands but yours, no feet but yours; yours are the eyes through which Christ's compassion is to look out to the world; yours are the feet with which He is to go about doing good, and yours are the hands with which He is now to bless."

*Lord, may the mind which was in Christ Jesus be found in us. Amen.*

#### SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 26

THE MEDICINE OF A GLAD HEART  
"REJOICE IN THE LORD"  
READ PSALM 97

SOME time ago the newspapers told of a boy who, as the result of an automobile accident, had lost the power to smile. The muscles which made smiling possible were permanently destroyed. He was awarded five thousand dollars damages. It wasn't too much. Smiling faces help those who are happy to feel happier and those who are sad to remember that sadness will pass. Smiles are the lubricant which keeps the machine of life running smoothly, and more than that they are a recognition of the goodness of our Heavenly Father.

*Lord, deliver us from self-pity; may the unconquerable gladness of Jesus dwell in us. Amen.*

#### SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 27

THE DAUNTLESS SPIRIT  
"ZEALOUS OF GOOD WORKS"  
READ TITUS 2

A FRIEND recently told of a badly crippled woman whose devotion to Christ has been an inspiration to many others. He writes: "I met her one bitter January day as she was making calls. The village street was windswept and her crutches were sinking into the snow. When I told her that it was not a fit day for her to be out she smiled and held up her missionary box: 'I thought it would be a good day to do a bit of collecting. The weather is so bad I'm sure to find every one at home.'" Blessed are they who possess the dauntless spirit.

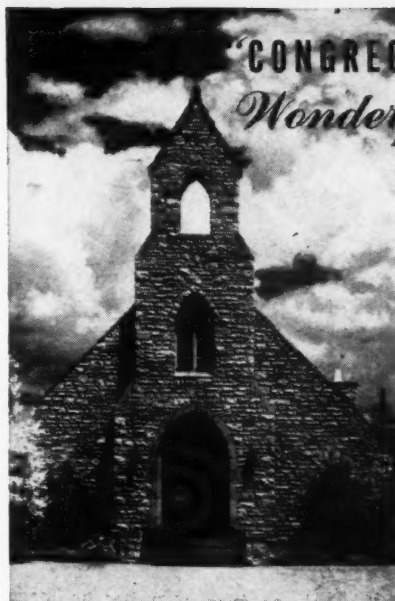
*Lord, we have entered into the labor of others and enjoy a goodly heritage; may we never forget our obligations.*

#### MONDAY, FEBRUARY 28

LIFE'S HIDDEN ROOTS  
"ROOTED IN HIM"  
READ COLOSSIANS 2:1-7

PAUL uses many metaphors to describe the believer's relation to Christ. We are to be rooted in Christ just as a tree is rooted in the soil. We are to draw our strength from Him as a tree derives its nourishment, its very life, from the earth. Our spiritual life is a continual dependence upon Him and if we become separated from Him, we die as a tree dies when its roots are torn from the soil.

*Lord, we pray that our lives may be rich in service and in humility. Amen.*  
(Continued on page 46)



Above: The beautiful Calvary Orthodox Lutheran Church of Lancaster, Ohio. Rev. Paul O. Weimer, B. D., Pastor.

At right: The series 600 walnut Orgatron as used by Calvary Orthodox Lutheran Church of Lancaster.

## ORGATRON

Division of EVERETT PIANO COMPANY  
Dept. 502 SOUTH HAVEN, MICH.

Let us send Orgatron World to you... Write now!

● The Rev. Paul O. Weimer, B. D., pastor of Calvary Orthodox Lutheran Church, Lancaster, Ohio, says in a letter of praise, "The Orgatron has proved entirely satisfactory to our congregation. Our faithful organist, Mrs. Emma Kreitz Meyers, praises the tonal quality and action of the Orgatron. The choir, under direction of Mr. A.V. Crist, is pleased with the accompaniment... congregational singing has improved wonderfully and attendance at church service has been very encouraging. We are happy to recommend the Orgatron, for we have found it to be a wonderful instrument for church services."

Although Orgatron craftsmen are now engaged in production for Victory, when the Peace is won the Orgatron will again be available.



## FREEDOM from FEAR

FOR YOU AND FOR THEM  
through Guaranteed Life Annuities



### A LIFE INCOME

FOR YOU: An Annuity agreement with the American Mission to Lepers provides a guaranteed life income that is regular, safe and permanent. It is actually a gift, in return for which you receive a life income. Interest rates up to 7% depending on age. Certain tax exemptions allowable.

### A MINISTRY TO BODY and SOUL for People with Leprosy

FOR THEM: Money from your annuities helps Protestant missionaries in 100 stations often to heal, always to comfort, some of the most needlessly feared and outcast people in the world.



### WRITE FOR FREE LITERATURE

The American Mission to Lepers provides funds for

- medicines and buildings
- food and clothing
- a Christian ministry
- homes for uninfected children

THE AMERICAN MISSION TO LEPEHS, Inc.  
156 Fifth Avenue, New York 10, N. Y.

Please send me your Annuity Booklet without obligation.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

Date of Birth \_\_\_\_\_





## YOUR ANNUITY CHECK

As Regular as Your Postman

Regular annuity payments give financial security. In these uncertain times every annuitant is assured an income that is unchanging, dependable and safe.

A record of continuous payments for more than 65 years.

Your gift will be used to carry the Gospel of Christ throughout the world.

Annuity rates from 2½% to 7% depending on age.

Write for Booklet C.



BOARD OF FOREIGN MISSIONS  
of the Presbyterian Church, U.S.A.  
156 Fifth Avenue, New York 10, N.Y.

Please send me a Free copy of your annuity booklet "Living Gifts"

Name.....

Address.....

Date of Birth.....

C.H.

## SING BEAUTIFULLY

Top-flight teacher shows how in self-coaching, home study course. Marvelously simplified, effective. For young and old. Inexpensive. Convincing literature free. de Saber Institute, P. O. Box 1909, Dept. C. Phoenix, Arizona.

## PEACE that ENDURES is based on the BIBLE



The Book of Books  
is the very foundation  
for lasting  
peace... for the individual... for  
the nation. Read it, teach it, live  
it for a future full of happiness  
and understanding.



Since 1863... At Your Bookstore

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 29

THE GRACE OF LISTENING  
"COMFORT THEM IN TROUBLE"  
READ II CORINTHIANS 1:1-7

A WOMAN who had suffered a sore bereavement by the death of her son said to her minister: "Your visits always help me so much because you let me talk about my troubles and you listen. My friends are kind but when I talk about my boy they change the subject because they think it isn't good for me to think of the past. But it does me good to talk about him sometimes." We, too, can appreciate that good listener. It is a grace that few of us possess to any great extent.

*Lord, we would close our hearts to all voices but Thine; speak, Lord, Thy servant heareth. Amen.*

## GREAT MUSIC STIRS THE SOUL

(Continued from page 32)

modern world, there is none more important than the living composer. For if the music of the past only were played at concerts (as is the temptation for many a fine conductor) music would gradually and tragically lose its living connection with human life as surely as if no new books were written and published based on the efforts of writers to interpret the meaning of life in our own day. It would be as if publishers printed only the novels of the past—Fielding, Thackeray, Dickens, Sterne—sure-fire excellence, like Beethoven and Schubert, but containing interpretations of life as we ourselves have never experienced it. Our loss would be unthinkable if we had no stories of human life except those written a century or so ago. The stream of creation must be kept open, the contact continuous between especially creative spirits and human life, and humanity itself.

Hence composers must be kept from starving to death, or from having to earn their livings in drudgery so alien to their natures as to use up their vitality and leave them no strength (or indeed time) for the great act of creation, always absorbing and exhausting. But it would not be enough just to have a rich man pay over to them enough money for their grocery bills; they must have listeners, or music itself will slowly starve to death. Koussevitzky, against the opposition of the conservatives, has always included in his programs the works of modern composers.

And those listeners must be musically enlightened. Not only for the sake of the great joy to man does Koussevitzky the citizen-musician, feel responsible for enlarging the audience of discriminating music-listeners, but as part of the process of keeping the stream of music, unchecked by ignorance, flowing free in a great democracy, as it formerly flowed in the tiny world of privileged connoisseurs. One of the various means for thus enlarging the numbers of intelligent and understanding music listeners is of course such magnificent presentations of music as are given by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, which reach not only those cheering throngs who go to hear them in Boston, but the uncounted thousands of

the radio audience. Most successful conductors consider their whole duty done when this great feat (of incredible complexity) is accomplished. Koussevitzky's philosophic wideness of outlook sees this only as a part of the process.

Another part is to strengthen, vitalize, uphold, animate those who are professionally charged with the responsibility of musical education in one form or another in the country. They and the skilled practicing amateurs (more numerous every year in the nation) are scattered, very few to the square mile and to the hundred thousand of population, all through our great sprawling nation, just as they should be, to reach those who need their services. But this relative isolation gives them few contacts with the great ones of their profession. The musical standards of the majority of the people around them are, naturally, less exacting than their own. They need—as everybody does—occasionally to have the electric shock of coming into contact with those whose standards are more exacting, higher—the highest.

For them Dr. Koussevitzky, with an enthusiastic corps of helpers, organized the Berkshire Music Center, at Lenox, Massachusetts. For long he had the idea of a music center where large numbers of musicians, professional and amateur, could come together for weeks of stimulating personal contact in the medium of their art. He had planned for one in Russia—as he had already begun concerts there of fine music to which the fee for entrance was but a few cents. But the first world war broke out, with its resultant chaos in the world of the fine arts. Another was all but started here in the U.S.A.—when the depression of 1929-30 carried it down. This Lenox music center, too, was brought to a stop last summer, by the hurricane of total war, although Koussevitzky had poured his own fortune into it to keep it going. But its enormous, literally thrilling success was such that there can now be no doubt that the plan is as practical and feasible as it is essentially useful and valuable in a great modern democracy.

There around the little pond—on the banks of which Nathaniel Hawthorne paced to and fro writing many of his lovely mystical stories—in shelters oddly assorted—from tents and shacks and rooms in nearby farmhouses to great pavilions newly erected, and modern concert halls—musicians came to live and work through the summer. They were taught and inspired by practising first-raters in their profession. But more than this, they shared daily life with them. Together, morning, afternoon and evening they studied, rehearsed and played music in glorious profusion—singing great chorales, playing chamber music programs of the first quality, studying the works of modern composers, presenting operas under the direction of experienced leaders.

And to listen to the music which rose from this nest of singing birds came the most incredible throng of Americans. In automobiles, in busses, by bicycles, on foot, thousands and more thousands of them; rich, elderly, elegant, young, poor, bareheaded, in slacks and sweaters; bringing sandwiches in paperbags to eat on

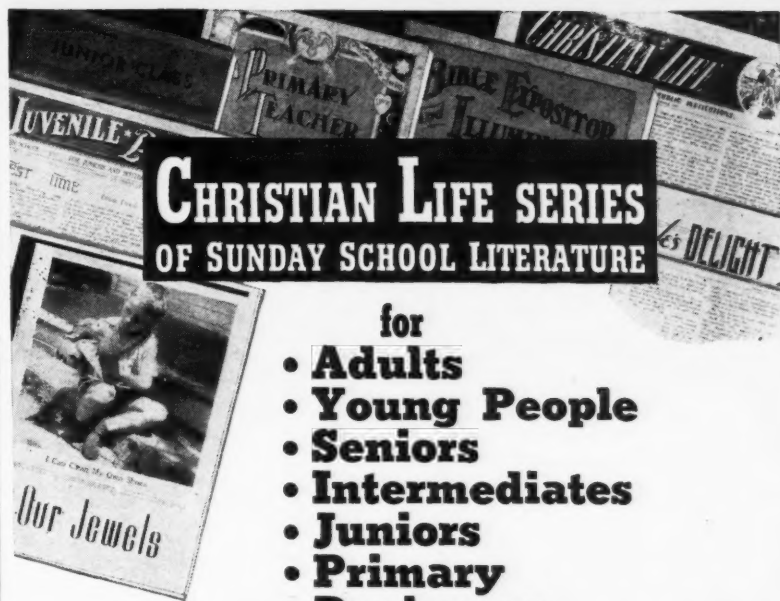
the grass; they filled the thousands of seats in the great open-air buildings; they sat on blankets on the grass outside under the stars, they stood leaning against pillars, against trees, their faces rapt and intent. It was an unforgettable experience to be one of those gigantic audiences (we Fishers drove to and from Vermont to Lenox, a hundred and eighty miles to each concert, and counted it little). It was one of the beautiful sights to be cherished forever in one's memory, to see this crowd, so diverse, all united by the love of music, streaming by thousands across the field towards the lighted pavilion with its open spaces unwalled from the outer world; to feel the vibrant expectancy which shimmered above them as they took their places.

It seemed like a miracle. But as anyone with experience of reality could know, there was no miracle about it, except that of the burning fervor of the man who had conceived it, who gave his all to make it possible. As you sat waiting, before a concert, your mind went from one to another of the innumerable details to which someone must have given attention, must keep on giving attention—just to provide food and shelter (at low rates within their means) to safeguard the health of those three hundred and more resident students! And the clash of high-strung personalities, little accustomed to the frictions of close cooperation with others, working together in exacting effort, their nerves taut in the excitement of creating music—one of the most exciting occupations known to man! How, you wondered, could the moral and artistic atmosphere be kept on so high a level as to make them forget themselves and their personalities in their art? Why, the mere material matter of raising enough money to meet the tremendous expenses of an enterprise on such a huge scale—and the presentation of a series of concerts kept, as they were, up to the highest musical standards—!

Sitting in the midst of the six or seven thousand American pilgrims to this musical shrine, as you waited for a concert to begin, you turned dizzy at the thought of the amount of plain, hard work put into the effort. And then the rustling and murmuring of the great crowd was stilled. The door at the right of the platform opened. The musicians seated on the stage turned their heads towards it. The old lady on your right began wildly to clap her diamonded hands; the young man in a turtle-neck sweater on your left leaped to his feet and began to cheer at the top of his voice. A roar like the tide breaking against rocks burst from the crowd all around you.

A straight-backed, elderly man, conventionally dressed, his gray hair clipped as closely as a banker's, with a composed face and quiet eyes, walked steadily across the stage to the conductor's stand, bowed, and rapped with his baton for silence.

Silence fell, so intense you could almost hear the beating of the human hearts around you. With a gesture of quiet power the great citizen-artist's baton carried us all—as he longs to carry our whole country—up to the plane where, for an hour, living becomes beauty and beneficent strength and reverent awe.



## CHRISTIAN LIFE SERIES OF SUNDAY SCHOOL LITERATURE

for

- Adults
- Young People
- Seniors
- Intermediates
- Juniors
- Primary
- Beginners

## FAITHFUL TO GOD'S WORD

Lesson Quarterlies sought and loved by many. Cover every Department and follow the International Lesson topics. Also Leaflets and S. S. Papers.

### The Bible Expositor and Illuminator

A full and complete Lesson Commentary. 192 pages—3 Monthly Parts each quarter—768 pages a year. Each Lesson carefully introduced and treated verse by verse. A wide variety of valuable suggestions. All the material is Christ-centered.

\* Write for Sample Lesson

**UNION GOSPEL PRESS, Cleveland, Ohio**

### ACCELERATED Summer Courses...

Earn a degree in 3 calendar years. Wide range of subjects, strong faculty, high scholastic rating, and stimulating Christian fellowship.

Inter-Session June 12-23. Missionary Conference June 13-17. Two 4-week Summer terms start June 24 and July 22.

Write for free bulletin—Address  
**Enock C. Dyrness, Director Box HS-24**

### WHEATON COLLEGE WHEATON, ILLINOIS

### EXCLUSIVE!

*Life Story of  
Mrs. D. L. Moody*

by her granddaughter, Emma Moody Powell. Only biography of the life associate of D. L. Moody, evangelist and founder of schools. Reveals Mrs. Moody's share in the destiny of her era. The author had access to diaries, letters, intimate family records and photographs never before used. 343 pp. \$2.00

**Moody Press**  
153 INSTITUTE PLACE - CHICAGO 10

## Embraces All Vacation Bible School Needs

"Superior" DVBS Lesson Series is based solidly on the Bible. Timely, practical, appeals to youngsters. Whole communities cooperating. Evangelize boys and girls during their idle months.

See Advertisement on inside Front Cover.  
**THE SCRIPTURE PRESS, INC.**  
800 N. Clark Street  
Dept. CH-24—Chicago, Ill.

Dept. CH-24  
Chicago 10, Illinois

Please send me FREE Prospectus of the Superior Summer School Series for DVBS which includes sample lessons for each department, plans and suggestions for organizing DVBS in my community.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State .....

Church .....

Pastor's Name ..... Address .....

Supt's Name ..... Address .....

☐ Check here for sample lessons of All-Bible Graded Series of Sunday School Lessons. Enclose 10c towards mail cost.



**It takes a woman  
to understand...**

**NO BELTS  
NO PINS  
NO PADS  
NO ODOR**

Only a woman can appreciate what the invention of Tampax means to her while passing through those "certain days" of the month... This modern monthly sanitary protection is worn internally... and the user is not aware of its presence. This fact alone should give her poise and reduce her embarrassment and mental anxiety...

**"Calling all War Workers!"**



Other advantages of Tampax appeal especially to war workers... freedom from the pin-belt-and-pad harness—freedom from bulging or bunching beneath the slacks... Tampax is quick to change and easy to dispose of, either at home or in public restrooms. No sanitary deodorant is required.

**"Ask your Doctor or any Nurse"**



Tampax was perfected by a physician and is used by many nurses—besides the millions of other women who have discovered it throughout the Americas and the other continents... Made of pure surgical cotton, compressed in dainty applicators. *Three absorbencies:* Regular, Super, Junior. Ask for Tampax at drug stores, notion counters. Introductory box, 20¢. Economy Package lasts 4 months' average. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

**3 Absorbencies**  
**REGULAR**  
**SUPER JUNIOR**

**Guaranteed by**  
**Good Housekeeping**  
**if defective or**  
**not as advertised**

*Accepted for Advertising by the Journal of the American Medical Association.*



**BRIGHTENING THESE GRAY DAYS**

(Continued from page 43)

mold and chill for 3-4 hours, until mixture is firm. Unmold and serve on crisp lettuce with mayonnaise. Six servings.

**ASPARAGUS TIMBALES WITH  
CHEESE SAUCE**

$\frac{1}{2}$  No. 2 can green asparagus, drained (about 10 stalks)  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  cup milk  
1 tablespoon shortening, melted

$\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon minced onion  
1 teaspoon salt  
2 eggs, well beaten

Mash asparagus to a pulp; add remaining ingredients. Turn into greased custard cups or timbale molds; set in a pan of warm water and bake in a moderately slow oven at 325 degrees F., for 50 min.

**CHEESE SAUCE**

1 tablespoon margarine or butter  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  tablespoons flour  
1 cup asparagus liquid, drained from canned asparagus, or milk

$\frac{1}{4}$  cup grated American cheese  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon salt

Melt margarine or butter, add flour and blend. Add asparagus liquid and cook until thick and smooth, stirring constantly. Add cheese and salt and stir until cheese is melted. Serve hot over timbales. Add one tablespoon pimiento, chopped, if desired. Approximate yield: 4 servings.

**ASPARAGUS CHEESE DREAMS**

$\frac{1}{2}$  No. 2 or 1-lb can asparagus tips  
8 thin slices processed American cheese

4  $\frac{1}{2}$ -inch slices white bread  
1 tablespoon margarine

Drain asparagus; place 3 to 4 pieces on each slice of buttered bread; then cover with 2 slices of cheese. Place under broiler at 375 degrees F. for about 15 minutes until cheese is melted and delicately browned. Sprinkle with paprika and garnish with parsley or watercress.

**JANUARY CHURCH SUPPER**

Meat Balls on Scalloped Potatoes  
Buttered Spinach  
Radish and Cabbage Salad  
Bread  
Apple Betty  
Coffee

**MEAT BALLS**

Use three-quarters meat and one-quarter oatmeal. Moisten the mix well with milk, season it highly with chopped onion and salt and pepper, and form flat cakes. Bake the scalloped potatoes in shallow drip pans. When almost done, brown the cakes quickly in a bit of fat, on one side. Put them, browned side down, on the potatoes, and let them sit in a hot oven until as done as desired and brown on top. This is an easy dish to serve and very attractive.

**APPLE BETTY**

Pare, quarter and core 40 apples. Add 6 cups water and cook until apples are almost tender. Stir in  $\frac{1}{2}$  cups sugar and 2 teaspoons cinnamon. Pour into buttered, shallow baking pans. Crush 60 graham crackers and mix with 2 cups brown sugar, grated rind from 4 lemons, and one cup chopped walnut meats. Sprinkle this over apples. Dot with butter if any can be spared, and bake in a hot oven until top is brown and crusty. Serve warm. Approximate yield: 50 portions.

CHRISTIAN HERALD FEB. 1944 • PAGE 48

**Another  
HELPFUL BOOK  
by Standard**



By Louise M. Novotny, 282 pages, \$2. Encyclopedia of plans and material for 61 special days in church and Sunday school. Appropriate programs, dramas, playlets, talks, readings, recitations, etc., all new and unique but tried and practical. **SPECIAL DAYS IN THE CHURCH SCHOOL** is the most complete book of its kind; usable for years; should be in every church library.

ALSO popular are Standard's individual special days program booklets—Easter, Mother's, Children's, Father's, Rally Day, Thanksgiving and Christmas; price 25c each. Temperance and Promotion Day booklets also available; 35c each.

Buy  
Helpful  
STANDARD  
Books

Order from your  
bookstore, or address our Desk CH2.

**The Standard Publishing Co.**

8th and Cutter Streets, Cincinnati, 3, Ohio

**BE A  
NURSE**  
LEARN  
QUICKLY, EASILY  
AT HOME



Splendid income, new social contacts, and the satisfaction of serving humanity can be yours as a Trained Practical Nurse. Ages 18 to 60. High School not necessary. Training plan welcomed by physicians. Prepare in spare time. Many earn while learning. Nurse's Outfit and placement service included FREE of extra cost. Write now for facts and fascinating FREE sample lesson pages.

**WAYNE SCHOOL OF PRACTICAL NURSING, Inc.**  
2301 N. Wayne Ave., Dept. H-2, Chicago 14, Illinois

**A SERVICE FLAG  
FOR YOUR CHURCH**



Honor members of your church who are serving their country. Display a Service Flag—one star for each member in service. Send for free catalogue showing sizes and prices for churches, lodges, etc.

**ROLL OF HONOR**

A permanent tribute—beautiful walnut plaque with eagle and Victory torches. Names in silver on gold-bordered name plates. Send for price list.

U. S. AND CHRISTIAN FLAGS  
IN ALL SIZES



**REGALIA MFG. CO., Dept. N, Rock Island, Ill.**



(Continued from page 17)

Add to all this, Mr. Doakes' feeling about the hostility of the Administration and of Congress to anything that looks like liquor restriction. He rejoices that some of our more high-powered Dry groups—such as, to name only three, the W.C.T.U., the Methodist Board of Temperance, and the American Business Men's Research Foundation—are working tirelessly at forcing Congress to give attention to such proposed legislation as S. 860 and H.R. 2082. But to him it seems that even these bills, designed solely to protect our fighting men, and therefore packed with as much popular appeal as a blockbuster is full of TNT, have about as much chance of passing Congress as a bill for a salary cut among our legislators.

Thus Joe Doakes. Temperance leaders at large, we aver, will not agree with his pessimism. But they need to take into account his opinions. Then, having done so, they can rightly set over against them certain assets Temperance has, and on which they can cash in—if they will heed his demand for unity.

First, it can truly be said that there is a rising disillusion in the land. People are coming to see they were badly duped by the Wets' propaganda. They see now that all the sinister skulduggery that was blamed on Prohibition has not vanished according to promise. Parents of servicemen and women are among the first to come awake. That great body of fathers and mothers is a potential! A potential

that may yet rise up and make Congress willing to do something, whether or no.

A second asset of no mean worth to Temperance is the increasing number of high-minded men of science who are quietly beginning to speak out. For example, take last summer's School of Alcohol Studies held at Yale University, first of an annual series to be held under the guidance of men whose opinions the Wets fear more than an army with banners. Remember, the idea for the school was no Dry clambake. It was announced, and followed through, as a serious and unbiased search for facts, just facts—and let the conclusions fall where they may. At the school were all shades of opinion on the liquor question. Along with scientists, medical men, prison and probation officers, judges, educators and health officers, there were Temperance leaders, church bigwigs and reformed alcoholics—plus a sprinkling of liquor manufacturers and tavern operators. Nobody—least of all the Drys—could "pack" that court.

The Wets, of course, knowing the importance of this affair, tried to carry off a coup. They knew that if they could but confine the study of the problem to moderate, as against excessive use, of alcohol they were in clover. For the modern maneuver of the Wet, you may have noticed, is to preach moderation. Lately, they of dampish leanings have been trying to steal the Drys' thunder on Temperance, and they will chime in with loud amens to any talk you give on that theme; their tactic is to leave Dry forces with

only the "impossible" ideal of Prohibition, a word which they have spent millions to make a stench in everybody's nostrils. It's a smart move, and the Wets felt that if they could just get scientific approval of Temperance it would mean millions to them, to say nothing of cloak-ing them even more warmly with the mantle of respectability a great university could give them. Temperance they love these days; it's only abstinence they fear.

That's why they came to Yale with cheery countenance. But as red as their noses were their faces when the distinguished Dr. E. Morton Jellinek, director of the school, flatly stated that total abstinence was "an important aspect of the alcohol problem . . . and must be considered in any scheme of research on alcohol."

At Yale, the Wets definitely lost round one. And that is an indication, just one of many recently, that the scientists are more and more moving over to the Drys' side. No mean asset, that!

And the third great thing that favors ultimate victory for the Drys is their amazing ability to come back. Like truth stamped to earth, they persistently rise again. This refusal to stay down baffles the Wets no end. Certainly if anything could have permanently floored the Drys, Repeal would have done it. Yet they are very much alive this instant. Discount their total gains on the national front as you will, they are in there slugging. Always slugging. It's said to be a dull day indeed in Washington when petitions and letters by the thousands, in-

TEAR OR CUT ON THIS LINE

## OUR POLL ON THE PEACE

★ READ PAGE 27

*Christian Herald* reaches more than 250,000 subscribers and better than a million readers a month—a cross-section of American Protestant opinion reached by no other magazine.

We want to know what this cross-section is thinking about the peace. . . . What you, as a Christian, would do if you could sit at the peace table.

This Poll is in two parts:

*Part One:* Check your "Yes" or "No" in the proper box after the following questions and mail them back to us.

*Part Two:* Write a letter answering in detail this question: "If you could sit at the peace table, what would you do, as a Christian, to preserve the peace and prevent another world war?"

### PART ONE

Please check your answers to the following questions:

YES NO

1. Would you favor punishment (not vengeance) for the Axis leaders? If so, what punishment? ☐ YES ☐ NO
2. Would you punish the people of the Axis nations as well as the leaders? If so, how? ☐ YES ☐ NO
3. Do you favor bringing to trial the under-officers, soldiers, etc., who have committed atrocities in occupied territory? ☐ YES ☐ NO
4. Would you completely disarm the Axis nations? ☐ YES ☐ NO
5. Would you deprive the Axis nations of their colonies? ☐ YES ☐ NO
6. Would you apply the principle to all nations of collective responsibility instead of national ownership of colonies? ☐ YES ☐ NO

See Reverse Side

spired by such valiants as the W.C.T.U. and the church temperance boards, do not cram the mails of Congressmen.

And on the local fronts, some highly encouraging gains have been made. Using the sound technique of "local option," many national and state and county societies are making incursions that are putting pleats in the eyebrows and grey in the hair of the strategists of the liquor industry.

That persistence, that keeping everlastingly at it, is the finest talent of present-day Drys. Don't be fooled: it has taken some high-test zeal to keep a-going during these years the locust hath eaten. But right through the most discouraging of the Repeal years these organizations have kept on the job, doggedly taking a poke here, entering a plea there, and giving a prod there. And though their activity may look to the outsider like the romping of a squirrel in a cage, they have good gains to show for it.

Yet we do agree with our business executive and with our Mr. Doakes on this: Those gains could be many times multiplied if Temperance agencies would but pool their best brains, some of their money, and all of their zeal to map out and "go to town" with a strong and united crusade.

Just what the overall strategy should be remains for those "best brains" to work out. Some will say that we should start with an organization that will not handicap itself in advance with a name that includes either Temperance or Prohibition—words that it will take some time to redeem in the public mind. Others will join

with Bishop Cushman, one of the HERALD's distinguished "Speakers for Temperance," in saying that, "I for one am not interested in the return of national Prohibition in this generation. And the sooner we tell this to the world—and especially to the liquor-subsidized press—the sooner we will rob the liquor manufacturers of their pet ammunition against us."

Others, believing as many thoughtful leaders do, that we must start all over again, beginning from the grassroots, will support a carefully designed strategy based on local option. Others will plump for a nationally planned education strategy starting with the kindergarten, based on the thesis expressed by a bit of doggerel current in England years ago: "There's a little public-house that everyone may close: It is the little public-house that's just beneath his nose!" Some will work out pressure-means to be applied to stage and screen, on Congress and on local and state politicians; they will fight liquor-flaunting politicians and movies. Others will rally to strong programs for high-school and college youth education, such as those being energetically pushed by Allied Youth, Inc., aimed at making non-drinking popular. Yet others will concentrate on a campaign to take private profit out of the liquor business and to secure legislation prohibiting all public advertising of alcoholic beverages. On this latter point Roscoe Drummond, in a recent issue of CHRISTIAN HERALD, wrote convincingly.

These and dozens of other emphases

should be included. But whatever the heavy stress, on one or a combination of all these, the united front must be created—and soon! Carefully mapped out, and backed by the kind of high-powered publicity that will impart prestige and standing to the Cause, and lift it out of the "nut" and "crank" class to a plane with other great measures contributing to the more abundant life, well—picture the result.

President H. J. Burgstahler of Ohio Wesleyan University has said: "The liquor traffic will be beaten if ever a leader arises who is wise enough and creative enough to organize a million men and women who will dedicate a portion of each week to the business of education and propaganda against alcohol."

It is our view that such a leader—or leaders—cannot arise out of the present disjointed plethora of separate Temperance societies. But if their talent and resources are pooled, if that pool will devote time to mapping out a careful, comprehensive, cool-headed strategy that will bring hosts of currently hidden or discouraged or dormant workers to the vineyard, and then if that combine will launch forth with confidence and all its accumulated strength and prestige to fight the liquor crowd relentlessly on their own ground, and perhaps with their own weapons, victory is in sight.

The challenge stands. *Are America's great Temperance organizations great enough to meet it? And what about a national conference to plan national strategy and create a united command?*

TEAR OR CUT ON THIS LINE

7. Would you demand payment of indemnities by Axis nations? ☐ YES ☐ NO

8. Would you conscript Axis manpower to rebuild devastated areas? ☐ YES ☐ NO

9. Would you favor American participation in a new international body organized to keep the world at peace? ☐ YES ☐ NO

10. Would you forgive and forget and start all over again? ☐ YES ☐ NO

11. Would you favor the creation of a military police force, recruited from the United Nations, to police the world until all peoples have had a chance to restore order, elect their own governments, etc.? ☐ YES ☐ NO

12. Would you favor the abolition of tariff barriers, and the establishment of free trade? ☐ YES ☐ NO

13. Would you favor the retention by America and Britain of the air bases they have built all over the world? ☐ YES ☐ NO

## PART TWO

CHRISTIAN HERALD is offering a prize of **ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS**

for the best letter in answer to this question:

**IF YOU COULD SIT AT THE PEACE TABLE, WHAT WOULD YOU DO AS A CHRISTIAN, TO PRESERVE THE PEACE AND PREVENT ANOTHER WORLD WAR?**

Here is your chance to elaborate on your answers, to put your peace plan in writing. Speak up—plainly, simply; literary flourish or the professional touch alone will not win this prize. The winning letter will be published in *Christian Herald*, along with a "runner-up" or two.

Do either Part One or Part Two of this Poll; we'd like you to do both. Letters in answer to the question in Part Two must be legibly written (typewritten if possible), must not be more than 500 words in length, must be mailed not later than midnight, February 29, 1944, and addressed to Poll Editor, *Christian Herald*, 419 Fourth Ave., New York 16, N. Y.

*Speak Now, Christian America,  
If You Want a Christian World!*

See Reverse Side



## A public official... who knows his Bible

After a full day at the office, the treasurer of a Wyoming town finds time for personal Bible study through a Moody home study course. He says . . .

"... your course stands right by the Bible, with clear and definite information on how to handle God's Word in teaching all classes of people."

Wouldn't you like a better understanding of how to present the Bible to others—in all its convincing power? The Teacher Training Course will help you. Write for details. Address Dept. H-822



## New WRITERS NEEDED

to re-write ideas in newspapers, magazines and books. Splendid opportunity to "break into" fascinating writing field. May bring you up to \$5.00 per hour spare time. Experience unnecessary. Write today for FREE details. Postcard will do. NO OBLIGATION.

**FREE  
DETAILS**

COMFORT WRITER'S SERVICE  
210—E. S. 7th St. St. Louis 2, Mo.

**CLEANS WINDOWS  
WITHOUT WATER**

**NEW CHEMICAL MITT**  
Sensational! DRY Window Cleaner! Uses no water, no messy liquids. Chemically treated. Simply glide over window; leaves glass sparkling clear. No hosing water, no heavy buckets to carry. No rags, powders, sponges, chemicals. No nits or mess. No red-clipped hands. Dust, dirt, grime, fog disappear like magic. Wonderful for auto windows, windshields!

**SAMPLES FOR AGENTS** Sample offer sent immediately to all who send name at once. A penny postal will do. SEND NO MONEY—Just your name. KRISTEE CO., 502 Bar Street, AKRON, OHIO.

**Choir & Pulpit COWNS**

Fine materials, beautiful work, pleasingly low prices. Catalog and samples on request. State your needs and name of church.

**DeMoulin Bros. & Co.**  
1196 South 4th St., Greenville, Ill.

## HAVE YOU LOST A LOVED ONE?

"Great Questions" answers the BIG QUESTIONS concerning the Great Beyond! Is the future life REAL? Is the Resurrection Body A REAL BODY? Shall we know our loved ones in the future life? etc. This blessed booklet is of vital importance to you. If you've been separated from one who was dear to you. Postpaid only 10 cents. Special Books pertaining to the life beyond the grave. Gospel Art Shoppe, Dept. C-22, Rowan, Iowa

**Burpee's GIANT ZINNIAS**  
Colors—Scarlet, Yellow, Lavender, Rose, all 5—Packet of each, postpaid, all 4 for 10¢! Seed Catalog FREE.

**W. ATLEE BURPEE CO.**  
Philadelphia 32, Pa. or Clinton, Iowa

**4 PKTS. 10¢**

## THIS NATION UNDER GOD

(Continued from page 35)

generates brotherly love, somewhat on the same principle that the atmosphere of parental love begets affection between children in the family. The late Horace Dutton Taft, in his autobiography, quotes a letter written by his father a day or two after the son's birth. In the letter the father tells how little Willie, i.e. the future president William Howard Taft, was displeased by the arrival of his baby brother, but was appeased by his mother who promised him that if the new brother did not prove satisfactory he would be sent to an orphan asylum. Horace Taft adds whimsically, "I was never sent to the orphan asylum." No, of course not. In a true home's atmosphere of affection children learn to love one another.

Not by law can we force people to be brotherly. We may compel them to keep the peace, but laws and police will not produce the milk of human kindness without which life is hardly worth living. Nor can we make men brotherly through the fear of some foreign foe. The necessity of defeating Germany and Japan may create a temporary truce between hostile interests within our own country, but unless we can cultivate mutual respect between economic classes and racial groups, America is headed for trouble after the foreign danger is removed. Nor can we expect to hold men and nations together by the motive of enlightened self-interest on the principle of balance of power. That method has been repeatedly tried after past wars and always with tragic results.

Nothing less than the power of God and the principle of Christlike love can beget a brotherhood strong enough to withstand the strains which will follow this war. If we are to treat men as brothers, we must so sensitize our imaginations that we can see how life looks to men of other races and backgrounds and nations. And that is what religion does for us when we pray week after week and day after day to God the Father of all mankind. Brotherhood must become the very atmosphere in which we live and think and pray. We must go the second mile in our good will in order to make it creative. We must follow Christ in learning to love the seemingly unlovable and to forgive the seemingly unforgivable. As the nails pierced His palms on the Cross, He prayed, "Father, forgive them for they know not what they do." In that spirit, and in nothing less than that, can we find the bonds of unity strong enough to bind our broken world together. For that reason, we say, "Blessed is the nation whose God is the Lord."

And along with these blessings of a solid foundation, high standards and brotherly spirit goes a fourth. And that is a firm faith for which to build. Because of a faith in God and man, a truly Christian nation is a land of hope. Justice Wiley Rutledge, the newest addition to our Supreme Court, writing some time ago, pointed out that the first problem of a democracy is not that of law. Deeper than the need for law is the need for hope. "People," he said, "need an ideal, a goal, a direction, which colors all their thought and feeling . . . If they have this, and believe all or some of it can be

## AMERICA WAS FOUNDED ON THE BIBLE



• God-fearing men were the forefathers of this country. They founded our nation on the Bible which our enemies seek to destroy. But the gates of hell shall not prevail—that is the promise of the Word. Dedicate your money to the defense of our national heritage and to the spreading of Christ's Kingdom by means of

## A SALVATION ARMY INCOME GIFT CONTRACT

Thus you assure an income as long as you live and you become a partner of this worldwide organization in caring for the unfortunate, winning souls, and ministering to our Armed Forces. You get guaranteed safety backed by the assets and integrity of the Army and your returns are high—from 3% to 8% depending on age—and paid to you regularly. You save time, money, anxiety and legal trouble and have the satisfaction of administering your own estate while yet alive.

Mail Coupon For  
Full Particulars



**THE SALVATION ARMY**  
Territorial Secretary, Extension Dept. CH-24  
719 North State St., Chicago 10, Illinois

Please send full information on Salvation Army Income Gift Contract (Annuity)

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

Date of Birth.....



# First Lesson



## IN GOOD HOUSEKEEPING

It's never too soon to learn that toilet bowls should be immaculate, and that Sani-Flush makes them gleaming white the quick, easy, sanitary way. Use Sani-Flush at least twice a week to remove unsightly stains *without scrubbing*.

Sani-Flush is not like ordinary soaps and cleansers. It works *chemically*—even cleans the hidden trap. Cleans away many recurring toilet germs and a cause of toilet odors. No disinfectants are needed. Safe with septic tanks and in toilet connections. (See *directions on the can*.) Sold everywhere—in two convenient sizes. The Hygienic Products Co., Canton, Ohio.



### Sani-Flush

REMOVES  
A CAUSE  
OF TOILET ODORS

## REMOVE Unwanted HAIR INSTANTLY

from Lips, Cheeks, Arms, Legs

Keep yourself beautiful this easy, modern way! Remove Unwanted Hair as if by "magic". For lovelier lips, cheeks, arms, legs, carry Lechler's VELVATIZE in your pocketbook, use it any time, anywhere! So easy and clean—odorless—no muss, no bother—nothing to wash off! Removes UNWANTED hair INSTANTLY! Lechler's new Deluxe Duplex Kit contains TWO "Complexion Compacts"—FINE for chin, cheeks—QUICK ACTION for arms and legs, etc. Surprise gift enclosed in each Duplex Kit. At Drug or Dept. store or send coupon today for either compact, or both!



### Lechler's VELVATIZE

House of Lechler, Dept. 522, 509 Broadway, New York 12, N.Y.  
Send Velvatize as checked below. If not delighted, my money back in 10 days!  
☐ Compact for face. ☐ Compact for legs. ☐ Both compacts in Deluxe Duplex Kit for \$2, including FREE surprise gift!  
I will pay postman \$1 for each Compact, plus few cents postage. (Shipped postpaid if cash is enclosed.)  
NAME.....  
ADDRESS.....  
☐ I am blonde ☐ I am brunette

## HIGH BLOOD PRESSURE A DANGER SIGNAL

Often associated with Hardening of the Arteries, a Stroke, Paralysis, Heart Trouble, Kidney Disease, and other grave complications. Resultful treating methods of the Ball Clinic have proven dependable for nearly a quarter of a century. Send for FREE Blood Pressure Book today. No obligation.

BALL CLINIC, Dept. 7460, Excelsior Springs, Mo.

achieved, they can survive any temporary tyranny. The task is essentially religious." Yes, Justice Rutledge is right. As Paul said, "We are saved by hope." And no nation has better reason to know this than America. America has fulfilled the prophecy of Joel when he said, "Your old men shall dream dreams, your young men shall see visions." Washington in his struggles, like Moses in the wilderness, "endured as seeing Him who is invisible." Our fathers so believed in the future, so banked on the triumph of justice and brotherhood, that this country which they built has become the land of dreams for youth in all the oppressed nations of the earth. And what is sustaining those American lads now in the sand dunes of the South Pacific and the bitter cold of Iceland? It is the dream of a world where life shall be richer and freer, with opportunity for all.

We must not let our deeds destroy their dreams. Shall we not here again, "highly resolve that this nation under God shall have a new birth of freedom and that this government of the people, for the people, by the people shall not perish from the earth?"

### RUSSIAN CHURCH

(Continued from page 19)

tation of Article 124 cannot substantiate the rights of the faithful to organize Sunday schools or schools for training priests, or to be engaged in any activities of missionary character. Yet, in spite of the Constitution, if anti-religious propaganda has been suspended, why cannot religious propaganda and other privileges be granted to all?

The logical development of the official attitude toward religion must finally lead to complete religious freedom in Russia; but it is quite probable that for the time being only the Orthodox Church will enjoy the favors of the government. In the past the liturgical Russian Church, with its stress on ritual and ceremony and with its political conservatism, made no trouble for the Tsarist government. Today, when the old regime has passed away forever, there is no reason to expect any trouble for the present government.

The election of the new Patriarch signifies a great victory of the Church, and future victories on the religious front in Russia will to no small degree depend upon the tact and the loyalty of the Patriarch, the individual clergyman and the Christian layman toward the Soviets. Anything can happen. It will *all* be worth close attention by those of us who fight for Freedom of Worship.

### ANSWERS TO

"WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT YOUR BIBLE?"

(See page 35)

1. Wisdom. (Ecclesiastes 9:18)
2. Executed by the sword. (Acts 12:1-2)
3. A voice in a dream. (Acts 10:10-15)
4. Gamaliel. (Acts 5:34)
5. Adam and Eve.
6. None. His disciples picked the grain. (Luke 6:1)
7. Belteshazzar was another name for Daniel. (Daniel 1:7)
8. Only one. (Luke 17:15)
9. Neither. These are two names for the same woman. (Acts 9:36)
10. Nineveh. (II Kings 19:36)

CHRISTIAN HERALD FEB. 1944 • PAGE 52

Enclose Copies in  
Your Next Letters

## SPECIAL SERVICE MEN'S EDITION

The Song of Our  
Syrian Guest

William Allen Knight

This inspiring interpretation of the 23rd Psalm—read during free moments in the barracks, on shipboard, or in foxholes—will

Strengthen religious faith, and Lead to a deepening sense of God's loving care even when undertaking the most difficult and dangerous assignments.  
20 cents a copy; \$2.00 a dozen; \$15.00 a 100

### THE PILGRIM PRESS

14 Beacon Street 19 S. LaSalle Street  
Boston 8, Mass. Chicago 3, Ill.

## FREE Big Book

Send today for your copy of complete Catalog-Encyclopedia of Sunday School needs. Here you will find the latest ideas in visual aids, handwork material, attendance building suggestions, gifts, awards, Bibles, Testaments, Child Evangelism supplies, flannelgraph figures, etc. This big 112-page free Don't fail to get this big 112-page free book. Pastors, Superintendents, Sunday School Workers... write TODAY.

Address Dept. 18-C  
THE SCRIPTURE PRESS, Inc.  
800 No. Clark St., Chicago 10

## 5,000 CHRISTIAN WORKERS WANTED

to sell Bibles, Testaments, good books, new Krystal Plax or velvet scripture mottoes, scripture calendars, greeting cards, Good Commission. Send for free catalog and price list.  
GEORGE W. NOBLE, THE CHRISTIAN CO.  
Dept. 95, 542 S. Dearborn St. Chicago 5, Ill.

## EARN CASH in Spare Time

Everyone uses Greeting Cards! Earn extra cash in spare time showing friends, neighbors, actual samples gorgeous 16-Card All-Occasion Assortment including Birthday, Get-Well, Friendship, Baby Birth, Sympathy, Anniversary, others. Tearing new designs. Sells on sight. Low priced—big profits. Also Easter, Birthday, Gift-Wrapping, Get-Well, Sympathy, Ann. & more. Personal Stationery. No experience needed. Samples on approval.  
WALLACE BROWN, 225 Fifth Ave., Dept. E-13, New York 10, N.Y.

## DO YOU WANT A permanent business professional your own? Then become a foot corrector.

WANT A permanent business professional your own? Then become a foot corrector. Earnings of men and women in this greatly needed profession run as high as \$50-\$100 weekly after a few weeks home training—not medical or chiropody—easy terms, no further capital needed, no goods to buy, 40th year. Write for free booklet, Stephenson System of Foot Correction, 79 Back Bay, Boston, Mass.

## High School Course at Home Many Finish in 2 Years

Go as rapidly as your time and abilities permit. Course equivalent to resident school work—prepares for college entrance exams. Standard H.S. texts supplied. Diploma. Credit for H. S. subjects already completed. Single subjects if desired. High school education is very important for advancement in business and industry and socially. Don't be handicapped all your life. Be a High School graduate. Start your training now. Free Bulletin on request. No obligation.  
American School, Dept. H-225, Drexel at 58th, Chicago 37

## CLERGY CASSOCKS—CLERGY SUITS HEADQUARTERS

For CHOIR GOWNS  
PULPIT ROBES • EMBROIDERIES  
HANGINGS • STOLAS • VESTMENTS  
ALTAR APPURTENANCES  
COMMUNION SERVICE  
NEW CATALOG on Request

NATIONAL ACADEMIC CAP & GOWN CO.  
821-25 ARCH ST. PHILADELPHIA, PA.

# ONE PEACE PLAN

(Continued from page 27)

prayer to God. I believe, therefore, that it is axiomatic that if we do not feel the need for prayer we are not working up to the limit of our ability to further God's kingdom on earth. Yes, prayer is the natural way to condition ourselves for service.

Then, too, we must study the Bible with a keenly concentrating intelligence. We must read it not with a good-humored tolerance because we feel that it is some mildly important, beautifully written literature, but rather we must understand that here are the detailed principles for human conduct being given to us by the Supreme Expert in that subject. We must see in the Golden Rule the primary basis for a perfect economic system. We must try to find in the Bible the principles for perfect international relations—what are the effective rules for going at the problems of labor and management—what are its commands for ideal social adjustment—and how can we use its power and guidance in business, the professions, and politics? It is the most important and authoritative document in the whole wide world, and not only deserves, but demands, the most detailed continuous study by every one of us.

Now once we have started taking hold of this conditioning process, even while still completely amateurs with it, we must try to apply it to the search, understanding and implementing of the truth contained in Christ's teachings.

We have said that Christianity is a free way of life. We can say that because Christianity is a search for truth, and Christ has told us that "the truth shall make you free." This is a momentous declaration, for it places upon the seekers after Christian truth a greater responsibility for the world's freedom than is vested in those authorities who have the power to proclaim an Atlantic Charter, or even our own American Bill of Rights. In this connection, I believe the greatest field for future development inside the organized Church is the project of recapturing from science what it now claims for its sole ownership—the search for truth. Science believes that it is possible to reach perfection by its own efforts. But perfection is the ultimate of God's knowledge. The whole field of those things which we do not as yet know is so vast and so complex that science, in spite of its splendid advances, is continually going up blind alleys. One cannot call it a scientific advance to create the airplane and then because of the other factors that science has not foreseen or guarded against, have the airplane used for a super-instrument of human destruction. One cannot call it scientific advance to create new cures for disease that prolong life and make it more worth living, when the people to whom renewed hope is thus given are laid open periodically to the slaughter of war because science is unable to foresee and guard against the factors that make war possible.

Christianity, if used through its conditioning power, can provide the breadth of vision and foresight that science lacks.

(Continued on page 54)

## NEW SICKNESS AND ACCIDENT PLAN PAYS \$25 WEEKLY BENEFITS

**Costs Only \$12 a Year—Down Payment \$2.50**  
**—Hospital Benefit Included**

NEWARK, N. J.—The 57-year-old North American Accident Insurance Company of Chicago, announces a new plan that pays \$25 a week for 10 weeks for both stated accidents and sickness. Plus an additional \$25 a week for 4 weeks for accidents requiring hospital confinement. Yet the total cost is only \$12 a year. The purpose of this new Premier Limited Double Duty Policy is to bring sickness and accident protection within the reach of men and women who do not have large savings with which to meet sudden doctor or hospital bills, or lost income.

This new plan also has a double-indemnity feature covering travel accidents. You receive \$50 a week if disabled by an accident in a bus, taxicab, street car, train, etc., and \$75 a week if the accident requires hospital confinement. There is another new special clause that pays up to \$25 cash for doctor bills, even for a minor accident such as a cut finger. Thus all accidents are provided for. In case of death by a common accident, the policy pays one thousand dollars cash to your family. Two thousand dollars if caused by a travel accident. In addition, it covers many common sicknesses such as pneumonia, cancer, appendicitis, etc.,

paying the weekly benefits whether confined to home or hospital.

The entire cost is only \$12 a year, and that applies to men and women between the ages of 16 and 69. For people between the ages of 69 and 75 the cost is only \$15 a year, benefits reduced to two-thirds after age 60. No medical examination is required.

North American Accident Insurance Company of Chicago is one of America's great insurance companies, the largest and oldest exclusive health and accident insurance company in this country. It has paid out more than \$33,000,000 to grateful policyholders when they needed help most. North American is under the supervision of the Insurance Departments of 47 States and District of Columbia.

Men and women who would like full details about this new plan are urged to write a letter or postcard for a revealing booklet called "Cash or Sympathy". This booklet is absolutely free. It will come by ordinary mail, without charge or obligation of any kind. No one will call to deliver it. We suggest you get a copy of this free booklet by writing North American Accident Insurance Co., Premier Policy Dept., 1874 Title Building, Newark 2, New Jersey.



## NERVES ON EDGE?

### Can't Sit or Stand Still?

Are there times when you are Wakeful, Restless and Irritable? These discomforts, as well as Headache, and Digestive disturbances, may be caused by Nervous Tension. DR. MILES NERVINE helps to relax Nervous Tension. Get it at your drug store in liquid or effervescent tablets. Read directions and use only as directed. Effervescent tablets 35c and 75c, liquid 25c and \$1.00.

MILES LABORATORIES, INC., Elkhart, Indiana

**DR. MILES NERVINE**

## ANY PHOTO ENLARGED

Size 8 x 10 Inches  
on DOUBLE-WEIGHT PAPER

Same price for full length or bust form, groups, landscapes, pet animals, etc., or enlargements of any part of group picture.

Original returned with your 3 for \$2.00 enlargement.

**SEND NO MONEY** Just mail photo, negative or snapshot (any size) and receive your enlargement, guaranteed. On beautiful double-weight portrait quality paper. Pay postman only 50c plus postage—send \$1 with order and we pay postage. Take advantage of this amazing offer now. Send your photos today.

**STANDARD ART STUDIOS**  
100 East Ohio St. Dept. 7714-B Chicago (11), Ill.



## BE A Nurse

MAKE \$25-\$35 A WEEK

You can learn practical nursing at home in spare time. Course endorsed by physicians. Thousands of graduates. 45th yr. One graduate has charge of 10-bed hospital. Another saved \$100 while learning. Equipment included. Men, women 18 to 60. High School not required. Easy tuition payments. Write today.

**CHICAGO SCHOOL OF NURSING**  
Dept. 532, 100 East Ohio Street, Chicago 11, Ill.  
Please send free booklet and 16 sample lesson pages.

Name \_\_\_\_\_ City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Age \_\_\_\_\_

## Now Many Wear

### FALSE TEETH

With More Comfort

FASTEETH, a pleasant alkaline (non-acid) powder, holds false teeth more firmly. To eat and talk in more comfort, just sprinkle a little FASTEETH on your plates. No gummy, gooey, pasty taste or feeling. Checks "plate odor" (denture breath). Get FASTEETH at any drug store.



## Shumway's RED \* WHITE \* BLUE GIANT SHAGGY ASTERS

3-15c Packets. One each: Hearts of France Red, Snowball White and Blue Gem. Gorgeous Blooms 5 in. across, 2 1/2 in. thick, on long, stately stems. Send 10c Today for these Gorgeous Asters and Copy of my Big Seed, Plant and Nursery Catalog or send Postal for Catalog Only.

**FREE**  
R. H. SHUMWAY SEEDSMAN Box 336 Rockford, Ill.

# To People who want to write but can't get started

Do you have that constant urge to write but the fear that a beginner hasn't a chance? Then listen to what the editor of Liberty, said on this subject:

"There is more room for newcomers in the writing field today than ever before. Some of the greatest of writing men and women have passed from the scene in recent years. Who will take their places? Who will be the new Robert W. Chambers, Edgar Wallace, Rudyard Kipling, and many others whose work we have published? It is also true that more people are trying to write than ever before, but talent is still rare and the writer still must learn his craft, as few of the newcomers nowadays seem willing to do. Fame, riches and the happiness of achievement await the new men and women of power."



WINS WRITING SUCCESS  
THOUGH CRIPPLED WITH  
ARTHRITIS

"When I became almost crippled with arthritis, N.I.A. training proved its value. I began acting as local correspondent for two papers. Then, I started a publication of my own, 'The Beekkeeper' became a reality and a success. Were I physically able, I would crawl to the top of the house and shout the merits of N.I.A. Training."—Elmer Carroll, Route 2, Box 530, Lansing, Mich.

**T**HE Newspaper Institute of America offers a **FREE Writing Aptitude Test**. Its object is to discover new recruits for the army of men and women who add to their income by fiction and article writing. The Writing Aptitude Test is a simple but expert analysis of your latent ability, your powers of imagination, logic, etc. Not all applicants pass this test. Those who do are qualified to take the famous N. I. A. course based on the **practical** training given by big metropolitan dailies.

This is the New York Copy Desk Method which teaches you to write by writing! You develop your *individual* style instead of trying to copy that of others.

You "cover" actual assignments such as metropolitan reporters get. Although you work at home, on your own time, you are constantly guided by experienced writers.

It is really fascinating work. Each week you see new progress. In a matter of months you can acquire the coveted "professional" touch. Then you're ready for market with greatly improved chances of making sales.

## Mail the Coupon Now

But the first step is to take the Writing Aptitude Test. It requires but a few minutes and costs nothing. So mail the coupon now. Make the first move towards the most enjoyable and profitable occupation—writing for publication! Newspaper Institute of America, One Park Avenue, New York 16, N. Y. (Founded 1925).

**Free**

Newspaper Institute of America  
One Park Ave., New York 16, N. Y.

Send me, without cost or obligation, your Writing Aptitude Test and further information about writing for profit as promised in Christian Herald, February.

Miss \_\_\_\_\_  
Mrs. \_\_\_\_\_  
Mr. \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_

All correspondence confidential. No salesman will call on you. 24-B-664

Copyright 1943 Newspaper Institute of America

(Continued from page 53)

It is, therefore, the responsibility of the Christian Church and we, its members, to enthusiastically foster the search for truth so that Christianity as the real parent can go forward hand in hand with the fledgling, science, guiding its footsteps and keeping it from the pitfalls of immature understanding of spiritual values.

We must search for Christian truth in all branches of human endeavor. If you will scrutinize the history of the past half century you will discover, I believe, a ratio which exists between truth and human welfare which has its high point where the maximum of truth has been unveiled and put to work, but begins to show material disintegration when half truths are relied upon as a working basis, and becomes slavery and barbarism where lies are used as the foundation of society. Liberty, sense of duty, justice and the rights of man disappear when truth goes out the window.

An obligation impossible to avoid rests upon Christian people everywhere who are desirous for a better world, to take up the crusade for truth. The fountain-head of that truth is Christ.

But we must interpret truth in terms of the modern world if we are to achieve the understanding which we found in our definition was so necessary. Our forefathers had an easier time in this respect than we have. In an agricultural civilization where the laws of nature so closely paralleled the laws of God, it was comparatively easy to bridge the gap between Christianity and its interpretations as they referred to the affairs of everyday life.

Today, however, in a complex industrial civilization, it is manifestly impossible for the minister, as the head of the church, to be an expert in all forms of the so-called temporal life—science, mass production, politics, etc. Nor would it be advisable, even if possible, for the Church or the minister to enter directly into detailed pronouncements about the actual conduct of the various branches of temporal affairs. The sincere layman, however, can be an expert in his own specialized field as well as a practicing Christian. I believe, therefore, that in order to achieve greater Christian understanding the laymen, working in close cooperation with the minister who will give them the general or overall interpretation of Christ's teachings, must provide the detailed interpretations of our Master's word—and it must be laymen with dynamic, not passive, conviction. They must think of Christianity in terms of all the multifarious things they deal with every day of their lives.

We must all achieve this understanding of truth. Even the attitude of desiring understanding is of enormous value. Indeed, in such an attitude lies the solution of some of our major problems.

Those who have thought upon our nation's future, consider the matter of race relations one of the most important problems that we have to face. It is my belief that there is no complete solution presently at hand for the adjustment of the situation between the white and colored races in this country, except that which is contained in the constant pressure of good will created by the change in attitude on the part of large numbers

of our population, from one of complete indifference and intolerance, to one which says, in effect, "What can we do to help solve this critical situation?"

We have been discussing the search and understanding of truth. Now let us make a brief attempt at implementing truth.

It is a peculiarly American attitude that as soon as we become convinced of something, we want to dash off and do big things about it. But that is not always possible in the Christian effort.

Mr. Churchill said in one of his latest speeches, "It is not given to the cleverest and the most calculating of mortals to know with certainty what is their interest, yet it is given to quite a lot of simple folk to know every day what is their duty."

Indeed, that is one of the gloriously beautiful attributes of Christianity. Its success does not depend on the brilliance of a few great men or upon dramatically impressive actions. It is rather a tidal wave of cumulative power, created by the combined belief and action of countless ordinary folk like ourselves, gathering momentum as it rolls along until, through overwhelming mutual conviction, it lifts everything in its path to new heights of beauty and perfection.

What duties, then, can we simple folk perform every day to implement God's truth?

The most self-evident effort, of course, is the enthusiastic undertaking of a more vital responsibility for the affairs and well-being of the Church. The Church is God's Temple and, therefore, our primary responsibility must be to strengthen, expand and make more effective, the work of the Church. But that is not enough. We must go further and consider the Church of God not only as a building in which we worship, study and gain inspiration, but also as the combined effort of all people everywhere who are sincerely trying to build Christianity into the everyday life of the world.

The first focal point for the direct application of Christianity in this larger Church is in our homes. A decent world of the future must start in the Christian home. Unless a man can organize his home so that the Christian relationship exists among every member of the household, all his outside activities mean very little. I don't mean a sanctimonious, pious attitude either, but a spontaneous effort to understand the other fellow's difficulties and to help with them.

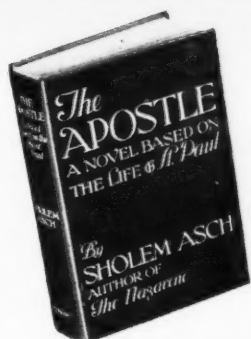
Going further, perhaps the simplest thing we can do beyond the Church and the home, at the beginning, is to speak of Christianity as a positive force. Speak of it to our friends as the one solution of the world's problems. There has grown up around Christianity an idea that holds sway with a great many people, that you have to be somewhat of a "sissy" to be a Christian. Actually, of course, the very reverse is true. It requires real, positive courage.

It is up to us to overcome this false reputation of ineffectiveness and build a realization that Christianity is the supreme power, capable of accomplishing absolutely anything. We must not be either apologetic or overbearing in doing it.

Again, we can attempt to use a Christian Herald Feb. 1944 • PAGE 54



## "A Book for the Ages..."



# The APOSTLE

A novel based on the life of St. Paul

## By Sholem Asch

"Sholem Asch has made a book for the ages. Not in our time has the equal of *The Apostle* been written... though in the mind of the author it is one book with *The Nazarene*, *The Apostle* is greater. Surely even as the prophets were inspired, this writer is inspired."

—DANIEL A. POLING, *Christian Herald* \$3.00

G.P. PUTNAM'S SONS, 2 W. 45th St., New York 19



Bernarr Macfadden, founder and originator of *Physical Culture Magazine*—now again on sale in a new format at all newsstands.

LET

*Bernarr Macfadden*

HELP YOU

## Strengthen Your Eyes

WITH THIS REMARKABLE SERIES OF EXERCISES

Are you bothered by eye strain? Like thousands of others, you may relieve overworked, suffering, tired eyes if you follow the advice of Bernarr Macfadden. Remember, Mr. Macfadden, at 73 years of age, has perfect vision—needs no glasses! Now you can know some of the secrets of eye strengthening he has discovered.

This course of exercises comes to you in a 21x22-in. easy-to-read chart in color, complete with easy-to-understand instructions. They'll amaze you with their beneficial results. Send for yours today!

**SOLD WITH AN UNCONDITIONAL MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE—ONLY \$1.00**

So sure is Mr. Macfadden that after a short time you probably will be able to feel tangible results from these exercises that he offers them to you with an unconditional money-back guarantee. If you are not satisfied, you may return chart within 10 days and your money will be refunded. AREN'T YOUR EYES WORTH A DOLLAR BILL TO YOU?

### SEND NO MONEY

Merely pay the postman \$1.00 plus 12c postage and handling charges. Or—if you send your check or money order of \$1.00 with the coupon, we will be glad to pay postage.

MACFADDEN FOUNDATION, Dept. 37  
535 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 17, N. Y.

Please send me Bernarr Macfadden's "Thousand Shift" eye course. I will pay the postman \$1.00 plus 12c postage and handling charges ☐ I enclose \$1.00 (check or money order) ☐

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

tian "yardstick" to measure whatever we say, or think, or do. We can apply it to every single action we take—from parking a car, to a business deal. I know of a case recently where a business settlement was being made which was in every way legal, but when the man in charge applied his idea of the Christian yardstick to the situation, he decided that it was not fair, even if legal, and changed it to a more equitable action. This attempt to use a Christian yardstick has many additional values. Right away one discovers when trying to apply it, that he is not sufficiently informed about Christianity and he is, therefore, forced to study and experiment to find out.

Another thing we can do is to meet together in small groups in our homes—and around the luncheon table—and discuss what we are discussing today—the state the world is in, and what we as Christians can do about it. This has enormous potential power. It is a direct attempt to find and understand truth which, in itself, is the basis for achieving at least the simpler solutions.

In addition, such discussion on a widespread scale will provide the Christ-centered atmosphere necessary to inspire the experts with the power and will to discover the more complex solutions.

Further, I would like to ask each one of us who is in business and trying to find his role in building Christianity into the life of the world, to spend some little time and effort in studying his own business as it measures up against the ideal that Christ would have it be and, for clarification, write down a summary of the findings. Without the slightest intention of being sacrilegious, I would like to say that it would be "good business" to do so.

But there is a more important reason for doing it than that. Christ said, "Ye cannot serve God and Mammon." Reason and logic will tell us, however, that we must eat to live, and that we must work in order to eat. Then, if we cannot "serve God and Mammon" it quite naturally follows that unless we are going to refuse to serve God, we must make our business effort a function of Christianity.

We must experiment—not because there is any doubt about God's word, but because perfection cannot be superimposed. Every one of us must "increase in wisdom and stature and in favor with God and man"—each according to his own ability and each at his own speed. We are all bound to make mistakes in our efforts to progress. If we look on those mistakes as the result of experiment and research, instead of considering them terrible blunders, we will stay away from discouragement and despair and keep trying and trying again.

Yes, God has a plan for this old world of ours—a plan for a bright free world—a beautiful, shining plan—an overwhelmingly powerful plan—yet a very simple plan that all of us can follow: *Thy will be done on earth, as it is in Heaven.*

(This article is available in pamphlet form, free of charge, and in any quantity. It is published by the Laymen's Movement for a Christian World. Address your requests to CHRISTIAN HERALD, 419 Fourth Ave., New York 16, N. Y.)

PAGE 55 • CHRISTIAN HERALD FEB. 1944

## FORTY GOSPEL HYMN STORIES



Would you like to know how Charles H. Gabriel came to write his famous hymn, "O, That Will Be Glory for Me"? The story of this song and 39 other popular gospel hymn stories is found in this brand new book—just off the press—written by Geo. W. Sanville from personal acquaintance with Gospel song writers. 40 Hymn Stories including words and music of each hymn. Thrilling—dramatic—authentic—helpful material. Full cloth bound, \$1.00.

The RODEHEAVER HALL-MACK CO.  
105 Ninth Street Winona Lake, Indiana

If the young folks in your Sunday-School—or those in your home—are not regular readers of the Improved

# YOUNG People's Paper

Udenominational Story Paper for the teen-agers

You will want to introduce it to them now. Christian fiction, articles of high spiritual value, Young People's Union topics discussed, Home Bible Readings with a thought for each day—food for the young Christian.

This is one of the group of **UNION LESSON HELPS** on the Uniform Lessons that stand for and proclaim the heart of the Gospel. They are prepared by experienced writers who dedicate their pens to the saving of souls through the Word of God. **Free Specimens.**

Subscription 55 cents a year  
Clubs of 3—one address, 44c

AMERICAN SUNDAY-SCHOOL UNION  
1816 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia 3

I enclose 55 cents for year's subscription  
YOUNG PEOPLE'S PAPER to



## FIVE MINUTES A DAY

A Book of Daily Devotions, Compiled by  
ROBERT E. SPEER

"This is a book both beautiful and enriching . . . a treasury of devotion for personal and family worship. . . . All who use the book will discover in it a true means of communion with God."

\$1.00

—Henry Sloane Coffin.



At Your  
Favorite Bookstore, or  
**THE WESTMINSTER PRESS**  
Philadelphia 7, Pa.

Here is what a young  
Navy flier thinks about  
Religion, about Sex,  
about Money



## AMEN, AMEN

By

Ensigh S. A. Constantino, Jr.

What's in the mind of an intrepid young flier, a sturdy representative of the men in our armed services? AMEN, AMEN will tell you. AMEN, AMEN will challenge your own complacency. No buncombe. Clear thinking. Down to earth. A book to read today. A book to give others.

\$2.00

HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK 16

## NEW BOOKS TO READ

By

FRANK S. MEAD



**MY NATIVE LAND**, by Louis Adamic. (Harper, 507 pp., \$3.75) Adamic is at his best in writing of his native Yugoslavia. The struggle which tears this land and the hearts of this great people becomes in his blazing pages a struggle to tear our own American hearts. It is a struggle of which we dare not be misinformed, for the seeds of future peace or of World War III are being cast right now in Yugoslavia. Adamic is definitely pro-Partisan, pro-Tito, which may give you an indication of his general sympathies and leanings. It is a book with a pulse; reading it, you become aware that in this Balkan cockpit you are witnessing a concentrated reproduction of a struggle that is actually global in proportion. Don't miss it!

**EMPIRE**, by Louis Fischer. (Duell, Sloan & Pearce, 101 pp., \$1.00) This little book is a one-man *coup de grâce* of the British Empire, specializing on the India sector. Fischer holds that England *must* give India independence, but probably won't; he holds that England will actually gain in losing India, that the day of empires is gone, that there can be no peace so long as empire-minded diehards keep alive the status quo. His argument is a good one, worth close study before the armistice. There may be holes and errors in his pleading, but he is more usually right than wrong.

**THE TEN COMMANDMENTS**, by Ten Authors. (Simon & Schuster, 488 pp., \$3.00) Ten of the crack writers of this era collaborate here to tell us that Hitler has broken every good moral law in the universe. Each of the ten takes one of the Ten Commandments, and writes a short novel on the general theme. We probably all know that Hitler is guilty; it is the writing and not the theme that is worth attention here. The authors: Thomas Mann, Rebecca West, Franz Werfel, John Erskine, Bruno Frank, Jules Romains, Andre Maurois, Sigrid Undset, Hendrik Willem van Loon, Louis Bromfield.

**SO LONG AS WE LOVE**, by Peter Goulding. (Wilde, 244 pp., \$2.00) Written as a preacher's diary, this has all the elements of a good novel. It is a preacher in a small town who actually realizes how far short he falls of the stature of a worthy minister—and he sets himself to correct it. He moves to a smaller town, a smaller pulpit, forgets the mechanics of sermonizing and learns to love his people. It is the kind of book that strengthens your faith in the clergy and in the common man who needs so much the shepherding of shepherds like Peter Goulding. We'd call it a *must* for preacher and layman alike.

**SUBJECT INDIA**, by H. N. Brailsford. (John Day, 274 pp., \$2.50) This is the best book of the past months on India. Brailsford is a British journalist of no mean reputation—and he is by no means pro-British so far as India is concerned. He is a Britisher looking at the Indian—and liking him! The author does no whitewashing, of either British or native; he is fair though he occasionally is a bit sharp. He distrusts Britain's attitude, but he also distrusts Gandhi's mass civil disobedience and India's international program. He tells both sides of the story, fairly. That makes it a book to reckon with.

**JOHNNY TREMAIN**, by Esther Forbes. (Houghton, Mifflin, \$2.50) Johnny is a boy in Boston at the outbreak of the Revolutionary War—and the reader follows him, scared half out of his (the reader's) wits, through those hectic days. Johnny gets around; he helps Paul Revere get off on his ride, and he sees Billy Dawes ride—or reel—away, disguised as a drunken farmer. He hears the first shots fired. He is part of it all—and so are you, as Miss Forbes lifts you out of yourself and back into the Boston of 1775. It's supposed to be written for 'teen-agers, but it will be devoured by adults. It is quite as good as the author's "Paul Revere."

CHRISTIAN HERALD FEB. 1944 • PAGE 56

**HEAVENLY DESTINY**, by Emma Moody Powell. (Moody Press, 343 pp., \$2.00) And here we have the biography of the wife of Dwight L. Moody. She appears here as a lady quite worthy of the great evangelist—the perfect mate. The story is written by her granddaughter, which means that it has an intimate touch. Those still fascinated by Moody will discover in these pages a personality overshadowed by a famous husband, yet deserving of a more intelligent recognition. Many a famous man would never have been famous without the aid of his unhonored and unsung mate; this hardly goes for the great Dwight L. Moody, but we are convinced after reading this biography that she helped—mightily! It is the perfect addition to Moodyana.

**LONELY MIDAS**, by Harry Emerson Wildes. (Farrar & Rinehart, 373 pp., \$3.50) Midas here is Stephen Girard, one of the great American unaccountables. Girard's life would baffle a Grade A psychologist; for a writer to attempt an analysis of such a character seems at first blush to attempt the impossible. Wildes has done a magnificent job. His candor and sense of fair play is a wonder to behold. He hides no dirt under the rug, closes his eyes to no plain truth, and gives us a Girard quite understandable if not too attractive. It may not be the biography of the year, but it should take high honors. It's one of the few biographies this reviewer wants to read the second time.

**MEET THE ARAB**, by John Van Ess. (John Day, 229 pp., \$3.00) Said King Feisal to Van Ess: "By the milk of your mother, swear to me that you will always tell the Arabs the truth about themselves." Van Ess did—and Feisal and the Arabs liked it, and him. Here he tells the world about the Arab—as competently as any living man can tell it. There is more information on things Arabian between these covers than you'll find in any other single current volume—and every word of it is authentic. It is, furthermore, easy to read and digest.

**GOD'S ENGLISHMAN**, by Leland Dewitt Baldwin. (Little, Brown, 265 pp., \$3.00) A scholarly and witty account of the rise of the Anglo-Saxon spirit and the development of the Anglo-Saxon character. The author makes no apologies, pulls no punches. The book is a labor of love: Mr. Baldwin likes his Englishman, though he does not spare him. It seems to this reviewer that he skips too lightly over certain character-defects in the Briton, but then—we all have these defects. It is a book good to read, especially when we consider the fact that only Britain and Russia may be left in power in Europe at war's end. We'd better know this Britisher, and this Anglo-Saxon spirit.

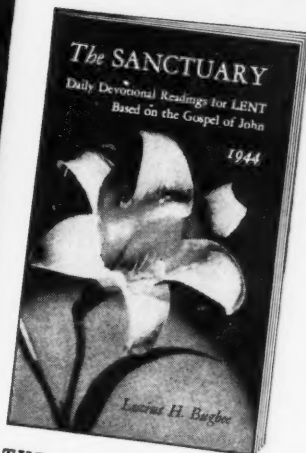
**BRINGING UP OURSELVES**, by Helen G. Hogue. (Scribner, 162 pp., \$1.50) First-aid and first principles for those interested in developing a healthy personality. It is supposed to be written for the layman, but many a layman will be bewildered by its psychologist's lingo. The chapter on religion seems to us, as Little Abner put it, "Amusin' and confusin'."

PAGE 57 • CHRISTIAN HERALD FEB. 1944

# Journey into America

BY DONALD CULROSS PEATTIE. "The kind of book that will leave you saying a silent prayer of thanks that you're an American."—*Chicago Daily News*

\$3.00  
HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY • PUBLISHERS



One-half Million  
People Used the  
1943 Issue—

You'll Find  
the 1944  
**SANCTUARY**  
A Lenten  
Spiritual  
Refresher!

**THE SANCTUARY** is written for the masses of Christian people who utilize the pre-Easter season to replenish spiritual resources. Each daily devotion is conveniently arranged in a Scripture reading, a meditation, a prayer hymn and/or a prayer, and an inspiring useful project for the day.

48 pages. Prices: \$2.50 per 100; \$1.50 for 50; 40 cents a dozen; five cents each

**ABINGDON-COKESBURY** Nashville 2 Tenn.

## Meditations on the Twenty-Third Psalm THE SHEPHERD GOD

By Joseph Howard Gray, D. D.

"One of the most illuminative and intimate studies of the Twenty-Third Psalm I have ever read."—Daniel A. Poling. An excellent gift book, beautifully designed and printed—easy to carry.

\$1.00



*The* **JOHN C. WINSTON CO.**  
PHILADELPHIA

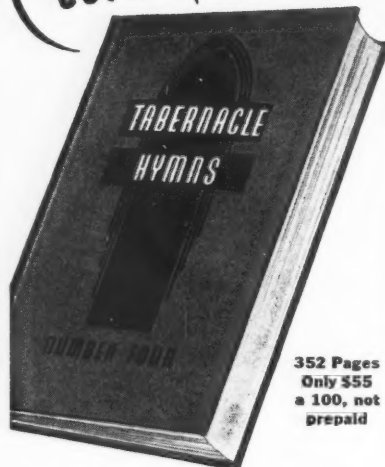


COMPARE "TABERNACLE HYMNS" WITH OTHER SONG BOOKS-IT'S MILES AHEAD

AND THE HIGHEST IN QUALITY AT A LOW PRICE



FREE SAMPLE COPY



352 Pages  
Only \$55  
a 100, not  
prepaid

★ This new song book you are sure to want reveals matchless resources of Sacred Song and Scripture Portions.

Here are the "old favorites", many new numbers and songs to meet present evangelical needs. Just the practical all-purpose book of deep spiritual power you have long awaited.

Years in preparation—possibly only from our many years' experience in developing the Tabernacle Hymns series. This great "Song Book of the Nation" surpasses all its predecessors.

Satisfies Young and Old, Pastor, People, Choir and Sunday School. Buy new books only after seeing this welcome aid in winning souls.

Mail Coupon for FREE Sample

**TABERNACLE**  
PUBLISHING COMPANY

344-B4 North Wacker Ave., Chicago 44, Illinois

Gentlemen: Our Church needs new song books. Therefore, please send me FREE sample of "Tabernacle Hymns Number Four."

Name \_\_\_\_\_ Official Title \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
Church and Denom. \_\_\_\_\_ Membership \_\_\_\_\_  
Pastor \_\_\_\_\_ Address \_\_\_\_\_

# A COUNTRY GENTLEMAN

(Continued from page 30)

for foxes. The fragrant azalea and the bloodroot asked him what would he find fairer? As the carriage swung out on the last of his fields, the odor of turned earth rose from the furrows and called him back.

"Stop!" Washington called to the coachman. "Stop here!"

Swinging open the carriage door, he brushed angrily past old Thompson's knees and went leaping across the ground with a wiry agility.

The overseer beating the cringing Negro about the head did not see his employer until Washington sprang on him. Colonel Humphrey leaped from the carriage to come to the aid of the President. But Washington had wrenched the stick free in a single twist; the overseer staggered back, and as Washington lifted the rod, he backed away, covering his face.

"Remember your character, Mr. Washington!"

Lowering his arm, George Washington remembered it, and chucked the stick to the ground. Then he spoke, and his voice fell like a blow.

"If you must beat a man, a slave or a soldier, you may beat his back—if you know you're right and he will learn in no other way. But not a man's face and head, you scoundrel!"

He turned and started to stride away. Then he walked back; ignorance deserved a more patient lesson.

"God never made the man to whom He didn't give human dignity the equal of any other man's," he quietly said. "Unless it's an overseer. You may go to the house and receive your pay. You're finished here."

Then he stooped and raised the young Negro. With his handkerchief he wiped the blood from the man's face, revealing bronze Ashanti features. His master realized with distress that he did not even recognize him. There were forty slaves on the Dogue Run Farm, and fifty on the Union Farm, thirty at Muddy Hole and sixty at the River Farm—almost two hundred, counting the house and stable servants.

"Who are you?" he demanded kindly.

"I'se Tobie," said the slave humbly.

"Polly Cottah's boy."

"Go home to her, Tobie, and tell her to send for the mistress to poultice that face of yours. Go along now, and God forgive us!" he muttered.

Within the coach, as it rumbled on, there was oppressive silence. Mr. Thompson felt as guilty as the overseer, he did not know why, and Humphrey's face was downcast. A lightning bolt stripping the bark of a tree beside them couldn't have sizzled the air more fiercely. They could well believe that General Washington had not cursed Lee at Monmouth. He wouldn't require swear-words. His terrible, leashed anger could curse a man for life, as it had blasted Lee out of the war.

Locked in himself, Washington had forgotten his anger with the overseer. That sterilizing wrath was turned upon himself, and the rest of his fields rolled past his averted eyes. For slavery was the tares in the land that he could not bear to look upon.

CHRISTIAN HERALD FEB. 1944 • PAGE 38

# Make a Dress



4624  
36-50



9274  
2-10

Pattern 4624 . . . Easily made smart princess frock. Sizes 36 to 50. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards 35-inch fabric.

Pattern 9274 . . . A jaunty cape and a dainty frock. Sizes 2 to 10. Size 6 cape requires 1¾ yards 54-inch fabric; frock, 2¾ yards 35-inch fabric.

EACH PATTERN together with a transfer pattern of useful and charming motifs to embroider on linens and garments, TWENTY CENTS. Send orders to Christian Herald Pattern Department, 243 West 17th Street, New York 11, New York.

Add ten cents for the new Spring Pattern Book. Smart, easy-to-make styles. Free pattern in book.



## FOR SIMPLE PILES

Get relief from the pain and discomfort of simple piles or hemorrhoids. Use *Unguentine Rectal Cones*, made by the makers of *UNGUENTINE*. Easy to Use, Sanitary, Inexpensive.

If you do not get prompt relief, consult your physician. *Druggists will refund price if you are not satisfied.*

## UNGUENTINE RECTAL CONES

\*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Norwich

A NORWICH PRODUCT

## DEAF?

If you suffer from hard of hearing and head noises caused by catarrh of the head write us NOW for proof of the good results our simple home treatment has accomplished for a great many people. Many past to report hearing fine and head noises gone. Nothing to wear—no one need know—Send today for proof and 30 days trial offer. No obligations. **THE ELMO CO., Dept. 337 Davenport, Iowa**

## Here's How to BALANCE YOUR BUDGET

With increased taxes and higher living costs, it's a real job to stretch your dollars these days and make them cover all your needs.

Christian Herald can help you with your money problems by showing you how you can add sizable sums to your regular income in your spare time. Many men and women have already found our easy Money-Making Plan a sure way to make \$5.00 or \$10.00 or more for just a few hours of their spare time.

Want to know more about it? The coupon below will bring you full particulars without obligation.

—Mail This Coupon Today—

Desk 244 CHRISTIAN HERALD  
419 Fourth Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.

Please tell me all details about your offer to make Extra Money.

Name.....

Address.....

This black institution he had inherited, both as a property-owner and as the nation's first President. Years ago he had made the resolve never to buy another human being, but they came on, like Tobie out of Polly, slave children in a dark and rising flood. The tares were thorny to the hand; they were growing to the sky, until the trees said to the brambles, *Come and reign over us*. A devil's curse. And like so many of the devil's bargains, it paid out handsomely, at first. It paid in ease and pride and comforts of the flesh. But the price was yet to be demanded.

That in his will he freed his own slaves was nothing, he knew, but a sop to his individual conscience. Yet it was all that he saw to do. Even at the Constitutional Convention, the very men who declared it to be self-evident that all men are born free and equal had not been able to uproot these weeds.

So the servants of the householder came and said to him, *Will thou then that we go and gather them up? But he said, Nay; lest, while ye gather up the tares, ye root up also the wheat with them.*

Madison, Wilson, Hamilton, old Ben Franklin, and other wise men who hammered out the Constitution, through the long hot months of summer—they had seen, as the householder saw, that to tear out slavery from the young nation they were creating would have torn up the nation itself by the roots. So they had sown the tares with the wheat, when they signed the great document. So, too, Washington felt on his bowed shoulders an obligation to all his black brothers. Not for Monmouth or Valley Forge, but for this, he had given old Billy Lee his faithful heart's desire.

Yet a hand stronger and gentler than George Washington's own put this decision aside. In Philadelphia, when he arrived there, he found Billy Lee flat on his back in bed.

"I nevah fail you befo', Gen'l," quavered the weak old voice, and a hand like a monkey's ventured a worshipful clutch at his sleeve. "But I'se plumb tuckud. I'se too ol' fo' you now, Gen'l. The Lawd, He showed me. He humble me. I wuz too proud."

The tall man standing above him stooped for a firm caress of his shoulder. "That's all right, Billy. We are all too proud, perhaps. You want to go home now, don't you?" He straightened; the tired slave nodded, glad peace in his face. "So do I, Billy," the General murmured. "So do I!"

But ahead lay a new, an unprecedented duty. Ahead lay the bunting and fireworks, the cheers and the crowds and the speeches, of the inaugural of the first President of the United States of America. Beyond all that temporal glory lay the future of the newly created nation. Now the farmer-statesman saw this people, sown in the furrows of the Revolution, sprung up like wheat, green in the leaf. He foresaw a golden harvest, reaching in time from sea to sea, but having, in time, no limit. And he saw that the wheat had tares in it.

Standing at his slave's bedside, the President-elect himself felt humbled. The old Negro, he noticed, had fallen asleep. Black and white, we must go on together;

PAGE 59 • CHRISTIAN HERALD FEB. 1944

## If Your Nose Fills Up Tonight.



Get Quick Relief with  
SPECIALIZED MEDICATION  
a few drops should do it!

If you have a tough time getting to sleep tonight because transient congestion fills up your nose and makes breathing difficult—a few drops of Vicks VA-tro-nol up each nostril should help you in a hurry! . . . Results are usually so good because VA-tro-nol decongests nasal stuffiness to make breathing easier and inviterestful sleep.

**VICKS** Try it! Follow directions in folder.  
**VA-TRO-NOL**

**COUGHING COLDS** Relieve coughing and loosen phlegm, ease muscular soreness and tightness with Vicks VapoRub. Its poultice-vapor action brings welcome relief and invites restful sleep.

**VICKS**  
VAPORUB

## IT'S REALLY FUN

LEARNING MUSIC  
WITHOUT A TEACHER  
—this easy way



**Learned Quickly at Home**  
"I learned more music in a few months than I hoped to in two years. Your lessons are practical." —W. S. Johnson, Chicago, Ill.



**Well Worth It**  
"The money I spend on the course is well worth it. I do not know how the school can put out a course for so small a fee." —W. S. Johnson, Bay, Ontario, Canada.

OVER 750,000 students have enrolled for this home study method. Many didn't know one note from another—yet they started in learning simple tunes by note. For this wonderful method makes it easy as A-B-C to learn music at home, without expensive private lessons. Every step is right before your eyes in print and pictures. You can't go wrong. Soon you are actually playing popular pieces.

**FREE Print and Picture Sample**

See how easily you may learn to play your favorite instrument in spare time at home at amazingly low cost. Mail coupon today. Address: U. S. School of Music, 152 Brunswick Bldg., New York 10, N. Y.

U. S. School of Music, 152 Brunswick Bldg., New York 10, N. Y. Please send me FREE Print and Picture Sample and Illustrated Booklet. I am interested in the instrument checked below. (Do you have instrument?).....

|                 |                 |                           |
|-----------------|-----------------|---------------------------|
| Piano           | Piano Accordion | Tenor Banjo               |
| Guitar          | Saxophone       | Modern Elementary Harmony |
| Hawaiian Guitar | Trumpet Cornet  | Clarinet                  |
| Violin          | Reed Organ      | Practical Finger Control  |

Name..... (Please Print)

Street.....

City..... State.....

\*Actual pupils names on request. Pictures by professional models.



## DIONNE QUINTUPLETS use **MUSTEROLE** for **CHEST COLDS**

To Promptly Relieve Coughing  
and Make Breathing Easier

At the first signs which may warn of a cold—the Dionne Quintuplets' chests, throats and backs are rubbed with Musterole—a product made especially to promptly relieve coughs and sore throat due to colds, to make breathing easier and break up local congestion in the upper bronchial tract.

Musterole brings such wonderful relief because it's MORE than just an ordinary "salve." It's what so many Doctors and Nurses call a modern counter-irritant. Since Musterole is used on the Quints—you can be sure it's just about the BEST cold-relief you can buy!

**IN 3 STRENGTHS:** Children's Mild Musterole for children and people with tender skin; Regular for ordinary cases and Extra Strong for stubborn cases.

## STOP Your Truss Worries!

Why worry and suffer any longer? Learn about our perfected invention for all forms of reducible rupture in men, women and children. Support fitted with automatic air cushion assists Nature in a natural strengthening of the weakened muscles. Thousands made happy. Weighs but a few ounces, is inconspicuous and sanitary. No stiff springs or hard pads. No salves or plasters. Durable, cheap. **Sent on trial** to prove it. Beware of imitations. Never sold in stores or by agents. Write today for full information and Free Book on Rupture. All correspondence confidential.

**BROOKS COMPANY, 112-6 State St., Marshall, Mich.**

## HEALTH QUIZ

- |                                |                              |                             |
|--------------------------------|------------------------------|-----------------------------|
| Do you have headaches?         | <input type="checkbox"/> YES | <input type="checkbox"/> NO |
| Do you lack pep or vim?        | <input type="checkbox"/>     | <input type="checkbox"/>    |
| Do you get irritable easily?   | <input type="checkbox"/>     | <input type="checkbox"/>    |
| Do you feel depressed—nervous? | <input type="checkbox"/>     | <input type="checkbox"/>    |

The liver should pour out about two pints of liquid bile into the food you swallow every day. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food may not digest. You get constipated. You feel sour, sunk and the world looks puny.

It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these 2 pints of bile flowing freely to make you feel "up and up." Get a package today. Take as directed. Effective in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills. 10¢ and 25¢.



**BUNIONS**  
**STOP PAIN QUICK!**

**FREE SAMPLE**  
See how quick pain stops—bunion gets smaller. Wear regular shoes. FAIRYFOOT is easy to use. Safe, harmless. On 3,000,000 feet since 1897.

**Send No Money** Write today for Sample Treatment—it's FREE. No cost to you.

**FAIRYFOOT CO., 1223 S. Wabash, Dept. 7232, Chicago, Ill.**

**ASTHMA** Miseries Relieved  
**60¢ TEST** FB Tablets may ease those choking, gasping, wheezing asthma attacks so quick and easy you'll be amazed! Satisfaction or money back. See at drug stores. Take as directed. Ask for **FB Tablets** today.

for all the faults in it, the nation must march forward. But the time must come, he thought strongly, when we shall uproot those evils, root, stem, and branch. Not Negro slavery only, but all the other slaveries into which men sell themselves; the power of money, the lust of power, the sloth that comes with having, the hatred that comes of not having enough. In the time of harvest I will say to the reapers, *Gather ye together first the tares, and bind them in bundles to burn them.* Hands stronger than mine, unborn, shall uproot them, George Washington said to himself, staring into America's future. Not until then will the freedom I fought for be granted Americans!

### LANCET OF THE LORD

(Continued from page 25)

with overhanging balconies lined the streets. Goats, dogs, holy cows and swarms of naked children crowded together. Reeking with odors of rancid grease, curry powder, oil of cocoanut and withered jasmine flowers, putrid with filth and pestilence, this was the residential section of the poorer Hindus.

Mary tried to imagine how Cora could possibly live here. The reason for her despondency became clearer. White people couldn't live like this, she thought, and William said, "Nobody should live in filth like this."

The horse stopped. An excited crowd blocked a doorway and interrupted traffic through the street. William tapped the *ghari-walla* on the shoulder. "What's going on?" he queried.

The driver, who understood English, shrugged his shoulders. "Not know, sahib. This is house."

William stepped from the *ghari* and made his way through the crowd to the busy policeman. "I beg your pardon." The sound of English brought a look of joy to the perspiring face of the mustached policeman. "I'm looking for Cora Stiger," William began.

"You go on in," directed the officer, "the doctor will talk with you. Blakely!" he called. "A friend of the deceased."

William caught his breath. The deceased!

Blakely, a stubby man wearing a wrinkled white suit, turned at the sound of his name. "Oh," he wheezed, "how do, Son," and held out his damp hand to William.

William smarted hotly at this allusion to his youthful appearance, but he shook the damp hand with conventional courtesy. His eyes traveled to a corner of the sparsely furnished room. There, lying on a low cot, was Cora Stiger. William had the strange feeling that she looked warmer in death than she had in life.

The puffing little doctor was explaining. "Just got here a minute ago. It was sleeping tablets. Never could get to sleep at night; that was her trouble. Got an overdose, I guess." He blew his nose. "You're a friend of hers, I take it. Any special directions?"

"Yes," said William softly, and drawing out of his pocket the money Mary was to have used at the bazaar, thrust it upon the doctor. "See that she is given a decent burial, will you?"

"Right. Glad to oblige," answered the perspiring little man, as William walked out of the cheerless room.

Mary knew the news was grave as she looked at her husband's face. She pressed his hand.

"Dead," murmured William. "Overdose of sleeping tablets."

A cold chill shot through Mary. "Not on purpose?" she managed.

William stared at her. He hadn't considered that before. "I don't know," he said slowly, then shook his head. "No, of course not!" Suddenly he sat bolt upright. "Driver," he commanded, "back that way! That way!" He pointed toward the squalid native section. The *ghari-walla* nodded and turned his horse.

Mary protested. "Not again today. Please, William."

He clasped her hands tightly. "There's something we must see."

Presently before them was a Hindu temple. Massive with ornate carvings, heavy with the dust of centuries, the temple seemed to rise with rugged magnificence out of the ground. The courtyard teemed with worshipers milling about the center of the open space and forming an unending procession back and forth from the holy of holies, the inner temple where the goddess was enthroned.

"What is this place?" she protested squeamishly.

"The Shrine of Kali," he answered low. "The Goddess that Cora Stiger mentioned."

Pushing their way unobtrusively through the crowd, William moved slowly toward the temple as its mighty doors swung open, permitting more worshipers to enter, others to leave, then closed. "We'll go closer," he whispered and together they worked their way nearer the temple doors.

Drums beat incessantly; the wailing chants of the priests mingled weirdly with jangling bells as the executioner raised his great sword and with a shriek a sheep was beheaded. The stench of blood under the hot sun was nauseating. The worshipers clogged the opening of the temple as their bodies caught and held the great doors, and then William and Mary caught a glimpse of the fierce blood-goddess, Kali.

Gleaming in the dim light of lamps, smeared with butter and oil, the monstrous idol glared with goggling eyes through masses of black, coarse hair. Pagan and fierce in her stance, she ground the figure of a man beneath her feet. From a purple-hued body emerged a massive head, a vicious mouth with lolling red tongue dripping blood. From her shoulders writhed four sinuous arms. One hand held the decapitated head of a man, another the gory beheading knife, a third pointed toward heaven and a fourth pointed down toward hell.

William gazed, fascinated. So this was Kali. Kali, the Goddess of blood sacrifice. Mary whimpered and with a frightened cry she turned and would have run away, but William grasped her firmly.

"Look at her, Mary," he commanded, and though his voice was low it rang with determination. "Look at her and through her and never, never be afraid."

Mary did as she was told, but her heart beat with terror. William stared long at the four frightening hands—tense and terrible in their demands—and suddenly he felt the stir of a mighty challenge. He flexed his fingers until the knuckles grew



## DEFORMED OR INJURED BACK

Thousands of Remarkable Cases

A Man, helpless, unable to walk, because of a spinal injury, was, through support of the Philo Burt Appliance, riding horseback and playing tennis, within a year. A Lady, 72 years old, who suffered a severe spinal disorder, found relief. A Child, paralyzed from a spinal deformity was able to play about the house, in three weeks' time. The Philo Burt Appliance has been successfully used in over sixty-three thousand cases in the past 39 years.



### 30 DAYS' TRIAL TO PROVE ITS VALUE IN YOUR OWN CASE

The Appliance is light, cool, flexible and easily adjusted—how different from the old torturing plaster casts, leather and celluloid jackets or steel braces. Every sufferer with a weakened, injured, diseased or deformed spine owes it to himself to investigate. Physicians recommend it and we work with your Doctor. Reduced price within reach of all afflicted.

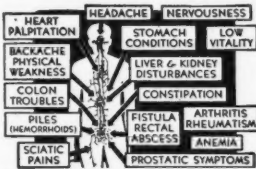
Send for descriptive book. Describe your case so we can give you definite information.

PHILO BURT CO.,  
207-2 Odd Fellows Temple  
Jamestown, New York



## Learn Health Facts

FREE Book on Ailments



40-page FREE BOOK—tells facts about Colon Troubles, Constipation, Stomach Conditions, Piles, Fistula and other related ailments. Corrective treatments explained. Thornton & Mfor Clinic, Suite 202, 926 McGee, Kansas City, Mo.



## RHEUMATISM

ARTHRITIS - NEURITIS - SCIATICA

Why continue to suffer the agonizing pains of these diseases when the usual remedies have failed. Learn about a new, trustworthy, modern, non-surgical treatment method. This marvelous treatment is completely explained in the Ball Clinic's FREE Book. Write today. No obligation. BALL CLINIC, Dept. 7400 Excelsior Springs, Mo.

**NO Occupational Restrictions** \* **NOT Contestable**

**Triple INDEMNITY LIFE INSURANCE**

POLICY PAYS MAXIMUM BENEFITS

**\$3000.00**

Policy Costs Only \$1.00 a Month

Provide for those you love this wise, easy way. Only a few pennies a day will pay for TRIPLE INDEMNITY LIFE INSURANCE, backed by Legal Reserves. Old reliable Pioneer Life Insurance Company offers this assured protection without restrictions as to your Occupation, Travel or Residence and includes a valuable Incontestability Clause—all as plainly stated in the policy. Men, women and children from 1 day to 70 years of age eligible. No Red Tape—No Medical Examination! Full details sent by mail. No Agent will call. Write at once for FREE inspection offer. **DON'T DELAY!** **PIONEER LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY** 8053 Pioneer Building • Rockford, Illinois

**5-POINT PROTECTION**

Pays for LOSS OF LIFE due to

- 1-Natural Causes...
- 2-All Sicknesses...
- 3-Ordinary Accidents...
- 4-Auto Accidents...
- 5-Travel Accidents...

white. He was face to face with an idol which caught up and symbolized in her fierce body India's challenge to him—a challenge that was savage, ominous, and ancient as the secrets of a tomb. And pitted against its dark defiance—were his own two hands.

"SANGLI! Sangli Station!" Loud, lively voices took up the call. "Sangli Station!"

Passengers pressed toward the doorway, awkward with possessions.

"Mary," William's gentle shake aroused her. "We're here."

His repressed excitement was infectious. "Sangli?" Mary's grey eyes popped open. Sangli. The little dot on the map of India, a fingernail's distance south of Bombay. "Three hundred miles," William had said. Mary stared out the window. Who was there to meet them, she wondered? Where were the missionaries with whom they were to spend so many years? "I hope," she thought, "that somebody will be here to meet us." Her eyes searched the strange figures on the station platform. There were only some Indians loaded with bedding, babies and food, ready to board the impatient train.

"Well, Mary, it looks as though someone has come to meet us," said William as a woman with a sailor hat drew near, the wooden heels of her high-button shoes clicking primly and precisely on the wooden platform.

"I suppose this is William and Mary Wanless." Syllables as prim and precise as the footsteps, marched in orderly form from the mouth of their commander-in-chief.

Even the soft Indian moonlight could not soften the severe outlines of Victoria May Hastings. There were no loose hairs through which the light could form a halo about her face; no ruffles or frills to diffuse the severity of the shoulders or elbows; not even a feather or bow about her person to faintly suggest compromise with the feminine desire for ornamentation. Victoria May was not only severe and prim, but she was plain—and emphasized it.

"So this is Mary," stiffly commented Victoria May; Mary wished she could slink off into the dark night and reappear later in sackcloth and ashes, for she felt that nothing less could pass as commendable in the eyes of this rigid missionary from Sangli.

Victoria May's driver, a slender dark lad who had taken charge of the luggage, now made his appearance.

"This is Rama," stated the missionary abruptly. "A fine Christian boy." Her voice approved of him.

Rama acknowledged the introduction by making many salaams. As they seated themselves in the crude, buffalo-drawn bandi, Victoria May stared at William.

"Young man," she said, her eyes penetrating the night darkness, "you're younger than I had anticipated."

Mary's heart sank. This was a touchy point with William. What would he say? With relief she caught the twinkle in his eye. Then he jutted out his chin and Mary held her breath. Finally, after due deliberation, he spoke.

"Miss Hastings, I sincerely wish I could say the same for you."

## STOUT WOMEN

From a Customer of Lane Bryant



"Everything from Lane Bryant wears well and fits perfectly"

In every Lane Bryant style book I can find the very best values in slenderizing styles. Everything I get from Lane Bryant wears well and fits perfectly—and I buy with confidence because you guarantee absolute satisfaction or refund the money.

Mrs. Ella H. Palmer, Chula Vista, Calif.

NEW YORK INDIANAPOLIS  
**Lane Bryant**  
DEPT. 252 • 752 E. MARKET ST.  
INDIANAPOLIS 17, IND.

**Burpee's VEGETABLES**

5 of Burpee's Best—Carrot, Lettuce, Beet, Radish and Tomato—a 10c-Pkt. of seeds of each, all 5 postpaid for just 10c—send dime today!

**10¢**

Burpee's Seed Catalog Free  
W. ATLEE BURPEE CO.  
Philadelphia 32, Pa. or Clinton, Iowa

**PLAYS**

SEND for FREE catalog of 152 pages, copiously illustrated. Non-royalty plays, as well as tested plays on a percentage-royalty basis. Playbook exchange. Row, Peterson plays are nationally famous for their high quality. Ask for our live drama newspaper, "Lagniappe,"—it is Free.

**ROW, PETERSON & COMPANY** EVANSTON, ILL. 1912 Ridge Ave.

*Live and Give!*

**RECEIVING through GIVING**

**FOR YOU** Liberal payments as long as you live that are safe, dependable and regular.

**FOR OTHERS** Spiritual strength of America through the extension of the Gospel of Christ.

Write for our Annuity Plan, Booklet C  
**UNIT OF SPECIAL GIFTS**

**Board of National Missions PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH**  
U. S. A.  
156 Fifth Ave. New York 10, N. Y.

## AMAZING ASTONISHING OFFER! ALL YOURS FOR 10¢



### BIG GARDEN HUCKLEBERRIES

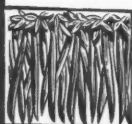
From Seed to berries same season. Thousands of delicious, juicy berries, one inch in diameter. Wonderful for Pies and Preserves.

### CLIMBING CUCUMBER

Saves garden space by vigorously climbing any fence, pole, trellis, arbor or tree. Bears heavily throughout season. White, crisp, tender flesh. 12-18" long. Delicious Flavor.



### YARD LONG BEANS



Makes people stare—pods actually yard long. Strong growing vines produce an enormous crop of long, slender, round pods 3 feet or more in length. Excellent for snap beans.

### "SPEED KING" EARLY TOMATOES

(Burbank) First to ripen—First to Bear. Perfected by the great Burbank. Beat your neighbors to ripe Tomatoes. Weigh 2 to 3 lbs. each. Earliest Tomato grown. Should be in every Garden.



All 4 Packages, Post Paid Only 10¢;  
3 Lots 25¢—Order Now—Catalog Free  
**GOOD LUCK SEEDS**  
STA. 148, PARADISE, PA.

### Learn Profitable Profession in 90 days at Home



Women and Men, 18 to 50. Many Swedish Massage graduates make \$20, \$75 or even more per week. Large full time incomes from doctors, hospitals, sanitariums, clubs or private practice. Others make good money in spare time. You can win independence and prepare for future security by training at home and qualifying for Diploma, Anatomy Charts and 32-page Illustrated Book FREE-Now! The College of Swedish Massage Dept. 265, 180 E. Ohio St., Chicago 11



## POCKET SIZE True-to-the-Bible Class Quarterlies

International Uniform Sunday school Lessons, streamlined for daily living, rich in Bible information, inspiration. One quarterly for adult class members, another for young people 15 to 21. Both abound in life application of the lesson truths and an unusual amount of condensed study material. 64 pages, size 4 1/2 x 6 1/8 inches. Price in quantities, 8c each. Order now for next quarter! WRITE FOR free information on Standard's Uniform Teachers' helps, or Free Prospectus of Standard's Closely Graded Lessons for your department. Address Desk CH2



**The Standard Publishing Co.**

8th and Cutter Streets, Cincinnati, 3, Ohio

A pause; a long, terrifying pause followed. Then, out of the corner of the bandi occupied by Victoria May issued a faint, gurgling sound. "She's choking with anger," groaned Mary to herself. The sound became unmistakably clear; it was not anger, but laughter. Mary shook her head. Her amazing husband, with a few daring words, had completely won the older woman—commanding both her interest and her respect.

"Chee . . . Chee!" called Rama to the buffaloes twisting their tails and the bandi lurched out toward the mission station three miles away.

As the hulking buffaloes came to a stop, crowds of milling and delighted people thronged about the cart calling out their greetings, "Salaam! Salaam!"

Young men, pressing forward, helped the occupants alight, and Victoria May hurried the newcomers to seats on the verandah. Tiny flames leaped up from crude clay lamps. Two white faces approached through the dark-faced crowd. As they came into the verandah, Mary noticed that the man was slightly bald, heavily spectacled, and walked with a limp. The short, stout woman with him could only be accurately described as "motherly."

Victoria May spoke. "Dora and Ezekiel Greyson," she announced, "my good assistants." To Victoria May everyone was her assistant, everyone with the exception of this newly arrived young Canadian who immediately fell into the classification of co-worker.

Mrs. Greyson, puffing from her hurried trip across the compound, grasped their hands heartily.

"Glad to see you, young fellow!" Mr. Greyson pumped William's hand as William rebelled inwardly against the greeting. Unless he thought of some way to look older he would find it difficult to win the respect due a doctor.

Victoria May was motioning to them "I think she wants us to sit down," said Mrs. Greyson, indicating chairs on the verandah. As soon as they were seated, Victoria May turned to the natives milling about the compound.

"Ladies and gentlemen," she began, "we are gathered here tonight to welcome to Sangli Mission Station two dear young people from Canada—Doctor and Mrs. William Wanless." Loud applause and cheers followed. "Doctor Wanless brings to us not only a message of the Gospels, but his ability and training as a doctor. I'm sure his work will be blessed as we will be blessed by his presence in our midst."

IT WAS AFTER midnight when the last well-wisher departed, leaving Mary and William exhausted. They were in the bedroom of their bungalow. Mary gazed mournfully at the strangely high ceiling and the white-washed walls so bare and dreary. "Will this ever seem homelike?" she wondered.

William pushed aside the imperative mosquito net and sat on the bed. "Mary," he enthused, "I like India. I like the Indian people; their friendly, childlike spirit; their gentleness and generosity. By George, we can learn something from these people—just as they can learn something from us."

(To be continued)

CHINA'S DUNKIRK  
(Continued from page 15)

and of underground arsenals, and always an unselfish patriot, this man who is now chief of the national food administration is a veritable Horatio Alger hero. He has done everything from clearing bandit armies out of the territory he was organizing industrially and for social progress, to writing books, teaching school and engaging in journalism. By Western standards he should be a wealthy-multi-millionaire; according to ancient Eastern principles, he is. But he possesses no fortune and having disbursed or administered millions, he lives in a small house, bears the honors bestowed upon him by his president humbly, and might well be called "China's Penniless Millionaire."

I spent two days with Mr. Lu, visiting the city he founded and the two dams he now has under construction, which will supply power for new industries.

Every great revolution and every struggle of a people to achieve freedom, whatever the problem, has been at its heart and in its motivation a religious experience. In America religion and democracy, their forms and institutions have risen together; our present leaders are men influenced profoundly by religious faith. It is of more than passing significance that this new and uniting China is religiously motivated, and that her most dynamic leaders are guided by the teachings of Jesus.

President Chiang Kai-shek is not only a member of the Christian Church; he perhaps more than any other leader of the Allied Nations practices in private life and reveals in public acts and statements, the philosophy and spirit of the founder of the Christian Church. His constant warning to the Chinese people, that only by prosecuting the war against Japan without hate can both the war and the peace be won; his insistence that China asks for herself no good she will not share with friend and foe alike, is pure Christian ethic. Nor is the president in this a lonely leader. On a rare winter afternoon in Chungking when the sun almost shone, I listened to an address by H. C. Liang, minister of information, in which this brilliant young man reminded his representative audience that the churches of America are the community centers with their dynamic leadership out of which has come free schools and indeed the American way of life itself. He revealed himself not only a Christian churchman, but a close student of American history. With something akin to shock I realized that in a nation out of whose population of four hundred and fifty million less than four million are Christians, both Catholic and Protestant, national leadership—industrial, educational and political—is so largely in the hands of Christians, the newest of China's religions.

And Christianity in China has already achieved a unity that is an example to the Occident. I was embarrassed when I learned that this unity would be even more complete but for the reluctance of Western churches to surrender their particular denominational relations and rights. I attended one service in a community church in Chungking, held in a Methodist high-school auditorium, where

## FAST RELIEF FOR PAIN



WHEN you have Headache, Simple Neuralgia, Functional Monthly Pains, or Muscular Aches and Pains, you want relief—the quicker you get it the better you are suited. Dr. Miles Anti-Pain Pills can give fast relief. They are pleasant to take and do not upset the stomach. A single tablet is usually all that is needed. At your drug store. Regular Package 25c, Economy Package \$1.00. Read directions and use only as directed. Miles Laboratories, Inc., Elkhart, Indiana.

## DR. MILES' ANTI-PAIN PILLS

Over 200,000 Satisfied Users

## DO YOU WANT TO STOP TOBACCO?



Banish the craving for tobacco as thousands have. Make yourself free and happy with Tobacco Addiction. Get free booklet telling of injurious effect of tobacco and of a treatment which has relieved many men.

FREE BOOK

THE NEWELL COMPANY  
206 Clayton Station, St. Louis, Mo.

Over 30 Years in Business

## FALSE TEETH

### KLUTCH holds them tighter

KLUTCH forms a comfort cushion; holds dental plates so much firmer and snugger that one can eat and talk with greater comfort and security; in many cases almost as well as with natural teeth. Klutch lessens the constant fear of a dropping, rocking, chafing plate. 25c and 50c at drugists. . . If your druggist hasn't it, don't waste money on substitutes, but send us 10c and we will mail you a generous trial box.

© I. P. INC.

KLUTCH CO., Box 3101-B, ELMIRA, N. Y.

## NO Unsightly HAIR



YOU can avoid embarrassment of unwanted hair on face and limbs. Simple, painless, inexpensive method. Free Book "How To Overcome Superfluous Hair Problem" explains method and proves success. Mailed in plain envelope. Also TRIAL OFFER. Write Mrs. Annette Lanzetta, P.O. Box 4040 Merchandise Mart, Dept. V-34, Chicago

## ASTHMA

### WRITE FOR FREE TRIAL OFFER!

If you suffer from Bronchial Asthma Paroxysms, from coughs, gasping wheezing—write quick for daring Free Trial Offer. Inquiries from so-called "hopeless" cases especially invited. NACOR, 936-F, State Life Bldg., Indianapolis, Ind.

## TAPE your CORNS



and Callouses with COMFTAPE for quick relief, eases pain, gently absorbs hard growths without injury to healthy tissue. Big spool, 60 in. to clip and apply. Send \$1 and if not delighted after using, get full refund. COMFTAPE, Dept. 8, Burlington, Vt.

## Sell 1 NAME IMPRINTED STATIONERY

EXTRA MONEY QUICK! Send for FREE samples of our new, popular \$1.00 line of Personal Stationery. Everybody uses. Also large line of fast selling Everyday greeting cards, Invitations, Cards for Boys and Girls in Service, Special Offers. NEW ENGLAND ART PUBLISHERS, North Abington, Mass.

## HEAR FOR ONLY \$69.00

The low price of this marvelous new Blessing 3-Tube Crystal Hearing Aid is made possible because the makers have decided to bring it within the reach of every sufferer by eliminating the "frills" of expensive offices, and the commissions of high-pressure salesmen! Only finest materials, workmanship, and experienced engineering used! Comparable instruments cost up to twice as much and more! Send your name and address for FREE BOOKLET. No salesman will call.

BLESSING HEARING AID CO.

Dept. C-1,

Peabody, Mass.

the minister is an Episcopalian, and the president of the official board a Presbyterian. In this church, members of nineteen American Protestant churches have united for Christian fellowship and public worship. The Church of Christ in China is one of the most prophetic of all Christian enterprises in the world today, and under the leadership of the National Christian Council, Christianity has crossed old boundaries to unite in projects where Catholics and Protestants work closely together. Nor let it be overlooked that Christianity in China has never surrendered its Evangelizing mission nor weakened in its proselytizing passion.

One of the new united projects is the publication of Christian classics and making them available to the general public. These classics from the pre-Renaissance period have been brought out in spite of the scarcity of basic materials and in the midst of the war. Ten thousand dollars gold has been made available by each of the two Christian faiths and a large commercial publisher has found the project financially attractive. With economy, but without sacrificing anything of reader interest, and with the cordial support of the Central Government, this significant work goes on. China, fighting on all fronts, is at the same time reading, studying, and developing a social maturity. Her leaders are keenly aware of her limitations. I am sure that at times they are staggered by problems inevitable in a nation that yesterday was less than a third-rate power and that today is a full partner with the great free nations of the world. They know that ancient systems, that war lords and bandits are still to be reckoned with and that democracy must become an achievement of forbearance and sacrifice. But democracy in the Far East is definitely on the march and religion is, as it always has been, at the heart of things.

ONE matter yet remains unwritten. While Christianity is so vital a factor in leadership, ancient faiths are being renewed and enriched. It was in Chungking that I had the most remarkable experience of my long journey, meeting with representatives of four great faiths in a conference called to find possible common ground for supporting the government in its war effort, and for participation in post-war reconstruction activities. There were present three representatives from the Buddhist, Mohammedan, Catholic and Protestant groups. The presiding chairman was the Abbot Tai Hse, who is chairman of the Chinese Buddhist Association, and one of the most distinguished scholars of the Orient. Out of that conference has come a permanent committee. Each man made clear the fact that without surrendering his personal religious loyalties, he was going the length of his agreement with his fellow Chinese, and it was a Mohammedan who said, "I had not known before that I have so much in agreement with all of you." Nowhere else than in China could such a gathering have convened. But everywhere, throughout the earth, this principle of the common agreement must be established—this basic and unprejudiced unity of men and women of good will—if future generations are to possess the justified hope of a warless world.

## Pull the Trigger on Lazy "Innards"

WHEN CONSTIPATION makes you feel punk as the dickens, brings on stomach upset, sour taste, gassy discomfort, take Dr. Caldwell's famous medicine to quickly pull the trigger on lazy "innards", and help you feel bright and chipper again.

DR. CALDWELL'S is the wonderful senna laxative contained in good old Syrup Pepsin to make it so easy to take.

MANY DOCTORS use pepsin preparations in prescriptions to make the medicine more palatable and agreeable to take. So be sure your laxative is contained in Syrup Pepsin.

INSIST ON DR. CALDWELL'S, favorite of millions for 50 years, and feel that wholesome relief from constipation. Even finicky children love it.

CAUTION: Use only as directed.

## DR. CALDWELL'S SENNA LAXATIVE

CONTAINED IN SYRUP PEPSIN

## STAMMER?

GET THIS FREE BOOK

This new 128-page book, "Stammering, Its Cause and Correction," describes the Hogue Unit Method for scientific correction of stammering and stuttering—successful for 13 years. Benj. N. Hogue, Dept. 2357, Circle Tower, Indianapolis 4, Ind.

## CASH WHEN YOU NEED IT MOST

### AMAZING NEW GOLD SEAL POLICY

COSTS LESS THAN \$1 a month

|                                                                                                           |                  |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------------------|
| PAYS accumulated ACCIDENT BENEFITS for Accidental Loss of Life, Limb, or Sight up to . . . . .            | \$6000.00        |
| For LOSS OF TIME! Accident Disability Benefits up to \$100 a month for as long as 24 months, or . . . . . | \$2400.00        |
| SICKNESS BENEFITS For Loss of Time due to Sickness, a maximum Monthly Income of . . . . .                 | \$100.00 PER MO. |
| HOSPITAL EXPENSES For Sickness or Accident, including \$5.00 a day for hospital room, up to . . . . .     | \$650.00         |

**All Around PROTECTION!** . . . Accidents happen to 20 persons every minute of every day; and sickness strikes when least expected. So why take chances? NOW you can have all-around insurance protection, backed by an old-line LEGAL RESERVE Company for less than \$1 a month. Policy pays for ALL accidents, ALL the common sicknesses, even for minor injuries; and disability benefits start from very first day.

**NO MEDICAL EXAMINATION required!** No red tape! Policy issued BY MAIL at BIG SAVINGS. Ages 15 to 69. Actual Policy sent for 10 Days' FREE Examination. ACT NOW! Write for it today. No cost. No obligation. No salesman will call.

**FREE 10-Day Inspection Coupon**

THE SERVICE LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY  
460 Service Life Bldg. Omaha, Nebr.

Without cost or obligation, send your GOLD SEAL \$1-A-MONTH Policy for 10 DAYS' FREE INSPECTION.

Name \_\_\_\_\_ Age \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_  
Beneficiary \_\_\_\_\_



## "FROM HOUSEWIFE TO A WELL-PAID HOTEL POSITION"

*Mrs. Arnette McLean*  
Without Previous Hotel Ex-  
perience, Secures Position as  
Executive Housekeeper.



"Finding little opportunity for a woman my age in business generally, I enrolled for Lewis Training. Soon after graduating, I was appointed House Mother of an exclusive girls' school. Then I became Executive Housekeeper of a 200-room hotel. I earn a good salary and know I can depend upon my Lewis Training in the future."

### Step Into a Well-Paid Hotel Position

Hundreds of Lewis-Trained women and men, from 20 to 60, are winning success in the hotel, club and institutional field. They are making good as Managers, Assistant Managers, Hostesses, Executive Housekeepers, Stewards and 55 other types of well-paid positions. Their success has proved previous experience unnecessary. Today our Government's housing, food and recreation projects mean greater opportunities for Lewis Graduates than ever. Good grade school education, plus Lewis Training, qualifies you at home, in spare time. Free Book tells how you are registered Free of extra cost in Lewis National Placement Service. Mail your coupon NOW!

**Lewis Hotel Training School**  
Room CB-1062, Washington 7, D. C.

**28** TH **SUCCESSFUL**  
YEAR

Send me the Free Book, "Your Big Opportunity," without obligation. I wish to know how to qualify for a well-paid position.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

## A MODERN Manual for Personal Devotion

...written in today's tempo; anecdotal, thought-provoking, practical and inspirational. Taps the sources of spiritual energy. Helps make every day a living prayer. 365 undated devotional outlines with Bible verses, Poems, Quotations, Stories, Meditations and a daily prayer. Over 400 pages—strong, attractive cloth board binding... **\$1.50**

## EVERY DAY A PRAYER

By  
**Marguerite Harmon Bro**  
At Your Bookstore  
**WILLET, CLARK & COMPANY • Chicago 5**

## MAKE THIS FLATTERING CUTWORK LINEN DICKEY!

IT'S TOPS IN  
STYLE AND  
EASY TO MAKE



No. 117—Here's a new, smart style-lift for your suit and dress! You can quickly embroider the beautiful cutwork design that makes this Dickey-collar an asset to your wardrobe. Stamped on oyster Linen of excellent quality. To make the Dickey-collar you receive the stamped Linen, embroidery thread, and the complete instructions for making. For only \$1.00 you will have, when completed, an accessory which you cannot purchase ready-made at any price. Order by number. Complete satisfaction or your money refunded.

LINEN DICKEY  
EMBROIDERY THREAD  
INSTRUCTIONS

**\$1.00**  
POST  
PAID

**FREDERICK HERRSCHNER CO.**  
508 S. FRANKLIN ST., CHICAGO 7, ILLINOIS

# Straight Talk

Edited by FRANK S. MEAD

## Thank You!

● Thanks to the friends of CHRISTIAN HERALD who have sent in their gift subscriptions, renewals and chaplain's subscriptions, CHRISTIAN HERALD has just had the merriest Christmas and the happiest New Year of its life!

We wish to thank those who sent in that flood of new gift subscriptions—the largest order we have ever struggled to fill! We wanted to acknowledge your gift right away, but paper-and-manpower shortages forced us to give first attention to the new readers, who have each received proper—and appropriate—notice of your gift.

And thanks again for those renewals—and double thanks to those who have made it possible for us to put CHRISTIAN HERALD in the hands of our fighting men through their chaplains. You'll never know the good you've done.

## The Church and Youth

Dear Editor:

On page 9 of your December issue, you quote a Gloucester, Mass. pastor at a Portland, Maine, Universalist Convention as favoring a sermon a month and as insisting that children should be made to feel that they belong to the church and not to the Sunday school. You apparently quote him in derision. While I do not wholly agree with that pastor's statement concerning sermons, he is, I believe, sincerely but unsuccessfully trying to express a sound and constructive criticism.

I have received much of lasting worth from some sermons, but far too many are mediocre, purposeless essays on religion, reform or world social conditions—all because the Protestant Church as a whole is devoted to too much talking and too little program and practical objectives. This pastor probably senses what I think I sense—the utter inefficiency of the Church in fulfilling its real objective, the development of its raw material, childhood and youth, into a finished product, into well-rounded, soundly indoctrinated and Church-interested Christian men and women. The youth should be made to feel that they are a part of a worthwhile, vital Church.

My observation of over fifty years is that neither the employed church staff nor the lay leaders, the conservative, entrenched, self-perpetuating, official members and committee heads, ever lose any sleep over the fact that Willie Jones, Tommy Smith or even Roosevelt Algernon Cabot, have ceased to be interested in Sunday school, young people's meeting or the Church itself. The chairman of the

board, if he be in the fire insurance brokerage business, keeps close track of the renewal every third year of Widow Smith's \$1,000 fire insurance policy, which means a small cash premium, but he is entirely ignorant of the fact that Tommy Smith (who might some day have become a power in that church) has lost all interest in the church and its activities.

As long as the church attendance is satisfactory and the budget is balanced, everyone seems to feel that the church is a success, even though ninety percent of its boys and girls drift away. This, I believe, is the attitude of ineffectiveness to which the Gloucester pastor may be seeking to call attention. . .

I love my church and I love its people. But it is set in its inefficient ways, achieving a low grade of efficiency in doing good. About a quarter of a century ago it had a group of inspired and inspiring Christian Endeavor societies. Our fellowship with the youth of other denominations at the 1897 Christian International Endeavor Convention in San Francisco was the high point in the Christian experience of the youth of our church. But the ecclesiastical isolationists deliberately killed the uplifting and inspiring interdenominational fellowship of the youth of our church and substituted the Epworth League, and since then the young people's societies have never had the vitality and enthusiastic participation of the old days. . .

I sincerely believe that the denominational isolation of our youth into denominational young people's societies has set the Protestant Church back at least fifty years.

I used to be concerned about methods used in my church, and in other churches, the failure to use youth on committees, as ushers, etc. I have lost that concern. The thing that has caused me almost to consider the Protestant Church as a hopelessly ineffective institution is my belief that neither the ministry nor the lay leadership is really and sincerely concerned about making a well-developed Christian man out of its raw material, out of Widow Smith's Tommy, Willie Jones and Roosevelt Algernon Cabot. . . I believe the Gloucester, Mass. pastor is on the right track.  
Oakland, Calif. Carlos Greenleaf White

● A long letter—but worth the space if it makes any pastor or church worker stop, look and listen and take account of stock. Is this true, or isn't it?

## Peace Poll

● If you could sit at the peace table, what would you do as a Christian, to preserve the peace and prevent another world war? CHRISTIAN HERALD is offering a prize of \$100 for the best letter in answer to this question. See page 49.

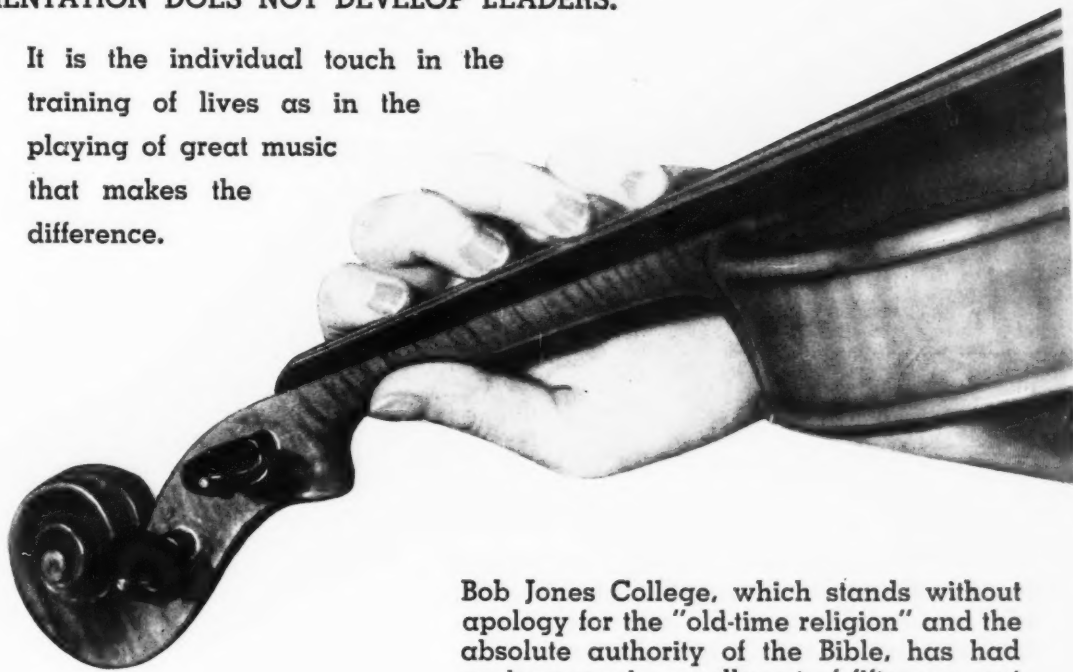
CHRISTIAN HERALD FEB. 1944 • PAGE 64

# "America's Most Unusual College"

## *Is Interested in the Individual Student*

FINE VIOLINS ARE NOT TURNED OUT IN MASS PRODUCTION. EDUCATIONAL REGIMENTATION DOES NOT DEVELOP LEADERS.

It is the individual touch in the training of lives as in the playing of great music that makes the difference.



Bob Jones College, which stands without apology for the "old-time religion" and the absolute authority of the Bible, has had an increase in enrollment of fifty per cent in the last two years. Voice, piano, violin, pipe organ, art, and speech are offered without additional cost above regular academic tuition.

Bob Jones College offers a wide variety of courses leading to Bachelor of Arts and Bachelor of Science degrees, and in the Graduate School of Religion courses leading to the Master of Arts and the Doctor of Philosophy degrees, and in the Graduate School of Fine Arts courses leading to the Master of Arts and the Master of Fine Arts degrees in music and speech. The Bob Jones College Academy affords splendid opportunities for high school training especially valuable to young men soon to enter upon military service.

For detailed information write

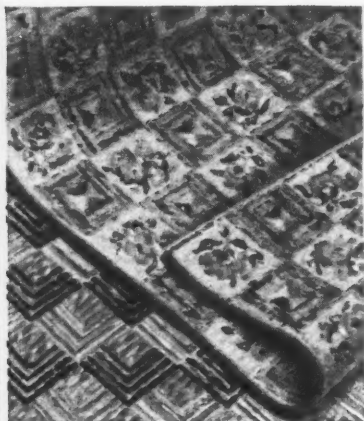
**DR. BOB JONES, JR.**

**BOB JONES COLLEGE**

**CLEVELAND, TENNESSEE**

# "RUG MAGIC by OLSON! Your Old Materials Save to 1/2

FREE Catalog tells How



**Early American.** Two of many authentic designs that have won wide popularity.



**Modern Tone-on-Tone Leaf Designs** in soft Greens, Wine Reds, Blues, Woodtone Browns, Rose Quartz.



**Exquisite Wine Red.** Like all Olson Rugs, it brings modern broadloom beauty at small cost.



**Lovely, Practical Tweedy Blends** in the subtle Twist Texture Weave that disguises footmarks.



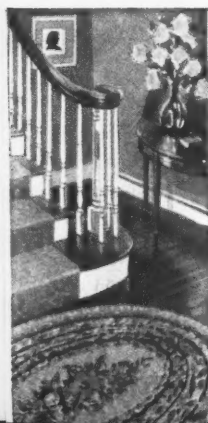
**Blue** for modern beauty. See catalog for charming Ovals, **Runners** for stairs, halls.



**Charming 18th Century florals.** Like all Olson Rugs they're Reversible for extra wear and luxury.



**Grey Green**, one of our most appealing greens. Has depth, richness of tone—luxuriousness.



*How We  
Use*

## YOUR OLD RUGS, CLOTHING!

**It's All So Easy!** Free Catalog tells how your materials are picked up at your door by Freight or Express and shipped at our expense—how we shred, sterilize, merge and reclaim valuable wool and other materials by the famous *Olson Process*; then picker, bleach, card, comb, spin, redye and weave into rich, colorful . . .

**New Broadloom Rugs**—beautiful, deep-textured, full-bodied rugs woven Seamless, *Reversible* for double wear and luxury.

**Choice:** of the popular Solid colors, rich Tweed blends, lovely 18th Century floral and leaf designs, Early American, Oriental patterns, Ovals. **Sizes to fit All Needs** up to 16 ft. wide, any length.

**Our 70th Year.** Satisfaction guaranteed. Over 2 million customers. We do not employ agents or sell thru stores.

[Sorry if War Work sometimes causes delays]

**OLSON RUG CO.** Chicago, New York **Factory-to-You!**

### FREE Book in Colors

—the big, money saving Olson Rug Catalog and Decorating Guide, with 26 model rooms beautifully printed in full colors, will be mailed to you Free and postage paid.

Just mail this Coupon or a 1c Post Card to:

**OLSON RUG CO., Dept. A-13  
"Olson Park", CHICAGO, ILL.**

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
Town \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_